

The Advancing City
AND TRIBUTARY TERRITORY.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

Part II: 14 Pages
THE MARCH OF EVENTS.

XXVTH YEAR.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 24, 1916.

POPULATION By the Federal Census (1910)—318,159
By the City Directory (1914)—318,317

TIDE OF CALIFORNIA'S GREAT VINTAGE AT OPULENT FLOOD.

Hundred Million Vines Yield Grapes from Which will Flow a Rare, Sparkling Stream Valued at Nineteen Million Dollars—South's Crop the Greatest Yet.

FREIGHTED with many millions of dollars, a crimson-and-gold tide is rising to its flood in California. The vintage is here. On 300,000 broad acres workmen are gathering the grapes from 100,000,000 vines. In thousands of presses the juice is running—the fountain head of a healthful, sparkling stream that will flow to the four corners of the earth.

One of California's greatest harvests is at its busiest. In the Sonoma, Santa Clara, Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys, and in the garden places of Southern California, an industry that represents \$700,000,000 in investments, in round numbers, is humming with life.

From the State's presses it is estimated 26,000,000 gallons of wine will flow this fall—about one-half sweet wine and one-half dry. The sweet product will sell for about 20 cents and the dry for something more than 25 cents a gallon, it is declared. That means a total of about \$10,000,000 for the makers. Of brandy, approximately 3,000,000 gallons is the average output. Of this, half goes for the fortifying of sweet wines and the remainder is worth about \$2 a gallon—another \$5,000,000. This means a grand total of about \$15,000,000 gross income for the industry this year. Of the aggregate the Los Angeles district furnishes about a third.

In Southern California, it is estimated, the wine-grape crop is the largest ever produced.

In order to gain any adequate idea of the vastness of the wine industry and its importance to the husband, one must take a trip out into the vineyards and visit the great fertile fields lying to the east of that city of the western end of San Bernardino and Riverside counties, with its 100,000 acres of luxuriant vineyards and its numerous huge wineries. Here, a few days ago, an army of 100 men began the work of picking the luscious grapes from the vine-laden vines and it will be months or more before the last of them has been stripped of its fruit, the total crop being conservatively estimated at 75,000 tons. This will produce, it is estimated, between 10,000,000 and 8,000,000 gallons of wine.

At the very gateway of this vast vineyard of vineyards and directly in the path of the ocean-to-ocean highway, this portion of which was recently paved, lie the great vineyard and colossal wineries of the Italian Vineyard Company, valued at more than \$2,000,000. The vineyard of this company covers 4000 acres and has the reputation of being the largest in America and the third largest in the world. It adjoins and parallels the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad for a distance of four miles, the station adjoining the vineyard being named Glendora in honor of the Glendora branch of the company.

PHOENIX-LIKE. Despite the fact that it is but a few weeks since the building housing the main fermenting cellar of the company was entirely gutted by fire, the destruction of practically all the valuable wine-making machinery of the great plant, it is just remarking on what will be the outcome of the campaign in its history, for a Herculean effort the building is being reconstructed and ready for the installation of the new tanks, in exactly thirty-five days. This building covers an area of 100,000 feet, or nearly two acres, and is the largest fermenting cellar in the world, having a capacity of 10,000,000 gallons. Practically all the great buildings of the Italian company are stone. Winery No. 1 is 700,000 feet in size, winery No. 2 and winery No. 3 are 1,000,000 feet each and the total capacity of the three is 10,000,000 gallons.

THE REEDCRAFT CO.
INC.

The very name "REEDCRAFT" and this famous trade-mark, now so widely imitated, are protective imprints of intrinsic value. Regardless of whether your means are limited or unlimited, there is nothing which so surely establishes dependability of quality and authenticity of design as this famous trade-mark.

Not on sale in the stores
Salesrooms and Factory,
937-939 So. Broadway

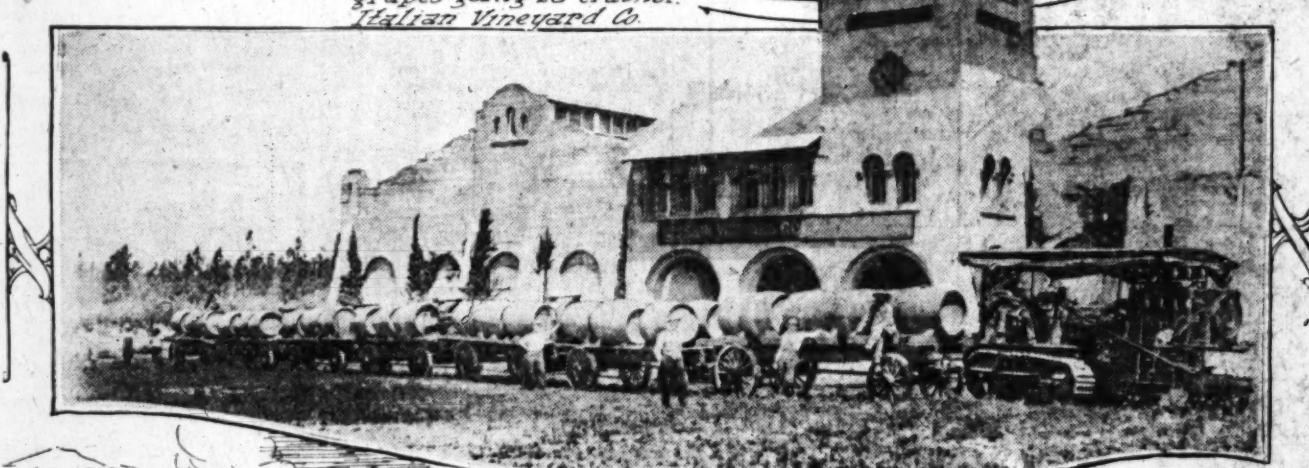
AT COST -- \$1876.50
Only 3 Bungalows Left Like This One.
Will Close Them Out at Cost.



These Bungalows must go at a sacrifice. New and worth \$2500 each. They have hardwood floors, nice mantels, built-in bookcases, etc. Water, electric light, gas, bathroom fixtures. Three short walks from large school building. On high ground, built up, grassy neighborhood. 15 minutes from Broadway. Part cash, balance easy terms. See them at once if you want a bargain.

Pacific Coast Concrete Co.
633 Van Nuys Bldg. Bdw. 702.

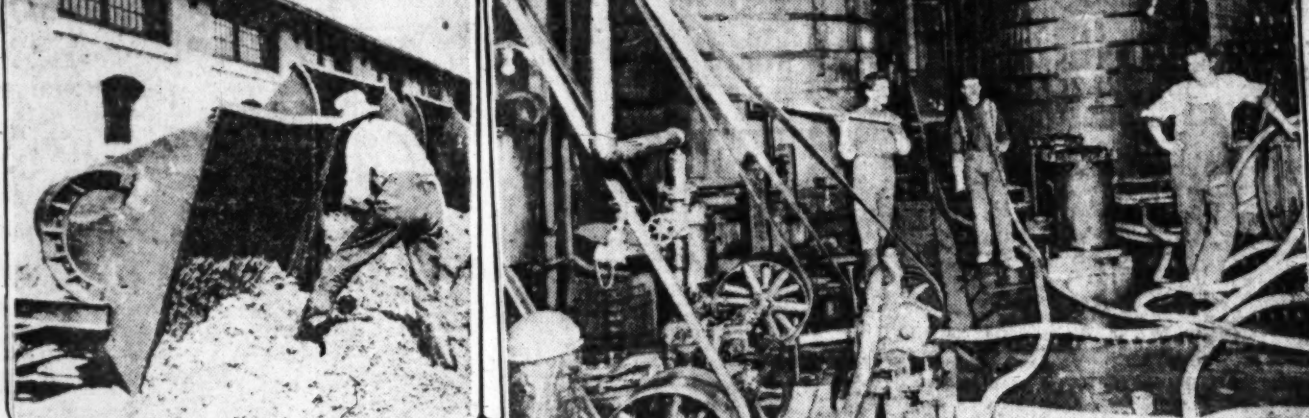
Exclusive of pickers, the company employs the year around about 200 men, who know the wine business from the growing of the grapes to the finishing of the product. Adjoining the wineries are the officers' quarters and the residences of the workers, which, with the school building erected by the company and donated to San Bernardino county, form a miniature city. During the winter the company maintains a night school where the men, most of whom are natives of Italy, are taught the English language and instructed in American citizenship. Many of them have already taken naturalization papers and not a few their second papers. The company has leased twenty acres of its land to the United States government, which there conducts an experimental vineyard in which



Train load of grapes going to crusher Italian Vineyard Co.



Shipping wine from Mission Winery at Cucamonga in carload lots.



Unloading grapes at crusher.



Unloading grapes in vineyard. Harvesting the wine crop in Southern California. These views were taken last week near Cucamonga, where the grape harvest is now at its height.

500 different kinds of grapevines are planted for the purpose of ascertaining the varieties best adapted to certain kinds of soil and different methods of cultivation.

Adjoining this experimental vineyard stands the United States special bonded warehouse. It is a large building of concrete construction and in it are stored the brandies produced in that district. In this winery are built on a considerably smaller scale than the plant of the Italian Vineyard Company, the Mission Winery of Cucamonga, at present leased by Paul Garrett & Co. of New York, is one of the handsomest and most modern of the great wine-producing section. In this winery are to be found some of the largest wine tanks in the world, with a capacity of 25,000 gallons each. They are made of California redwood and it is in these that the wine is aged after the fermentation process is completed. The management of the Mission Winery expects to turn out between 500,000 and 750,000 gallons

of wine this season. The winery is valued at \$500,000.

FROM THE DESERT. In this great valley of vines are also the large Stearns Winery near Vineville, the big plant of the Cucamonga Vineyard Company, the winery of the California Wine Association and many more.

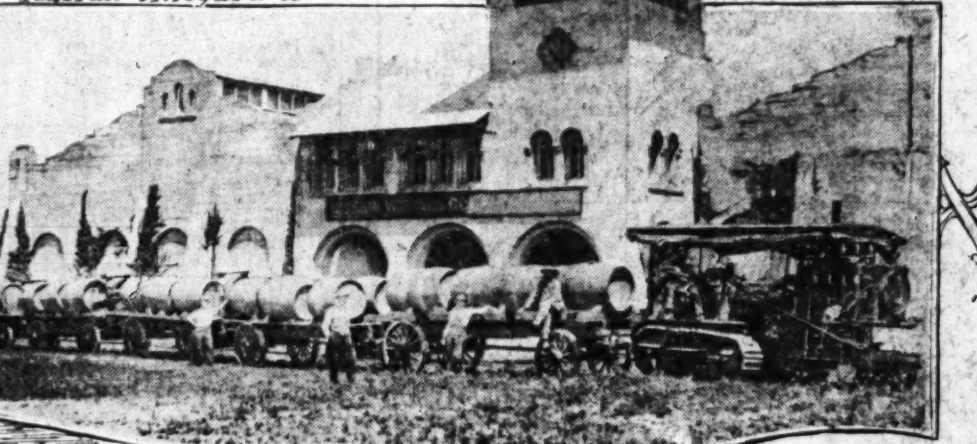
When it is taken into consideration that scarce twenty years ago most of the territory now occupied by this enormous industry was known as the Cucamonga Desert and considered practically valueless, and that these thousands of acres of grapes are grown entirely without irrigation, the transformation is little short of marvelous.

Then, the old Cucamonga winery on the Foothill boulevard to the northeast of Ontario, with its few acres of vineyard, was practically the only winery in the entire section. Although abandoned for commercial purposes a little over a year ago, it is now being run as a hotel.

From Our Two-hundred-million-dollar Wine Industry.



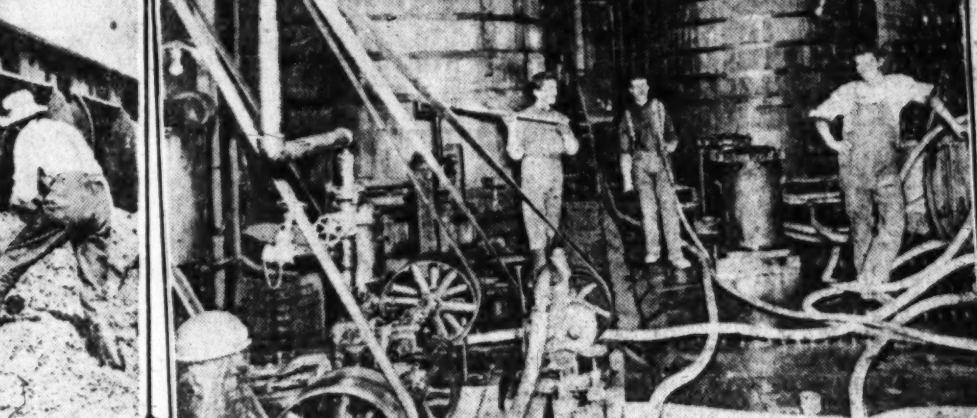
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BONDS TO FINISH STATE HIGHWAYS URGENT NEED

More Money Must be Voted to Realize Benefits of that Already Spent.

CALIFORNIA has expended \$18,000,000 on its State highway system, and the splendid results obtained are of common knowledge, not only in this State but all over the Union. An additional bond issue of \$15,000,000 is needed to complete the system as originally planned and to make extensions of cross roads to tie up the main arteries. The question of indorsing such a bond issue will go before the voters at the general election in November. Completion of the system will make Los Angeles the center of this notable system of highways—the converging point for roads that extend the entire length of the State and that reach out as arteries for the incoming travel from Arizona and Nevada, and for use as a part of transcontinental highways.

The total length of the completed highways is 1122 miles. There are 358 miles of graded State roads not paved except with local gravel.

The California Highway Commission has made surveys for 2280 miles of road, and 1767 miles of right of way have been secured. The area of this right of way amounts to 13,327 acres.

In the highways constructed there are 129 miles of oiled macadam, 333 miles of concrete pavement, 33 miles of asphalt and 395 miles of graded roads. Roads paved by counties and taken over, improved and maintained by the State amount to 108 miles.

In the construction work 11,750,000 cubic yards of earth and rock have been moved at an average cost of 38 cents; \$750,000 square yards of concrete pavement have been laid at an average cost of 74 1/2 cents; 1,000,000 cubic yards of concrete pavement have been laid at an average cost of \$6.64; 143 grade crossings have been eliminated; 200 miles, approximately, have been saved on distance of trunk lines; 443 bridges have been secured from counties, aggregating in value \$3,450,000.

The people of California at the general election in November will be called upon to express their will on a proposition to authorize the issuance of \$15,000,000 to complete the State highways system as originally planned, and to add to it certain other and much-desired cross State roads.

The enormous advantage to California of the State highway system already installed is such a forceful argument in favor of continuing the system that there is every reason to believe the people of the State will give a hearty indorsement for the bonds.

Chambers of commerce, business men's organizations, civic bodies and clubs all over the State have gone on record as favoring the issue. The press is practically a unit in supporting the movement. Urban and country residents who have had the benefits directly and indirectly, of the use of the splendid highways already constructed, are strong for the completion of the system. The State Association of County Supervisors, at its last meeting, warmly approved of the proposed bond issue.

(Continued on Second Page.)

Tomorrow Our Great Alteration Sale
closes. Many wonderful bargains yet remain. Come in and see this—

New Armstrong Pianos
Special for Monday only—
\$235
Terms as low as \$1.25 Weekly

Your choice of any Armstrong upright piano in our stock—regular \$275 to \$325 pianos. Choice of mahogany, oak or walnut case.

Used Upright Pianos

Scores of wonderful values are represented in our stock of used pianos. Most of them are from the best homes in Los Angeles and were exchanged on new player models. These pianos have been thoroughly overhauled, tuned and refinished. All guaranteed. Here are a few of the many splendid bargains:

| | |
|----------------------------|-------|
| R. S. Howard Co., Mahogany | \$175 |
| Schumann, Mahogany | 175 |
| Kranich & Bach, Ebony | 175 |
| Fairbanks, Mahogany | 150 |
| Brinkerhoff, Walnut | 150 |
| Ludington, Mahogany | 175 |
| Fremont, Mahogany | 150 |
| Fremont, Oak | 150 |
| Sterling, Mahogany | 150 |
| Kirchner, Mahogany | 150 |

Terms as low as \$1.25 weekly

All special prices positively withdrawn Monday, Sept. 25th at 6 p. m. Make your selection now.

FRANK J. HART
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MUSIC COMPANY
832-834 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES
Branches: Pasadena, Riverside, San Diego.

MORE ON WHAT DRY LAW HAS DONE FOR SEATTLE.

SEATTLE hasn't been so dull in a business way since before the Klondike excitement, according to John B. Yakey, attorney, with offices in the Baker-Bettler Building, who has just returned from a visit there. Mr. Yakey lived for many years in Seattle and Port Orchard, county seat of Kitsap county, and was for two terms judge of the Superior Court of Kitsap county.

When he went to Washington recently to look after his extensive property interests and to renew acquaintanceship, he says it seemed to him as if he were looking for old friends in a church on week day. He attributes the changed conditions solely to the enactment of the prohibition law. He says that before the law went into effect Seattle prospered and growth, especially with the completion of the Alaska railroad and the improved trade facilities it affords.

"Real estate men told me," he said, "that rentals have decreased 40 per cent. I never before saw so large a percentage of vacant stores. Rentals in Kitsap county, of which Port Orchard is county seat, are 50 to 60 per cent. lower, and realty values have decreased in about the same proportion."

"So far as I could determine, office buildings scarcely average 50 per cent. in value. I was informed that very few retail stores are doing more than making expenses. Hotels are running behind

and practically all the cafes have gone out of business. "Big restaurants that I remembered as doing a good business have disappeared. The dining-room of one of the leading hotels of the northwest and a Seattle institution has been closed entirely. One restaurant keeper told me that an offer to reduce his rent from \$750 a month to \$400 was made if he would remain."

(Continued on Twelfth Page.)

More Road Bonds.

(Continued from First Page.)

C. Carleton, attorney for the commission, and W. R. Ellis, secretary. The State is divided into seven divisions, with division engineers as follows: Division No. 1, F. G. Souther, Williams; division No. 2, T. A. Bedford, Dunsmuir; division No. 3, W. S. Caruthers, Sacramento; division No. 4, A. E. Loffer, San Francisco; division No. 5, W. C. Howe, San Luis Obispo; division No. 6, J. B. Woodson, Fresno; division No. 7, W. W. Patch, Los Angeles.

Immediately after the organization of the California Highway Commission, a sale of \$2,000,000 of the \$15,000,000 bond issue was effected. Then the bond market went to pieces, following the general depression that spread over the United States, and the commission was unable to make further sales.

It was then the plan was evolved of having the counties purchase the bonds covering the work in their own territories. This did not assure any county any more road than was originally planned for it, but it did provide the money so that work could proceed within its boundaries. Through this means \$14,000,000 of bonds were sold, and later on, with the improvement of the general bond market, it was found possible to sell the remainder of the issue on the general market.

FIRST ISSUE EXPENDED. Immediately after the sale of the first \$2,000,000 worth of bonds the construction work was begun. It has been prosecuted continuously, until now the entire amount has been practically used. There is some work still in progress on the system between Los Angeles and Ventura in Sacramento Valley, in Humboldt district and in San Diego county.

Within a few weeks the people of California will be able to say by their votes whether they want the system pushed forward to completion. The State Highway Commissioners believe that, if the bonds are voted, the entire system can be completed within two years and California will have a chain of highways that will be the wonder of America.

The question has been asked as to whether, when the \$15,000,000 bond issue was submitted to the people, it was expected that this amount would be sufficient to complete the system as planned. Those who had the campaign in charge declare there was no such expectation, but that they believed the \$15,000,000 would carry the enterprise to such a point it would fully demonstrate the great worth to California of such a system, and then the people of the State would be ready and eager to give their approval to the plans for completion of the splendid system.

In this connection it is interesting to note the statement of former Gov. James N. Gillett, who was in office when the \$15,000,000 act was passed, and under whose scrutiny the act was framed. Recently he said: "I suggested the first State road bond issue should be for only \$15,000,000, not because I supposed for a moment that that amount would build all the roads or even all the State highways needed. I believed if the sum of \$15,000,000 was judiciously used the result would be to convince the people of the wisdom of good roads, and that whatever money was needed in the future the people would gladly give. I said that I thought it would take over \$50,000,000 to build the main trunk lines the State requires."

SCALES DOWN COSTS. As a matter of fact, the costs have been scaled down, through the co-operation of the various counties in securing the rights of way, so it is now declared that \$30,000,000 to \$12,000,000 will be the cost of the entire system.

The commission has had surveys and plans made for the proposed additional sections, so that if the bonds are voted in November this preliminary work will be out of the way, and the actual construction can be hastened to this extent.

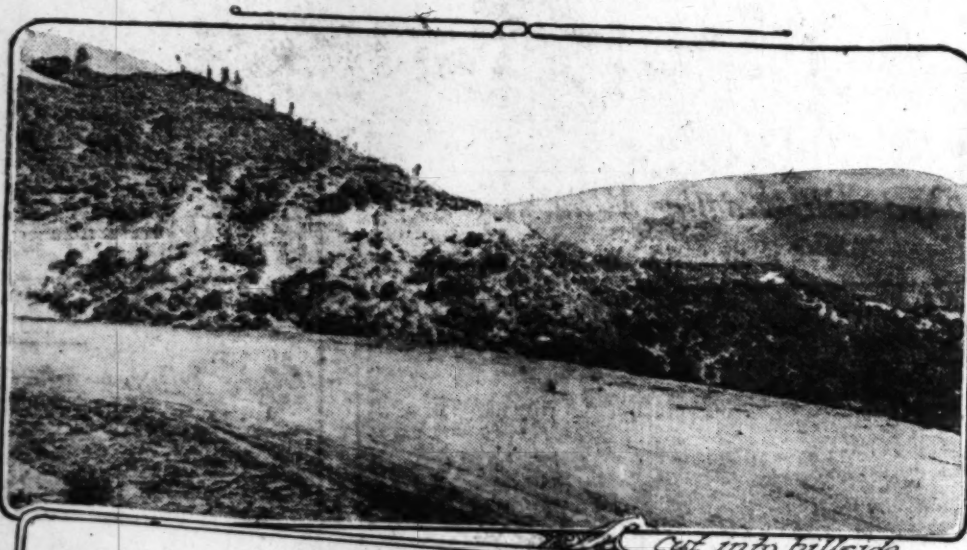
A bulletin issued by the California Highway Commission states that the State highways of other States, where the conditions of traffic and topography are comparable to those of California, and where roads of equal width and integrity of construction have been built, cost from \$10,000 to \$15,000 per mile. Their official reports show this. New Jersey, with an area of 8224 square miles, has very recently approved a bond issue of \$7,000,000 for the specific purpose of building 350 miles of cross-State highways. This is an average of \$20,000 per mile.

The question of just what will be done with the proposed \$15,000,000 bond issue is answered by a statement of the California Highway Commission as follows:

Twelve million dollars will be used for the completion of the original system of trunk roads and county seat laterals as shown on the above map, filling all gaps and making the map all black.

Three million dollars will be applied on a county aid co-operative basis to the building of the following needed additional highways by the most direct and practical routes:

Picturesque Parts of a Great Work Yet Uncompleted.



Cut into hillside.



The ribbon across the ridges.



A picturesque bit.



On the Ridge Route of the State highway.

To make the network of highways a completed fact another bond issue is to be asked in November. The map shows the completed roads and the gaps to be filled (see legend at lower left).

HOW SCENIC ROAD WAS BUILT OVER MOUNTAINS.

PROBABLY no one section of the work of the California Highway Commission, in its expenditure of the \$15,000,000 of State bonds on highway construction, has attracted more general attention, or has opened up a more strikingly beautiful territory than the construction of the great short-cut over the Tehachapi Mountains, known as the Tejon-Castaño road, and giving direct connection between Los Angeles and Bakersfield. The narrative of this work is set forth in a publication by the California Highway Commission, just issued, as follows:

One of the biggest engineering problems that challenged the Highway Commission at the inception of its work was the location of the trunk road between Los Angeles and Bakersfield. The only highway between the San Joaquin Valley and the southern me-

September Specials

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| \$4.50 Library Table! | \$7.50 Rocker! | \$8.50 Dining Table! | \$16.50 Library Case! | \$3.00 Smoker's Stand | \$3.50 Rocker |
| \$2.75 | \$5.85 | \$5.95 | \$12.75 | \$1.45 | \$2.35 |

Special Easy Monthly Payments!

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|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  |  |
| \$22.50 Dresser! | \$25.00 Mahogany Chiffonier! | \$3.00 Dining Chair! | \$12.50 Birdseye Maple Dressing Table! |
| \$16.50 | \$17.75 | \$2.25 | \$9.25 |

Stewart Phonograph

Pacific Coast Price
\$5.50

The latest and most up-to-date phonograph that money can buy. It will harmonize with the furnishings of the finest home.

The Achievement of the Century

Columbia Grafonolas

\$15.00 to \$225.00

Columbia Double Records

October Records Now On Sale

THE MECCA FOR SHREWD BUYERS

Overell's

SEVENTH & MAIN STS.

gates, dissipated all doubt as to the feasibility of the enterprise, and to his able, painstaking work much credit must be accorded.

On January 25, 1912, surveys were ordered over lines closely following the present location of the Castaño Ridge route.

The so-called Ridge route begins at a point near Saugus in the northern part of Los Angeles county, and by easy grades, in no place exceeding 6 per cent, climbs up on what is known as the Castaño Ridge. For a distance of about twenty-nine miles, the State highway follows on the Ridge, winding from one side to the other through the saddle, but keeping substantially the elevation attained. Near the northern end, after passing Liebre Mountain, the road descends to Bailey's ranch. From this point on, the highway follows the Tejon Pass, via Lebec, and comes out into San Joaquin Valley at a point near Road Station.

The Tejon Pass had for many years been the competitor of the Tehachapi route, but had been preferred by many to the Tehachapi, but by means of judicious relocations and grade changes in the Tejon Pass, the so-called Tehachapi route traversed two mountain ranges, reaching an elevation of nearly 4000 feet at Saugus and Palmdale, dropped 1500 feet into Mojave Desert and again climbed steep grades to an elevation of about 4000 feet at Tehachapi. It was one of his journey, he also had rough roads and steep grades to contend with.

Most people assumed that the State Highway would follow the Tehachapi route, but consistent with its policy, to build the State highways by the most direct and practicable routes, the commission determined at the outset to explore Tejon Canyon and the ranges and ridges to the south for a shorter, easier, and more scenic highway into the Southland.

A preliminary study and reconnaissance made by W. Lewis Clark, then division engineer at Los Angeles, led the lines along which this highway was to be built.

Between Newhall in Los Angeles county and Bakersfield in Kern the point of greatest divergence from a straight line is in Tejon Pass, where there is only about seven miles southwest of an air line.

From forty-five to sixty miles of a toll-free desert and rough mountain road are eliminated between Bakersfield and Los Angeles, and in no place between the two cities is it necessary to use any but the high gear.

The distance by the Tejon-Castaño Ridge route, between the points named, is almost exactly 124 miles.

DEEP CUTS MADE.

Numerous heavy "cuts" were made in the upper altitudes so that the traveler catches a glimpse of the



Finer

One-of-a-kind
portations. Un-
trimmed modes.
Duvetyn, Ve-
ILLUSTRATION
Long, straight
and deep cuffs
gundy suit.
Self stitching
suit of mahogany
The coat of
46 inches long
Copied from a
sacrifice quality, h-

Foot

We brought
the seat of authentic
women have the rep-
women of this Coast
will meet their unres-

New

An extensive
ceived and marked
White, black, w-
an assortment of a fe-
Ostrich boas ha-
to continue in favor.

Beaded B

Only 100. An in-
able discount because
Europe. Pouch shap-
Some beaded all ove-
beaded net over silk.
Selling Monday at

Pyorrhoea and Gum Disorder
This is being used with wonderful results in the treatment of pyorrhoea and bleeding gums.

PEN POINTS

BY THE STAFF.

Arranging to do any circling?
Sh! don't wake the political poets.

Anyhow, they are having a good time at New London, Ct.

There will be plenty of time to get that salute from Mexico after No. 1.

Of course, there are two sides to a question, but very frequently both are wrong.

Mexico wants to borrow \$100,000,000 from the United States. Boy, says Col. House.

The pruned crop of France is reported to be a total failure. But California will help out.

Another thing has happened to make Milwaukee famous—Charles Evans Hughes spoke there.

Nothing so quickly dreads a man of the reputation of being a millionaire as the filing of his will.

A dearth of small change is reported in the country. And there are no more dollars than the law allows.

Uncle Sam has taken the tax from cosmetics. And the penny glow and rose-bloom cheeks are within the reach of all.

There is this to be said of the Progressive party—it produced one of the most energetic candidates for Vice-President in history.

According to the views of President Wilson the Democratic party is entirely too good for this world. Let us put it out of its misery!

Senator Tom Taggart says that if Wilson will give Wilson \$50,000,000, but he won't back the proposition as enthusiastically as he would a king fall.

Caranza has postponed the Mexican election, but that is something that his great and good friend, Woodrow Wilson, cannot do. Oh, how he would like to!

Of course, if some future Congress should pass a law establishing a twelve-hour day on an eight-hour basis, the labor unions would then be in favor of arbitration.

In the old days, the giant would have sent a note to David, making threats that he later on declared he did not mean, thus ultimating his out of his purpose.

The Progressive role in New York looks like a stick whittled down to a point and the point broken off. Republicans in the Empire State are standing shoulder to shoulder.

The strike is averted, but the price of food continues to advance. Will somebody please explain. Thought the Democrats were going to put an end to that sort of thing.

Old Caranza insists that Gen. Pershing's army must not move either to the south east or west. Would he mind if the army came over a bit to relieve the cramp in his leg?

You think the preparedness idea is spreading, but the chill fall over it and a number of our leading citizens with their overcoats when they cannot get them without a ticket.

A special train of women orators, advocating the election of Hughes, will make a tour of the country beginning October 2. And the Democrats are arranging to break to the tail and send snail mail.

Admiral Peary says this government ought to buy Greenland from Denmark. How would it do to buy Ireland from the British government? John Bull might be willing to sell and throw in a few great trading stamps.

By the will of Hon. Richard K. Evans, the bulk of an estate of \$5,000,000 is left to his son, Vincent Evans, provided he remains single and unmarried. The President is judging by the tone of the statement it is a good deal to ask the young man to do.

Charles Evans Hughes takes strict to the point, makes not only the meaning clear, but produces an impression that comes not from words uttered merely. There are words with a strong earnest and conviction which a weak and vacillating man gives out when he talks. The people believe in him.

It is the proudest boast of President Wilson that he kept us out of war. But in the case of Germany, it was the Kaiser who turned the tide. As to Mexico, we had a war with Huerta, which, by a novel process of reasoning, the President, at all times we are not at war with Caranza because Caranza preferred peace.

THE GREAT ONES OF EARTH
There are three great ones of earth—world-are four;
First she who listens, looking in the face,
In silence, save at times to say
"Yes, yes!"
And second, she who looks into my hand
And says, "I see a nature grand,
A life replete with possibilities,
A brain stupendous, but so lonely about."
With modesty and self-effacement
It has not been discovered by the world;
I see a future rich in power and fame;
Wealth, love and honor all she comes to you."
And third is she who speaks to my face
And looks into my heart-echoing
"How good!
How upright and how true-brave!
And fourth—
Alas! had I forgotten him—Why I forgot him!
LANNIE HAYNES MARKS

MUSIC'S SPELL TO REACH ALL.

Community Singing Project is Started Here.

Clever Local Woman Bringing Idea to Realization.

Scheme is Patterned After Big Eastern Success.

Music for all is the ideal that will be realized in this city, if the plan of a clever local woman reaches fulfillment. Music for all—and in the intimate sense that everybody will have an opportunity to participate in the making of this music.

That the plan is destined for success was borne out in striking manner at the first community concert ever held here last Sunday at Eastlake Park, where fully 5000 persons joined in the singing of familiar patriotic and religious airs. They needed no urging to enter into the spirit of the movement, and they sang with joy in their hearts that music is the freedom of soul that melody gives.

This marked the starting of the community singing project. Mrs. Clara Mayne Windsor, of No. 300 South Westlake, herself a well-known singer, and Frank Gregory, director of the huge throng of men and women who had come to the park for their customary recreation, and found a new type of enjoyment. This afternoon at 3 o'clock the second concert will be held at the park, at which the community singing experiment will again be tried. That the throng of singers will far surpass the number last Sunday is assured.

ORIGIN OF IDEA.
It was while traveling in South Africa that Mrs. Windsor, who is directly responsible for the inauguration of the interesting project here, first had strikingly brought before her the remarkable beauty of community singing. She had previously heard Harry Barnhart, who has brought community singing to an unusually successful pitch of development in New York, express his views on the subject. Mr. Barnhart had not at that time definitely started the work.

In South Africa it was that Mrs. Windsor heard the crude harmonies of the Zulus and the Kaffirs as they worked. With weird power their chants seemed to carry for vast distances and with a primitive simplicity and barbaric strength that was wonderful, she said in describing the peculiar effect.

"This experience, coupled with Mr. Barnhart's remarks, kept recurring to my mind," Mrs. Windsor continues. "After my return to this country I heard of the community concerts of Mr. Barnhart in New York."

"His success has been nothing short of remarkable. The work has undergone an astonishing natural evolution under his direction."

"There was one concert in New York where 50,000 to 60,000 persons at least took part. The community singing scheme has been thoroughly organized. Every Sunday the concerts are held in Central Park in the open air during the summer. In winter time the concerts are held within doors."

"It is remarkable that as time goes on the people have begun to demand a more varied type of selection of greater difficulty, and certainly other improvements such as the addition of an orchestra to aid in the accomplishment. It is remarkable, too, that there is no suggestion of the voice into their property."

Of course, Mr. Barnhart aids in this by gradually sifting out the best of the community songs and songs and segregating them."

ON EASTERN PLAN.
Mrs. Windsor's own interesting scheme is patterned after that of Mr. Barnhart. About a month ago she began singing to the people, something that the New York director is accustomed to do while training his singers. The casual pleasure-seekers immediately gathered around the stand and remained interested listeners throughout the singing. Last Sunday the programme contained the words of some familiar songs.

When the people gathered around the stand as usual to hear the singing, Mrs. Windsor suggested that they sing the songs of the people. "Hallelujah" followed, and then "Annie Laurie" and other popular ballads, and finally "The Star Spangled Banner."

The band under Mr. Gregory's direction gave guidance to the singing.

Mrs. Windsor has the support of the Federation of Music Clubs in her work. The concert will be held regularly every Sunday at the park, and the gradual development of the scheme brought about. Later Mrs. Windsor hopes to have Mr. Barnhart, who is in communication with the East and perfect the organization.

She also plans to have arrangements made so that the concerts may be held throughout the winter months of weather conditions.

It is a rather strange coincidence that Mrs. Windsor, along the line of whose ideas the present project is patterned, was at one time a resident of Los Angeles and directed the Apollo Club in this city. This was before he went to New York.

Mrs. Windsor has traveled in all parts of the world, on concert tours. She has made a study of musical conditions everywhere and has a wealth of ideas to bear upon the present plan.

UNDER THE TRUCK.
The driver of the truck, Raleigh working for the Citizens' company, administered first-aid treatment, and escorted the boy to the Hoofing Hospital.

The Franchise and Gum Disorders. A boy being sent with wonderful results to the Hoofing Hospital, 900 South 222 street.

SAVE DOLLARS MONDAY

THERE'S scarcely a woman in this city who would fail to be here if she fully realized the importance of this wonderful sale Monday. And not alone from the standpoint of dollars saved will this sale interest her but also in the fine selection of new fall merchandise that is featured. You will realize better the opportunities to profit by reading each item carefully.

Women's New Fall Suits \$16

Wonderful \$15.00 Values for Monday.

AND even as wonderful as the values, are the numerous styles, materials and colors this comprehensive assortment includes. They will unmistakably meet the fancy of every woman who sees them. All are strictly tailored styles of fine new fall weaves, including—Serge, Bedford Cord, Vicuna and Mixtures. Even to the making of buttonholes or stitching of seams their superior workmanship is shown. It's the first sale of the season. Of course, the new fall shades are all represented as well as black.

SUITS \$14.75
Lines Marked to \$18.75

HERE again the meaning of this great caption that spans the top of the ad. is prominently brought to your attention. New fall suits and in such a range of materials. Just note—

Serge, Cheviots, Wool Poplins

Wool velours and whipcords. Belted, plain tailored, semi-fancy and fur-trimmed. In brown, navy, green, plum or black.

SUITS \$18.75
Lines Priced to \$25.

WHAT a fashionable collection of new autumn suits, and what dollars to save they afford women in this sale Monday. Norfolk, belted and plain tailored in style and all set off with velvet or fur trimmings.

Wool Velour, Broadcloth, Poplin

Serge and jersey, in the new fall shades of navy, African brown, forest green, Burgundy, black and black and white checks. \$22.50 and \$25 models only \$18.75.

PARIS WALKER

The 5th Store

BROADWAY AT FIFTH ST.

75 "S. & M." Stamps \$1 Purchase Tea and Coffee

SAVE 8300930 TO

Women's \$2.50 Footwear, 50c—Grouping from all broken lines women's footwear for cheapness. Assorted leathers and styles. Range of sizes. 8:30 to 9:30—50c.

\$3 Blankets, \$1.49—Heavy weight double bed size blankets, some slightly soiled. Gray, tan or white, colored borders. 8:30 to 9:30—\$1.49.

15c, 25c Ribbons, 6 1/4c—Ends and odd bolts of taffeta, moire and Dresden ribbons. Limit 10 yds. 8:30 to 9:30—54c.

\$1.39, \$1.50 Georgette and Printed Chiffons, 85c—Silk Georgette crepe, 40-inch, in white, black, pink and blue. Printed chiffons in patterns. Also 1, 8:30 to 9:30 a. m.—85c.

10c Mixed Suiting, 5c—Famous bookfold mixed suitings for dresses and suits. 8:30 to 9:30 a. m.—5c.

15c Voiles, 6c—Plain white, yard wide. Also lace cloth and figured dimities in short lengths, 2 to 7 yards. 8:30 to 9:30—4c.

50c, \$1 Tams, 25c—Of black velvet or white corduroy, with or without tassel. For school wear. 8:30 to 9:30—25c.

\$2.25 Velvet Rugs, \$1.29—In various patterns and colors. Size 27x54 inches. 8:30 to 9:30—\$1.29.

39c Corset Covers, 21c—Lace and embroidery trimmed styles. Perfect fitting. 8:30 to 9:30—21c.

50c, 75c Envelope Chemise, 39c—Fine soft finished muslin. Trimmed with lace at top and bottom. 1 hr.—39c.

19c, 35c Fringe, 5c—Art and tapestry fringe in colors. Narrow or wide.

35c Underwear, 15c—Odd balbriggan shirts and drawers in assorted sizes for men. 8:30 to 9:30—15c.

45c Vests or Pants, 15c—Jersey ribbed, slightly soiled. For women. 8:30 to 9:30—15c.

98c, \$1.25 Silks, 69c—Foulards, taffeta, mes-saline, etc. Fancy patterns. 8:30 to 9:30—69c.

House Dresses \$59c

Regularly \$1

OUR desire to clear away broken lines affords women this saving on gingham and percale house dresses Monday. Cut full, trimmed. Many patterns and colors.

Breakfast Sets at \$98c

Pretty 3-Pc. Styles

THERE is nothing quite so dainty for the morning hours in the home. Percale and gingham sets in figured patterns or plain colors; many with cap to match.

New Black Silks \$1.00

Rich \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2 Weaves—36 and 40-inch

THE very silks that you probably have in mind for the new wardrobe have been dollar priced for this remarkable sale Monday. All silk charmeuse, brocade crepe de chine, silk and wool lizard crepe silk and wool broadcloth poplins, peau de cygne, messaline and moire. To \$1.00 black silks at \$1.00.

\$1.25, \$1.75 Silks, 89c—50 bolts of fashionable silk and wool crepe, brocade, wash silks, flaked crepe, coating poplins, white and black polka dot tulle silks, pique-wee taffeta, etc.

\$2 Silks, \$1.49—Popular gros de londre weaves and this quality. Wonder for wear. Shown in an extensive color assortment, including both street and evening shades. Yard wide.

Men's Union Suits 89c

\$1 and \$1.50 Garments for Fall

THIS is one of the greatest savings Monday for men. Fine spring needle ribbed and Derby ribbed union suits, cut long sleeve, ankle length style in all sizes. A supply now is every man's economy.

\$1, \$1.50 Shirts, 89c—Madras and percale patterned in assorted fancy stripes or plain shades. Soft or stiff cuffs.

75c Underwear, 49c—Fine cotton ribbed, long sleeve shirts, ankle length drawers.

\$1.50 Flannel Shirts, \$1.29—Ferguson-McKinney make; they are leaders for wear and comfort. Lay-down collar.

25c Hose, \$1 Box—Silk hosiery with triple toe, heel and double sole. Black; 6 pairs in box.

\$10.00 Woolen Blankets \$5.98

SAVE ON BLANKETS

New Lot Specially Purchased

WITH cooler weather now here this sale should meet with the response of home and apartment house furnishers Monday. Fine quality, double bed size woolen blankets—they'll wear for years. In plain white, red checks and dark gray or plaid effects. Regular \$10 values \$5.98.

\$3.50 Blankets \$2.69

Heavy weight large size cotton blankets in gray, tan or white with blue or pink borders.

\$10 Beds \$7.29

Single or 1/2 size white enamel or Vernis Martin iron beds. Well made, neat in design. 2-inch continuous posts.

\$6 Mattress \$4.39

Cotton top and bottom reversible and in 1/2 or full size. Diamond tufted and covered with handsome striped ticking.

\$6 Comforts \$4.39

Filled with selected white and covered with serviceable materials in many designs. Hand tied or stitched.

Sheets, Spreads, Towels, Etc.

SAVE ON SHEETS

EXTRA large size crochet spreads with plain hem, fringed or scalloped with cut corners. Assorted Marseilles patterns.

90c Sheets, 75c—Seamless round thread muslin sheets. Size 81x90 inches.

17 1/2c Cases, 12 1/2c—Heavy bleached muslin, 46x26 inches size. The saving waits until a supply Monday.

\$3 Spreads \$1.95

17 1/2c Bath Towels, 12 1/2c—Good weight, pure white towels finished with hemmed ends. For the home or apartment.

Napkins, 29c each—These sell regularly for 36 dozen. Satin damask in assorted patterns. 24x24 inch. 3 to 12 of a pattern.

New Autumn Veilings 50c

Assorted Meshes and Colors

VEILINGS are indeed one of the most popular accessories of dress, and hexagon and filet meshes are being shown preference over all others this season. Plain or dotted; heavy self bordered. A number of shades, also black.

Neckwear, \$1.50—Broadcloth and Georgette crepe collars in popular shapes. \$1.50 to \$5.

Umbrellas—8 steel ribbed frames, covered with waterproof American taffeta, gloria silk, etc. \$1 to \$7.50.

SAVE ON SUITS

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Fall Hat Sale \$3.95

Great Variety of Smartly Trimmed Styles

IT'S almost unbelievable. Think of it, with the Fashion Show now only a few days past, the new season only here and Monday a sale of hats to afford women such opportunities as this. Velvet salons, bonnets, turbans and mushroom hats in close fitting or large style. Colors and black. All prettily trimmed with silk gold and silver ribbon, ornaments and flowers.

Shapes \$1

All velvet or velvet and plush salons in black, navy or brown. Also turbans with blacked or soft crowns of black velvet; and jockey caps, all at \$1.00.

Shapes \$1.95

A fine new lot of ready-to-wear styles of Lyons and soft velvet in black or colors. Also plush and velvet combinations. A few in the lot trimmed.

Women's Footw'r \$1.48

SAVE ON SHOES

Sale \$3 & \$3.50 Fall Lines

EVERY pair is correct for the new season and wonderfully varied are the lines shown. Pumps in colonial style, trimmed with buckles or ornaments, in shades of ivory, gray, champagne, etc. Also button and lace boots and oxfords of patent colt and gun-metal, in new heel heights.

Shoes, \$1.29—Splendid line of \$1.75 to \$2.50 shoes and slippers for the boys and girls. Good leather styles in all sizes.

TOILETS

25c Jergen's Benzoin Almond cream 19c

25c Jergen's Talcum, lb. 19c

\$1 Orange Blossom perfume... 29c

25c Theatrical cream, 1/2 lb. 17c

25c Precious Moments face powder 17c

75c rubber gloves, pr. 59c

75c Asst. hair brushes, 35c

75c French plate mirror with rose-wood handle, 49c

50c black rubber comb, 29c

5c Cocoa Castle soap 10 to 11, 2 1/2c

Jewelry 25c

Links, Tie Clasp, Etc., to \$1 Val.

Bracelets, 98c—12 K. gold filled, also sterling silver. To \$1.50 lines.

German Silver Mustard Jar, 25c—Also salt and pepper.

\$1.50 Clocks, 89c—Imported hand painted china time pieces.

One and Two-Clasp Kid Gloves \$1.25

SAVE ON GLOVES

New Fall \$1.50 Lines for Women

THE new suit or coat must have all the accessories of dress to go with it and chief among them all are gloves. Fine new lambskins, pigskin or oversewn sewn. White with black stitching and embroidered backs or black with white stitching and embroidered backs. Full run of sizes.

50c, 75c Ribbon, 39c—Moire, satin and taffeta of 7 inches wide. In good shade assortment.

75c, \$1 Shell Goods, 50c—Side, back and casque combs, barrettes and braid pins. Rhinestone set.

\$4, \$6 Handbags, \$2.98—Pouch and tops strap envelope purses of high grade leathers, lined, fitted.

Boys' and Girls' Sweaters \$2.50

To 84 Lines—All Sizes 22 to 34

MONDAY will be the day many parents will save dollars on sweaters for the boys' and girls' wear during the cooler months. All are of wool in plain or fancy weave. Ruff neck, shawl or V neck style. Made with loops or button holes. Green, red, navy, Copen or gray.

\$4.00 Sweaters \$2.98

All wool sweaters for men and women. Made with ruff neck, shawl or V-neck style. Plain or belted back. Two colors. Red, gray, white, navy, etc.

\$3 Bath Robes \$1.98

Fine blanket robing cut into styles for both men and women. Conventional or floral designs in dark or light colors.

Sweaters \$1.50

Fine wool yarn sweaters for boys and girls. Also brushed wool coats in small sizes only. \$2.50 line in rose, Copen, green, white and gray.

Jardin's 15c

Red Hose 6 1/2c

1/2-in. Regularly 10c Ft Plates 5c

Plain or decorated. Values to 15c.

Several Sizes

THE GREAT ONES OF EARTH

There are three great ones of earth—world-are four;
First she who listens, looking in the face,
In silence, save at times to say
"Yes, yes!"
And second, she who looks into my hand
And says, "I see a nature grand,
A life replete with possibilities,
A brain stupendous, but so lonely about."
With modesty and self-effacement
It has not been discovered by the world;
I see a future rich in power and fame;
Wealth, love and honor all she comes to you."
And third is she who speaks to my face
And looks into my heart-echoing
"How good!
How upright and how true-brave!
And fourth—
Alas! had I forgotten him—Why I forgot him!
LANNIE HAYNES MARKS

Fortune Have Been Made — I Don't Lose a Day — I

H.S. Hazeltine,
Lemon grower,
tells why he bought
80 acres of
San Fernando Mission Lands

Gentlemen:

I bought 80 acres of the San Fernando Mission Lands in November, 1910. I planted my acreage to Eureka lemons the following spring. Before purchasing, my experience and observations had convinced me that in order to meet with success in lemon growing, I must select a frostless belt in order to protect the fall and winter setting of lemons, and thus insure large summer crops. This valuable feature, together with ideal soil and water conditions, I found on the San Fernando Mission Lands tract. The best proof that my judgment was correct is the fruit on my four and five-year-old trees at the present time.

H. S. HAZELTINE.
(Secy. California Vegetable Union.)

Proven Beet Land

—\$350 to \$400 an acre.

Proven Lemon Land

\$400 to \$550 an acre

Terms: 20% cash, balance 1, 2, 3, 4 years, 6% interest.

Lemon and beet growers, suburban land seekers and investors who have searched every nook and corner of Southern California looking for deep, rich soil, the right "growing climate," and an abundance of cheap water, have bought San Fernando Mission Lands to the tune of over one million dollars during the past year.

You enter this beautiful tract of land over a half-million-dollar electric-lighted boulevard. On every side you see high class, value-giving improvements. You see a community of happy, prosperous people. You see the kind of land that in other sections is held at \$1000 to \$2000 an acre. "Farming" at San Fernando Mission Lands means real success—plus the best social, educational, transportation and commercial advantages—plus rapidly-increasing land values—plus a great \$30,000,000 water system supplying irrigation water at the low rate of one cent per inch.

SAN FERNANDO MISSION LANDS CO.,

312 Title Guarantee Building, Broadway at Fifth.
Los Angeles. Home Phone F2027.

Or the Following Authorized Agents:
ANGELES MESA LAND CO., 433 South Hill Street, Los Angeles.
WEDDINGTON & COOPER, 433 South Hill Street, Los Angeles.
THOS. D. CAMPBELL CO., Washington Bldg., Los Angeles.
P. D. PARKER, Porter Hotel Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

HUNTINGTON BEACH

SMALL FARMS NEAR THE BEACH

Profitable and delightful summer and winter homes.
The only seaside land near Los Angeles now selling at farm prices.
The lowest prices—within reach of every body.

READ THIS AND CONSIDER

Winter climate has made Southern California. Summer and winter climate the most marvelously even and pleasant on the North American continent, will crowd the few acres of seaside land near Los Angeles with uncouthed thousands of people. It will astonish you how limited is the area of good seaside land with the perfect climate near Los Angeles.

WE HAVE AT HUNTINGTON BEACH

the best, the widest, the most beautiful area, high above the sea to be found in Southern California.

This land has quality. It would be cheap as farm land, regardless of location. Perfect, soft water supply. The finest of alfalfa, fruit, bean and garden land. We can show you profitable crops growing. Frost has never done damage. Located in and adjoining Huntington Beach, which has every city advantage, with high school, library, churches, all public utilities, local electric street car line to small farms, an unsurpassed bathing surf. Longest concrete pleasure pier on Coast. Boulevards to Santa Ana and all inland points. An ideal and farming center. One hour's run from Los Angeles on Pacific Electric.

Small Farms—in 1/2, 1, 2 1/2 acres, \$550 to \$1250 per tract. Water piped. Fine location.
50-Foot City Lots—With cement sidewalks, curbs, street work and utilities, \$450 up.
Terms—10% down, 5% every three months. Interest 6%.
We take you down free if interested. No obligations. Call any morning at 9 o'clock.

HUNTINGTON BEACH CO. (Owners)
60747. 831 I. N. Van Noy Building. Main 2061.
All auto roads to ocean front complete. See free display Huntington Beach products at Sixth and Figueroa

TRACTORS CAVORT ON HUNDRED-ACRE STAGE.

Dreadnaughts of Agriculture are Put Through Paces at Puente While Hundreds Watch the Demonstrations. Plowing Contests and Self-steering Machines Interest. Line of General Farming Implements Also Shown.

UNDER the auspices of the Farm Tractor Association, embry "tanks" of destruction were put through their paces as dreadnaughts of agriculture on a

100-acre stage at Puente last week. It was the association's second annual exhibition of tractors in action and it drew hundreds to the little town to see plowing and other farm work done with gasoline and crude oil as motive forces.

Each tractor firm had been allotted its special space for operations, and marked a further regimen for the horse and mule. An even dozen tractor firms had machines on the grounds. These machines ranged in size from the "Baby" Yuba and the "Waterloo Boy" to the giant Holt, with four big cylinders and seventy-five horse power.

These last are the largest tractors made in the State for home use, although the Holt people admit they have made some six-cylinder machines of 120 horse power that have been sent East and mostly to Europe. They also admit that these machines will go over heavy obstructions and over ditches—just like the European dispatches tell of the new and terrible tractor-like armored "tanks" or turtle demons that have been creating havoc on German lines.

The exhibit was staged under the auspices of the Farm Tractor Association, with headquarters here. The managing committee was composed of A. F. George, chairman; W. H. Marsh and C. W. Martin. Last year a similar effort, as a part of a campaign to educate farmers to the use of the tractors for all classes of agriculture.

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Applying Gasoline to Farm Work.



Yuba Ball Tread Tractor.



Plowing De Luxe.



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Plowing De Luxe.

Plowing De Luxe.

DEVELOP GREAT DE BAKER AREA.

Last Spanish Grant Valuable for Local Industry.

Ownership Division Means Much to Los Angeles.

Rancho Laguna will Hasten General Improvement.

When the final report of the board of appraisers on the estate of the late Mrs. Arcadia B. de Baker was heard before Judge Rhett in the Superior Court last week, the undivided Spanish estate lost this standing. Its ownership goes into many hands. The partition doubtless will result in a general development of much of the property, which lies so close to Los Angeles that its development will be of great advantage to this city and the adjacent territory.

When California became a State a great area of its most valuable and fertile lands was held by grantees of the Spanish and Mexican governments. These "land grants," so called, were excepted from the public domain when the State was admitted to the Union.

One of the largest of these was the Rancho Laguna. Mrs. de Baker died intestate and the property was under a law, divided by the court among those who were proven to be her heirs-in-law.

MANY HEIRS TO ESTATE.

The decree, which was entered on April 1, partitioned the estate among forty-nine heirs or other claimants, and pursuant to the provisions of the Civil Code of California, three referees to partition were appointed by the court.

The court appointed Col. W. H. Holsinger, well known receiver of the late California Development Company and experienced in the valuation of lands; T. N. Camfield, who is a well-known appraiser, and W. W. Mines, president of the Rancho Laguna Realty Board.

This board of appraisers, which was appointed when the decree was entered, immediately began its work appraising and noting the estate. The lands all lie close to Los Angeles, a major portion being known as the Laguna Rancho, lying along the Santa Fe and Salt Lake railroads, just east of the city limits.

Part of the estate lies within the municipal limits, the five-mile circle with Twelfth and Main streets as the center, shows the Laguna Rancho to be practically all within its limits. Rancho Laguna is a large but irregular area of land. It had to be divided into many parcels, and the scheme adopted was to first survey it into forty-acre tracts, and then the smaller parcels in sufficient area to satisfy each beneficiary under the decree.

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WOMEN'S

CONSIDERABLY larger than former years, yet condense reports from each of the women of departments—in annual of the California Federation of Women's Clubs in

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WOMEN'S WORK AND WOMEN'S CLUBS
BY DOROTHY B. JOHNSTON.

CONSIDERABLY larger than in former years, yet condensed to a slimy and containing definite reports from each of the State associations of departments—in every sense a club reference book—the annual of the California Federation of Women's Clubs is now ready for distribution.


It was a "Clover" evening, with the guest's poems read and her words in the Los Angeles drama field enlivened. She responded gracefully to all the pretty tributes and talked of the work confronting the local center. Miss Marjorie Day spoke of the reopening of the Little Theater and the new...

to be the next step in the development of the work of the musical federation, for it will bring the various clubs of each State into closer touch with each other and the unity of interest thus created should be of great benefit.

The Schubert Club.
 The Schubert Club, to open with a reception at the Hotel Alexandria and...

The Famous
 The Schubert Club.

"I Can See the
 Cake Baking
 World's
 Best



Members are: President, Mrs. Edw. Dwyer; Knight, vice-president, J. F. Jones; vice-president-at-large, Mrs. L. B. Hague; recording secretary, Mrs. Alfred McCullough; corresponding secretary, Mrs. F. E. Jones.

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When California became a State a vast area of its most valuable and fertile lands was held by grantees of the Spanish and Mexican governments. These "land grants," so called, were excepted from the public domain when the State was admitted to the Union.

One of these was the de la Baker estate. Mrs. Baker died several months ago, leaving properties that the appraisement shows to be worth \$6,821,913.34, and comprising the great Rancho Laguna. Mrs. de la Baker died intestate and the property was, under our law, divided by the court among those who were closest to her heirs-in-law.

Art. Mrs. Rosa V. R. Berry; dentists, Dr. Louise Deal; clergyman, Robert F. Garner, San Bernardino; California history, Mrs. Anna N. Allen; San Leandro; land preservation, Mrs. J. H. Anderson; conservation, Mrs. J. Elliott, Los Angeles; forests, James T. Royles, Woodland; Mrs. Alexander McBean, Los Angeles and wild life, Mrs. Harriette Myers, Los Angeles; country, Mrs. Edwin Ross, Parlier; farm lands, Mrs. Edward O. Amundson, Los Angeles; rural schools, Miss Ma Crimble, San Jose; education, R. J. Sterrett, Los Angeles; Mrs. C. E. Cumberson,

**Why pay rent
for an
Apartment?**

**4 Rooms of
Furniture**

**Why not buy the World's
Best Gas Range A. B.**

A.
B.



A.
B.

**Why not pay
for your
own Furniture?**

**4 Rooms of
Furniture**

MANY HEIRS TO ESTATE.
The decree, which was entered on April 7, partitioned the estate among forty-nine heirs of other heirs, and, pursuant to the provisions of the Civil Code of California, three referees in partition were appointed to divide the estate.

Subjects: political science, Mrs. A. Simon, South Pasadena.
Subjects: D. M. Cate, Long Beach; economist, Mrs. L. F. Cocke, Berkeley; food and clothing, David F. Murchie, San Jose; mental and social conditions, Mrs. J. Gibson, Los Angeles; em-

The court appointed Col. W. H. Tolsted, well known as receiver for the late California Development company and experienced in the situation of lands; T. N. Camfield, who is a widely-known appraiser, and W. W. Mines, president of the San Antonio Realty Board.

| | | | | | |
|---|--|--|---|---------------------------------------|---|
| <p>This board of appraisers, which was appointed when the decree was entered, immediately began its work of appraising and allocating the estate. The lands all lie close to Los Angeles, a major portion being owned as the Laguna Ranch, lying between the Santa Fe and Santa Anita freeways, just east of the city limits. Part of the estate lies within the neighborhood of Ewa-mile circle, 11th Twelfth and Main streets as well as the Laguna Ranch center, shown on the map. He practically all within its limits. Rancho Laguna is a large but tract.</p> | | <p>ment, Mr. Walter Longbotham, and Mrs. Carrie Friedman, Los Angeles; pres., Mr. Harvey Clarke, Riverside. Mr. Jessica Lee Briggs, San Jose, public health, Dr. Mary Ann, nursing committees are: Endow- ment, Edward Gere Dennison, Robert Burdette; Federation of Mrs. Florence D. Schone- berger, Pedro; State University, Mrs. S. L. Wiley, Fresno; International, Mrs. Annie</p> | <p>3 Rooms of Furniture</p> <p>\$85.00</p> <p>Cash \$10, Week \$1.50</p> <p>Includes Bedroom</p> | <p>One of the Living Rooms</p> | <p>4 Rooms of Furniture</p> <p>\$129.00</p> <p>Includes Living-Room Bed-room</p> |
|---|--|--|---|---------------------------------------|---|

Eight has "made good" in the handling of the State main presidency. Of charm, personality and business acumen, she is striving to put the federal on a sound basis. At the meeting she appointed a committee, composed of Robert Burdette of Pasadena, Mrs. Little Barry of Berkeley, Mrs. L. G. Leonard of Oakland,

OFFER GREAT DEVELOPMENT. It was not because of the great agricultural value that the referee appraised the lands from \$250 to \$500 per acre. They believed it rather that in the industrial development of Long Beach these lands would become of extreme value, being water and water power.

[illegible]

The district serving the largest number will receive: first, 10 per cent; second, 8 per cent; third, 4 per cent; fourth, 3 per cent; fifth, 2 per cent; sixth, 1 per cent. All subscribers to the committee held on March 15 will count toward award. Renewals shall be on a half-year basis. In the instance a group of heirs comprising some fourteen formed their own

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and factories and time is being lost in the course of time, will be the place of grazing cattle on the eastern lands.

Sealed Lips.

WON'T ACCUSE HIM.

John C. McCan addressed the subject of her work in the Federal Department of Agriculture.

The remaining Monday programmes throughout October are as follows: October 9, civics programme; October 10, civics programme; October 11, civics programme; October 12, civics programme; October 13, civics programme; October 14, civics programme; October 15, civics programme; October 16, civics programme; October 17, civics programme; October 18, civics programme; October 19, civics programme; October 20, civics programme; October 21, civics programme; October 22, civics programme; October 23, civics programme; October 24, civics programme; October 25, civics programme; October 26, civics programme; October 27, civics programme; October 28, civics programme; October 29, civics programme; October 30, civics programme; October 31, civics programme.

When the white slave charge was made, the women of the club were so shocked that they immediately called a meeting. At this meeting, Dr. Gladys P. Bowman and Mrs. C. E. Bowman were elected to investigate the matter. They immediately called a meeting of the club women and the result was the formation of the "White Slave Club." The club was organized on October 1st, 1910, and has since that time been working for the eradication of the white slave trade. The club has held many meetings and has been very successful in its work. It has also been very successful in raising money for the cause. The club is now a well-known organization in the city and is very active in its work.

Woman's Civic Club
The president, Mrs. J. W. James, will make a short address of greeting, the curators will make their announcements, and Rev. Robert Coyle, D.D., will talk on the subject of "A Country Worth While."
On October 4 at 3 o'clock the books and conversation section will meet under the chairmanship of Mrs. K. P. Campbell.

San Gabriel Woman's Club.

The San Gabriel Woman's Club will hold a reciprocity day next Tuesday in the gardens of the old Masonic Home at the corner of Las

Galpin Shakespere Club.

"Midsummer Night's Dream" will be the subject of study at the Galpin Shakespere Club this year, beginning October 16 at 10:30 o'clock at Cunnock Hall, No. 260 South Ver-

Parents-Teachers.

Mrs. W. F. Howard, No. 973 Western avenue, will receive from 3 to 5 o'clock next Friday afternoon in

Entre Nous Club.

In order to add their clubhouse building fund the Entre Nous Club will meet for a card party at the home of Mrs. W. B. Standard, No. 2786 Eagle street next Wednesday afternoon.

Entre Nous Club.

Mrs. Myers also recently helped in securing the ratification of the treaty for the protection of migratory birds throughout the United States and Canada. This treaty was ratified at Washington and only awaits the signature of King George

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opened a week of last Friday with ready being manifested by local clubs. At the time of the meeting and loaned sewing machines, which resulted in the materialization of large attendance. Mrs. L. A. Beebe, of the biennial convention in this

Be an Exception.
Don't wait until the last moment to telephone your number to the Times. On Friday of every Saturday.

on Saturday. Make a practice of phoning your number to the Times Friday, day or night. Collecting for the service will be in charge of some or other. Much 1000—Times 1000.

10. Nebraska State Capital Lincoln

A Fashion Show Garment Sale of Unusual Merit

Featuring the Very Latest Styles at a Wonderfully Low Price!

Walter
341-343-345 5TH AVENUE
\$19.50

Misses' Sizes
14, 16, 18 Years
Women's Sizes
34 to 44 Bust



Quite a Number of Fur Trimmed Suits in This Lot!

A saving of from \$5.00 to \$10.00 on every one of these suits. There are fur-trimmed, tailored styles and handsome novelty effects.

Materials include fine broadcloth, gabardine, covert cloths, serges and wool poplins. The coats are lined with serviceable silks or satins.

Colors include navy, tan, brown, green and plenty of black. More than a score of new models to choose from and every one absolutely proper.

Sale Bungalow Aprons and Breakfast Suits



We've just received a most complete line of bungalow aprons and breakfast suits of the better sort, made of standard percales and the best grade of gingham. Every garment is cut full and long giving plenty of room where room is required. These are not the poorly made skimpy garments manufactured for sale purposes. They are goods made to our own order, properly cut and as carefully sewn as though you did the work yourself.

Bungalow aprons of percale, open in the back, finished with belt and pocket. Piped in white. Neat patterns and good colors. All **50c**

Percale bungalow aprons, a new model with elastic belt, open back, in plain colors, **50c**

Bungalow aprons in several attractive styles, cut long and full. Made of gingham, some trimmed with rick rack braid; others piped in white. Sale Price **69c**

Kitchen aprons made of checked gingham and percale. Light and dark colors. With or without bibs. Price **25c**

Middy aprons made of extra heavy percale. Blue or lavender. With or without collar. Price **79c**

Breakfast suits of excellent quality percale. Neatly fitting blouses. Price, complete—**89c**

Novelty breakfast suits made of plain colored or fancy printed percales. Blouse and skirt are swalloped and bound with white. These are entirely new. Price **\$1.00**

Breakfast suits of percale or gingham, new style blouse with elastic belt. Very neat and attractive. Price **\$1.00**

White Suits With Colored Trimmings \$1.25

Breakfast suits of white Indianhead with collar, cuffs, belt and pocket trimmed with checked material. Neat fitting blouses. Extra value at **\$1.25**

"Bassy Jane" breakfast suits, pink or blue blouse with plaid skirt. Something entirely different and new. **\$1.50**

Breakfast suits of chambray of plain blue or pink piped with white. Straight line jacket and full skirt. Price **\$1.60**

Breakfast suits of dark blue percale piped with white, neat fitting blouses, good full skirt. Cap to match. Neat as can be. **\$1.25**

Price complete **\$1.95**



Woolnap Blankets \$2.25

Wool nap blankets of a good weight, tan, gray or white with a pink or blue border. Full double bed size. Monday on the fourth floor—\$2.25 a pair.

Linen Damask Sets for \$4.98

The set consists of table cloth and 1/2 dozen napkins to match. Cloths in several sizes, 60x80 inches, 45x45 inches or 54x54 inches. Made of pure linen beautifully hemstitched. The set complete for \$4.98. On sale on the fourth floor.

Extra Fine Axminster Rugs \$30.00

Axminster rugs of the finer sort, copies of choice Oriental rugs in the rich Persian colorings. Soft shades of rose, blue, tan, green and gray. Patterns that are decidedly unusual and especially attractive. 9x12 ft. size. You'll find these same rugs quoted at from \$5.00 to \$7.50 more in many stores. Unusually good value at \$30.00.

Brussels Rugs \$19.95

Heavy, closely woven Brussels rugs with all wool looped surface. 9x12 ft. size. They are made without a seam and every rug is perfect. New patterns in the best of colors. Special value at \$19.95.

Wilton Velvet Rugs \$22.50

Seamless Wilton velvet rugs in the big room size measuring 9x12 ft. Neat attractive patterns in soft rich colorings. New perfect rugs that are underpriced at \$22.50.

Handsone Cluny Curtains \$5.00 pair

Curtains of fine French net in white or ecru. Trimmed with real linen cluny lace. Curtains that are 2 1/2 yards long and full width. Under present market conditions these curtains are worth nearly double. Only a limited quantity. While the lot lasts—\$5.00 pair.

Wool Blankets \$5.00 Pr.

Gray or white wool blankets with borders in various colors. 81x96 inch. Bargains at \$5.00 a pair.

Loom Lace Curtains \$1.00

Patterns that are exceptionally pretty—curtains that are worth considerably more than \$1.00. Full size. 2 1/2 yards long. White or ecru.

Bleached Linen Damask 85c

Bleached linen damask of a good heavy weight. 70 inches wide. Your choice of four really handsome patterns. A grade that regularly sells at a price much higher. Special Monday on the fourth floor at just 85c a yard.

Economy Sheets

For many years we have specialized on Economy sheets and never have known of a sheet that would give better service. Prices on all sheets are advancing—anticipate your needs and buy now.

72x90 in. Economy Sheets . . . 90c
72x90 in. Economy Sheets . . . \$1.00
81x90 in. Economy Sheets . . . \$1.10
81x90 in. Economy Sheets . . . \$1.20

New Gingham 15c

Stripes, checks and plaids in a variety of handsome new designs. There are the conservative colors that are always popular. Also a number of handsome combination colorings that are new and fashionable.

Devonshire Gingham 25c

Renfrew Devonshire gingham are by no means the cheapest gingham but their beauty and durability more than repay their expense. High grade fabrics for women's and children's frocks. Launder perfectly. 25c a yard.

35c Table Damask 22 1/2c

Heavy bleached table damask, 58 inches wide. A number of pleasing designs. The regular 35c grades. Monday, 9 to 10 a. m.—22 1/2c a yard.

Women's Silk Dresses \$6.50

Up to \$15.00 Values, 9 to 10 a. m.

Taffeta dresses and dresses of crepe de chine, satin and pongee. Also a few summer dresses in the lot. Only one or two alike. Original prices up to \$15.00. Monday, 9 to 10 a. m., on the second floor—\$6.50 each.

Brassieres, 50c Values . . . 39c

Brassieres of good strong muslin, trimmed with pretty torchon lace. 50c regularly. Monday, 9 to 10 a. m.—39c.

Lingerie Blouses, 9 to 10, 35c

Women's lingerie blouses of rice cloth, voile and organdie, some lace trimmed and some with flared collars. 9 to 10 a. m., Monday, if they last that long—35c each.

Notions!

—50-yard spools of silk thread; black, white and fifty good colors; 5c spools;
4 for **10c**

—White bias tape, 4 widths; 6 to 12-yard bolts for **5c**

—White linen tape; various widths; 6-yard bolts for **10c**

—45-yard spools of darning cotton; black, white or brown; 3 spools **5c**

—The new "Hump" hairpins, invisible and standard sizes; two-size packages 10c and **5c**

—Pearl Buttons, sew through styles; sleeve and coat sizes; 6 on card **5c**

—Silk middy emblems, in blue, red or white; 4 and 5 pieces to a set **10c**

—Dressmaker's pins, with good points; 1/4-pound boxes for **10c**

\$2.50 Switches of Human Hair 79c

—38-inch switches of real human hair; \$2.50 values for 79c Monday.

—3 strands of real human hair; \$3.00 and 2 1/2 inches long **\$1.50**

—17-inch switches, 25 inches long; 3 separate strands for **\$2.98**

—50-inch switches, of fine French hair; 26 inches long **\$3.98**



Washable Kid Gloves \$1

The "Elite" kid gloves are guaranteed to wash. You can wash them right on the hands with any pure soap and water. Think of the satisfaction of always having a clean pair of gloves when you want them—and that is easily managed when you can wash them yourself. Also consider the saving of cleaner's bills. These come in white, tan, gray and champagne. Prices—\$1.00 and \$1.50.

Pearl Beads \$1.00

The filled unbreakable pearl beads of a medium size. 15-inch strings with a gold filled torpede clasp. The price—\$1.00.

Earrings, 50c, \$1.00

There are new filigree novelties, and earrings of pearl, jet and coral—many styles including those with pendants. The prices—50c and \$1.00.

NEMO

"Back-Resting" Corsets



For all slender figures. Rests the back, relieves backache. Light, flexible, few bones. Ultra-style shape. Size 36 to 38. **\$4.00**

Other models, for all figures. Come and see this great corset novelty.

BULLDOG LOVES TWO SQUIRRELS.

Here, Carries Pets with Him on His Strolls.

Badger, Cat and Pigeon are Among His Cronies.

Real and Remarkable Serial "Heroics of Hero."

Hero, the property of Harry Marks of No. 912 West Third street, is a pet who has pets. He is a large Scotch-Rumanian bulldog, 3 years old, and his pets are two squirrels, Peep and Flora. One of the dog's chief delights is carrying them upon his back. Hero is an educated dog, thinking nothing of a rocking in a rocking chair, walking on his hind legs, smoking an unlit pipe, opening doors, pulling chairs around a room at command, minding the baby, fetching slippers, or acting before a motion-picture camera. He is so valuable as an acting canine that Mr. Marks, an actor himself, has refused \$6000 for him.

Hero's sire was Sir Vando and his dam Lady Minnie, both famous in European dog shows. Mr. Marks secured the dog from a ship captain while he was in Glasgow, Scotland. The pup was then but a few months old and since that time he has accompanied Mr. Marks in various trips around the world. As a puppy he early showed remarkable intelligence and he manifested unusual affection for his master.

The building has had several pets, among which was a badger. They would wrestle for hours. Prior to the advent of the badger, Hero was a gentleman-in-waiting to Phoebe, a mild, retiring white pigeon. Phoebe traveled several hundred miles in a basket, which Hero carried in his mouth. When she died the dog was disconsolate and refused to eat for several days.

HIS FIRST LOVE.

Just after the pigeon's death a homeless little kitten appeared at the residence in San Antonio, Tex., and Hero made friends with the cat. At first it was so small that he carried it tenderly from place to place between his heavy jaws. For several months the cat and the dog were inseparable, and then the cat disappeared.

A few days after Tibbin's disappearance Mr. Marks secured Peep, a fuzzy, little squirrel, and with Peep, Hero consoled himself. Hero and Peep were companions for nearly two years now and they are always seen together on the streets. Peep clinging to Hero's neck as the latter walks proudly along. The late addition to the Marks family circle is Flora, another squirrel. Flora formerly scuttled over the roof of the Marks' home from Hero, but now she sits back upon his shoulders, petite and obliging, as a lady should be. Sometimes Hero carries the two squirrels in a small basket.

When Mr. Marks wishes his slippers to be put on, he tells them, the dog secures and takes the articles to their proper place. Hero carries a chair leg between his jaws, pulling the chair to the spot designated. Another evidence of his intelligence is his ability to carry articles from one place to another and then return them to their original position.

SHINES AS AN ACTOR.

The dog's ability as an actor was recently demonstrated when he lay down on a cot in the room and allowed an automobile traveling fifty miles an hour, to pass over him. The wheels passed on either side of the dog but he kept his position until told by Mr. Marks to get up. Hero also dives—not a jump, but a long, graceful leap, entering the water with his body in a straight line and his head between his paws. While diving in a river in Texas Hero one day brought up an old silver coin bearing the date 1772 and a facsimile of one of the Austrian emperors.

Every evening Hero and the two squirrels, Peep and Flora, eat their dinners from the same plate. Often the squirrels snatch a portion of bread or some other morsel from between the dog's lips and he never so much as growls.

Mr. Marks is an animal trainer in a small way. At one time he captured a small jaguar in South America and taught it several tricks. He has traveled over the world, having run away from his home in Greece when he was but 7 years old. He has had several years of experience upon the stage. At one time he promised to become a wrestler of prominence. Recently he and Hero engaged in some character work in the production of "Jeanne d'Arc," a photoplay which is being produced by a local company. Mr. Marks hopes to secure a permanent place for Hero as a canine actor in the film world. In the meantime Hero may be seen nearly every day on the streets, with his little basket hanging from his strong jaws and with Peep and Flora riding upon his back.

Dr. A. T. Murray of the Stanford University faculty has accepted the presidency of the California Rugby Union. Dr. Murray is the father of R. Lindley Murray and Fred Murray, two famous Stanford athletes.

Dandruff Surely Destroys the Hair

Girls—if you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you do not.

It doesn't do much good to try to brush or wash it out. The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to destroy it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching and itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and four ounces is all you will need, no matter how much dandruff you have. This simple remedy never fails.

10c Gingham 7c Yard

Striped gingham in light and dark colors. 27 inches wide. The regular 10c grade. Monday, 9 to 10 a. m., on the fourth floor—7c a yard.

Women's Union Suits 69c

Underpriced for Monday—A line of union suits that you should not lose a very much higher price at 69c and 75c.

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Here Is a Pet Who Has Pets Himself



Harry Marks and his remarkable dog "Hero." The two squirrels on Hero's back are Peep and Flora, his most precious. The basket is for their transportation when they get riding on his back.

Good News.

SEVENTH REGIMENT MAY BE HOME IN ONE MONTH

Present Programme Calls for More Training in Shape of Long Hike to Fort Huachuca and Back, then to Sacramento—Our Boys Lead in Proposed Ratings to be Given National Guard Troops on the Border.

BY HENRY L. MARSHALL.

With Seventh California Infantry, Nogales, Arizona.

WHEN Brig.-Gen. Robert W. Kowalski of the California brigade does not himself know whether his command is to be sent back to California or will be sent to the border, he will send a hiker to Fort Huachuca and return. It is, of course, impossible for an enlisted man to tell the folks at home when this campaign will end.

Before this goes into print, the Seventh and Second California regiments may be enlisting for the Sacramento mobilization camp. They may be passing through the State on the main line of the Southern Pacific as this newspaper is delivered to subscribers. And they may be on the march out of Nogales in the way to Fort Huachuca, fifty-eight miles distant in the pathless desert.

The President and his Cabinet, as told by Associated Press dispatches from Washington, are in favor of sending home all troops that have been in the border since first called out in June. Gen. Funston, in command of all activities on the border, is urging that his program of drill shall be carried out, which means, in relation to the California troops, the hike to Fort Huachuca, then to Tucson, then to Tucson to Nogales, where the California troops will then break camp and go to Sacramento, where they will be distributed to their homes about the first of November.

All regiments, which have engaged in the intensive drilling of the past summer, will receive a military rating. The Seventh California, for instance, the Seventh California at the present time stands at the head of all regiments in the border. The regiment has 560 enlisted men and fifty-five officers. It is fully equipped in clothing, arms, ammunition, horses and all indispensable supplies. It has been drilled intensively for two months and over, this drill being in every branch of the infantry service and under the eye of regular army officers assigned for this purpose. If sent on the forty-day hike they will be inspected by the division commander at Fort Huachuca, this inspection lasting two weeks. The regiment will then be given a rating and sent home. This is Gen. Funston's programme.

If, as is expected, the Seventh California is given an "efficiency A" rating, the regiment will be tabulated as a "first class" regiment, and will be the first to go when any kind of service is needed. Regiments like the Seventh California must be recruited heavily before they can be mustered out.

The expedition, family dependents, affidavits and rejection through physical disabilities have cost the various commands many men. The Seventh has lost about 200 men because of the above reasons, but was up to full strength when it came down here, and is therefore able to better stand the drain than regiments in poorer condition at the outset.

MUCH BETTER CONDITIONS.

The first month and six weeks of the summer tests of endurance on the border. The regiments were learning that most difficult lesson of life—sanitation. The men were trying to learn modern army sanitation during the blistering days of July and August, when millions of flies swarmed, and when a torrent of rain fell every afternoon or night. And this sanitary lesson was being taught by old National Guard officers who did not understand much themselves. The troops have had a very trying time with the lavatories.

But now, the new camp has been made on a hogback of basalt in the valley, and the new latrine mess halls are finished, where fly nuisance is well controlled. The men have learned how to cook, latrines, shower baths and latrines, the army cooks are proving in skill; the food is good, and the men, because of these improved conditions, are better health. The troops are miserable with intestinal trouble, the first month, but dressed in clean, comfortable uniforms, and are entirely satisfied.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

And another real comfort has been added to camp life in the form of a Y.M.C.A. as an organization, and there is no doubt that it can be justly credited with many things, but this organization is doing a splendid work for the men, hard-worked soldiers on the border. Through building a mess hall, a bath house, a canteen, a library, a gymnasium, a piano, and writing tablets, the Y.M.C.A. is doing a splendid work for the men, hard-worked soldiers on the border. Through building a mess hall, a bath house, a canteen, a library, a gymnasium, a piano, and writing tablets, the Y.M.C.A. is doing a splendid work for the men, hard-worked soldiers on the border.

CANTU GETS BIG BUNCH OF COLORADO

ELIZABETH CORRESPONDENT.

SAN DIEGO, Sept. 23.—A line of 122 colonists has arrived on the Chilean steamer, the Gato from La Paz, Manu, and other points in the Amazon region. The men will be taken to the United States by the U.S. Navy, and will be given a very much higher price at 69c and 75c.

Women's Union Suits 69c

Underpriced for Monday—A line of union suits that you should not lose a very much higher price at 69c and 75c.

Brilliant New Autumn Silks, Velvets and Woolens



Four of America's Foremost Exponents of Millinery

- The House of Rawwak
- The House of Burgessess
- The House of Cupid
- The House of Castle

- Have sent Fashion-inspired millinery.
- These designers are fairy godmothers of the millinery world.
- Creators of style and exclusiveness in hats for all occasions.
- There is something altogether impressive in these new millinery fashions, from these far-famed houses.
- They are names to conjure with, and, side by side with these are
- Wonderful "Broadway" hats.
- A Fall time presentation of the New, the Different—the Exclusive—

The Rawwak Hats

—One of which is pictured, are exclusive to a marked degree—daring ideas in tailored and suit hats—velvet and fur with lined and novelty trimmings.

Burgessess Hats

—Are in velvet with artistic ornaments and chenille trimmings; new tailored effects for street wear.

Cupid Hats

—One pictured—are in novelty shapes as well as strikingly large salons—simplicity rules in these Cupid hats—just the proper placing of the effective trimming—whether it be an ornament of gold or silver, just a touch of ribbon—there is art in every line of these hats.

The Castle Hats

—Are extensively advertised in Vogue and Harper's Bazar. The Castle hats are well known and are very charming.

And Broadway Millinery

—Copies of Paris and New York models—noted for good style—the coming hats with just the modification here and there that is best appreciated by California women.

Great Shipments of



Underwear for Fall

—Globe tailor made underwear by which other underwear is gauged.

—The new shipments for fall have arrived.

—It is time now to be thinking of new underwear.

—And Globe tailor made underwear should be your first consideration.

—Knitted perfectly—to an exact size—not pressed into shape.

—The finish is perfect—the workmanship is of the highest order.

—Whether it be the separate garments or union suits, there's no knit underwear that you can buy that will excel "The Globe."

—The extra sizes, 40 to 44, at \$2.00.

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Many Feature Prices Monday

—Here in all of their beauty—the fashionable silks and velvets that are in demand. Silks that you'd think the fairies had fashioned—and velvets that are in the first row of fashion's chosen fabrics.

—The Broadway was never better prepared to serve you and many feature prices Monday will make it profitable for you to visit the Silk Department.

New Taffetas at \$1.19 Liberty Faille \$1.19

—Heavy quality, pure silk, yard wide —36 inches wide—one of the most demanded silks now—featured at \$1.19.

36 in. Black Taffeta 79c Yard

—Just for Monday, 36-inch black taffeta featured at 79c yard.

A Splendid Showing of New Chiffon Broadcloths \$1.39

—High, lustrous finish—54-inch width, popular colors and black.

—An important feature at \$1.39.

Plenty of All Wool Serges Here

—They are so much in demand for women's dresses and misses' school apparel 46 to 54-inch widths.

—This woolen goods department is filled to overflowing with the new and popular weaves, including tweeds, poplins, mixtures and broadcloths, gabardines, as well as novelty suitings, men's cloths, sports cloths and velours. Second Floor.

5 1/2 to 7 1/2 inch Ribbons at 25c Yard.

—Look at the quality of these fancy and plain moire and novelty edged ribbons.

—3000 yards grouped for an important September event at 25c yard — Monday and Tuesday only, may you buy these ribbons at this price. Aisle 6.

85c For the Making Only Man-Tailored Skirts 85c

Made to Your Measure.

—Once again we make the important announcement of "Man Tailored Skirts Made to Your Measure, for the Making Only, 85c," and we expect, as heretofore, that the response will keep our tailoring department fairly humming for some time to come.

—Skirts are made with the same care and thoroughness as though you paid full price—and we make no charge for fittings or findings.

—Buy only the exact amount of material necessary to make your skirt—not an inch more!

—Fit and finish guaranteed—Just purchase, at \$1 yard, or over, material from our extensive stock of woolen materials. And place your order Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday.

Second Floor.

6 Dozen Only—Pleated \$1.75 Georgette Collars at \$1

—The last time we offered a similar lot of these collars, twice the quantity was sold in one day.

—They are in demand for Fall.

—It's a demonstration of the merchandising service to retail in the regular way at \$1.75—large or small pleats, square or pointed fronts, hemstitched edged—full yokes. Aisle 4.

132 Different Shades in \$1.75 Georgette Crepes \$1.39

—And even this comparison is conservative, for many are asking stores for this grade of Georgette crepe.

—The lace department is after a record September.

—It is advancing in the wholesale market.

—Don't overlook this opportunity. Main Floor, Aisle 4.

Former 50c to \$1.50 Laces at 25c

In a September Sale

—Surprising news from the lace section.

—Laces, nets and alouvers that were formerly priced at 50c to \$1.50—eight hundred yards in all in this important sale at 25c yard.

36-inch shadow alouvers

40-inch colored silk nets

27-inch Oriental flouncings

—\$ to 14-inch Chantilly.

—Metal and fancy laces.

—The price of these, only 25c a yard. Aisle 4.

\$1.65 and \$1.69 Curtains 95c

—We have about 100 pairs of dainty, hemstitched curtains, some finished with lace edging, others with mercerized edging in pink or blue.

—Made of an excellent quality of soft-finished marquisette—the plain being suitable for almost any room, while the pink and blue bordered are especially attractive at bedroom windows.

—Made 32 inches wide and 2 1/4 yards long.

—Monday, only, at this price—95c pair. Fourth floor.

A Very Special Purchase of \$16.50 Portland Water Power Washing Machines at \$9.50

—We bought the remaining lot from the wholesaler—23 at this price.

—These machines are guaranteed by us—you can take all of the drudgery out of washing with one of them.

—The regular price is \$16.50—twenty-three of them will be sold while they last at \$9.50 each. 5th Floor.

Guernsey's Baking Casseroles for Less

—Come to the Fifth Floor for these—7-inch nickel or copper finished frame, with the round casseroles, brown, white lined—priced \$1.50.

—The large, 4-inch size at \$1.75.

—Oval shapes, two sizes at \$2.00 and \$2.75.

—7-inch covered casseroles, round and oval \$2.50.

—There is a complete line of these covered casseroles—open bottom—first quality of brown, white-lined ware.

SALE OF SLIGHTLY IMPERFECT GUERNSEY WARE LESS THAN HALF

—7-inch deep bowl or shallow nappie, choice 10c.

—Teapots—handy sizes at 25c.

—7-inch covered casseroles, round and oval 35c.

—6-inch covered casseroles, 50c.

—A lot of casseroles without lids at 25c.

—Come early for best choice—Fifth Floor.

Arthur Letts The Broadway Department Store

BROADWAY, FOURTH AND HILL.



We Are Busy as Bees, Unpacking New Suits—New Coats Party Frocks and Furs

—After all, it's just a few hours from the center of Fashion to you, through The Broadway Department Store's Garment Section.

—Style—correctness; quality; good workmanship and good taste are summed up in this autumn showing of ready-to-wear garments.

—Autumn is calling to you now and The Broadway is here to answer the call in a surprising way with—

Silk & Wool Dresses \$19.50

—One-piece dresses—the new long lines; many braid and button trimmed—some are pleated, new and moderately priced.

—Third Floor.

Silk Dresses at \$25.00

—And to \$29.50—of taffeta, satin, and combination of serge and satin.

—In the long yoke effects to the box and knife pleated models.

New Plush Coats at \$19.50

—Fur-trimmed and belted models—three-quarter length, full lined; also novelty and plain coats, some fur trimmed; velours in blue, green and brown with large beaver cloth collars.

New Fall Coats at \$25.00

—Fur trimmed and plain—some with the kimono sleeves.

—Velours in brown, blue and green, some beaver trimmed.

—Novelty mixtures with large collars.

—Motor coats in the seven-eighths length—there is a surprising assortment at this price.

New \$25.00 Suits Arrive

—Very remarkable suits of velour, broadcloth and checks, some of which are fur trimmed; some with the large velvet collar and cuffs.

New Suits at \$27.50

\$29.50 and \$35.00

—Broadcloths, serges and gabardines—many belted; others with fur-trimmed collars and cuffs; some trimmed with combinations of velvet and fur. Velour and velvet suits also—these at \$35—black, dark blue, green, brown and Burgundy—these have Opposum throw collars and cuffs.

See the New Skirts

—That have come to sell at \$5.00, \$7.50, \$10.00 and \$12.50—black and white, navy and black serges—poplins, also plaids and mixtures—you will be impressed with this showing of the new skirts. Third Floor.

Third Floor.

Beautiful New Angora Sweaters \$9.75, \$10.50, \$12.95 and \$14.95

—Thick, soft, Angora wool; a great, warm collar; loose sleeves; wide cuffs; roomy pockets; wide patent leather belt; large, ivory-colored buttons.

—Made in the colors most liked right now. Second Floor.

Silk Petticoats Underpriced—\$3.95, \$4.50, \$5

—Beautiful quality of taffeta in all of the desired shades; or of Jersey; finished with deep flounce and have elastic band at waist. Second Floor.

New Fluted Side Silver Nut Bowls and Bon Bon Dishes

—They are new—they are attractive and they are so moderately priced that you can hardly believe your eyes.

—How is it possible? said one customer who saw them.

—Well, it wouldn't be possible, ordinarily as silverware is expected to be marked, way higher—but The Broadway sells quantities by making quick turn-overs at moderate profit.

—You will want these for wedding or Christmas gifts—quadruple silver plated and gold lined.

—Bon bon dishes, some footed, some handled, \$1.00.

—Nut bowls, gold lined, some handled, some with squirrel ornament—\$1.25 to \$2.00. Aisle 1.

—Gold-lined fruit baskets; some handled; some footed; some with squirrel, bird, or butterfly ornament; different sizes—\$2.00 and \$2.50. Aisle 1.

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GIRL SINGER WINS ROYALTY'S THANKS.

HOSPITAL SONGS PLEASE THE CROWN PRINCESSES.

Letter Received by Miss Josephine Dillon from Sister in Germany Tells of Food Shortage and Declares Vindictive Spirit Against America is Evident.

Writing from Berlin, where for four years she has been studying vocal music, Miss Viva Dillon, daughter of the late Judge Dillon of Los Angeles, tells her sister, Miss Josephine Dillon, No. 2840 Leeward avenue, of an odd meeting with the Crown Princess of Germany while singing in one of the hospitals.

During the past year Miss Viva has made it a practice to sing every Saturday morning in hospitals, where she is known as "the pretty little fraulein." She had completed a song on one occasion, when a short, stout woman approached and thanked her for the pleasure she had afforded everyone present. After Miss Dillon left the hospital she learned that the woman who

thanked her was the Crown Princess.

But one in about five letters written by the Los Angeles girl to the United States sets by the censor, according to her. Words are not deleted. The letters are returned with the information that another should be written with certain objectionable matter pointed out by the censor eliminated.

A letter recently received, and written six weeks ago, tells of the high cost of butter, olive oil and edibles of this character. The poor classes are fed daily by charitable organizations under a co-operative system that the writer declares to be nothing short of wonderful.

Miss Dillon makes her home with the family of a captain of artillery, who is serving with the Crown Prince's army before Verdun. That there is a vindictive spirit evident in certain circles in Germany against the United States is made mention of in one of her letters, which got by the censor.

Miss Josephine Dillon, recipient of the letters, plays one of the important roles in "The Daughter of the Don," which is being shown at the Majestic Theatre this week.

In a recent billiard match in England between Newman and Falkner, the latter in five innings contributed breaks of 246, 142, 110, 155 and 114, an aggregate of 1,198 points and an average close to 240.



Miss Viva Dillon,

A Los Angeles girl, who was praised by the Crown Princess of Germany for her singing in one of the military hospitals.

HORSE SHOW TO OPEN OUR EYES.

Denver Society Girl Wants this City on Circuit.

Climate Here Best in World for Smart Affairs.

Miss Hershey is Well-known Army Horsewoman.

If a personal campaign carried on among local society folk by Miss Salome Hershey, Denver society girl and daughter of Dr. John B. Hershey, a prominent Colorado surgeon, succeeds, Los Angeles will have one of the smartest horse shows ever held in America this winter and will acquire a permanent place on the horse show circuit.

Miss Hershey learned to ride in the army, being a favorite at numerous army posts. While attending Mt. Vernon Seminary in Washington she practiced almost every day with army officers stationed at Fort Meyer and gained an enviable reputation with her cross-country riding. She has ridden frequently in horse shows in New York and Denver, but



Miss Salome Hershey on her hunter, Daisy.

Miss Hershey is a Denver society girl, who is stirring up the interest of Los Angeles society in a horse show to be held here this winter.

thinks Los Angeles, which has no horse show, should have the most wonderful one of any city in the country.

"Here we could try out our horses the year round," she said, "and riding would be a joy because of the climate. In New York sometimes when we tried out our horses it would be so cold we suffered, but you know that when New York puts on a horse show—all roads lead to New York. Why not change this and have all roads lead to Los Angeles?"

Not only is the horse show of New York a smart social event of that city, but Denver and even Fort Worth, Tex., with less than 100,000 inhabitants, have shows that attract the most prominent society people with their famous strings of horses from all over the country. There is no reason why Los Angeles with everything in its favor should not have the best one of all.

Miss Hershey spends most of her mornings in Beverly Hills, taking long, cross-country rides and trying out Daisy, the highest jumper in the Los Angeles Riding School, in making spectacular jumps.

She rides English fashion and is

one of the few girls in the West who can do so on a jump. If she succeeds in interesting society here in her plan, she will bring the three favorites from her string of horses to Los Angeles. They are Lulu Murphy, Eddie Ecks and Nellie Bly.

Besides being a splendid horsewoman, Miss Hershey swims and is a daring motorist. She owns her own car and has driven 20,000 miles in it.

Solomonic.

WOULD RESTORE HOME.

Judge Declines to Grant Separate Maintenance to Wife of a San Fernando Valley Ranchman, in Hope Pair will be Reunited.

After six months of married life, unhappiness so prevailed in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Schmitz that they separated. Mrs. Schmitz filed a suit for separate maintenance, and this was before Judge Dehy yesterday. He refused to render a decision, expressing hope that the couple will decide to forget their differences and live together again.

Mr. Schmitz is a ranchman of the San Fernando Valley, reputed to be wealthy. His wife asked for payment of \$100 a month. The husband denied he is wealthy and declared it

would be impossible to make such a payment. His father also testified in his behalf, regarding ownership of ranch property in the San Fernando Valley.

Mrs. Schmitz declared there seemed to be no room for her in her husband's home; that the house had only four rooms and that his friends and relatives occupied these. Judge Dehy stated he believed the couple could be brought together again, under proper influences, but Mrs. Schmitz replied: "I don't believe he wants me to come back."

BENEFIT SOCIAL.

Royal Oak Lodge, No. 220, Sons of St. George, will hold a box social and dance tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock in Moose Hall, No. 487 South Hill street. In addition to the dancing a musical programme has been arranged. The proceeds will be used for the benefit of the uniform rank and drill team.

JAPANESE CARE FOR CHILDREN.

Humane Society Succeeds in Good Cause.

On Two Acres Institution Self-supporting.

Mothers' High Death Rate Emphasizes Need.

To meet the comparatively high death rate of Japanese mothers in Southern California the Japanese Humane Society for Children, with headquarters in Inglewood, has successfully cared for over fifty cases since July, when it became an auxiliary of the Los Angeles Humane Society for Children.

The organization was first established two years ago at No. 522 South Flower street, by R. Kusumoto, as the Home for Japanese Children, but the grounds were insufficient for the purpose and one and one-half acres were purchased in Inglewood, one block from the Hawthorne car line, and on this plot the home was established.

The institution, six months after it was moved to Inglewood, received a half-acre as a gift, making a total of two acres. Practically all of the land is now under cultivation, there being 100 fruit trees set out and a large vegetable garden. Several grape vines and berry bushes are planted. A cow and several chickens have been procured, and, with the milk and eggs and the vegetables and fruits from the garden and orchard, the home is nearly self-supporting. It is housed in two solidly built buildings, one containing three and the other six rooms. A playground is maintained in connection with the home and there the children spend their leisure time.

The officers of the organization are all Japanese, but they are assisted by an American advisory board. The officials are: Rev. M. Furuya, president; Rev. M. Yamashita, vice-president; S. Fukuda, treasurer, and R. Kusumoto, secretary.

Until seven or eight years ago most of the Japanese in this country were men, but since that time many women have come to the United States as "picture brides." As many of these women perform manual labor, such as picking berries, caring for and assisting in the harvesting of crops, and other work incidental to farming, there is a comparatively high death rate among them. Many of the women who die are mothers, and as the father is usually unable to properly care for his children, they are taken to the Inglewood home.

The expenses of the society average \$125 per month, most of which is received through public subscription. Persons wishing to contribute to the upkeep of the home may do so by communicating with the Los Angeles Humane Society for Children, room 10, 208 Tajo Building.

TROPICO PASSES JITNEY MEASURE.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

TROPICO, Sept. 23.—Claiming that the auto buses were endangering lives by reckless driving, the City Council of Tropic, Kan., has passed an ordinance designed to restrict the increasing jitney traffic.

The ordinance provides that a driver must be over 18 years of age; that the machines must have a specified route, stop only at corners, and that they carry not more than two passengers in excess of the rating listed by the driver.

The fee rating provided for \$5 per quarter for a five-passenger car, \$15 for one carrying thirteen or more than seven, \$15 for more than thirteen, and \$1 per quarter for taxicabs.

Detroit will soon boast a six-story structure devoted exclusively to bowling and billiards. It will contain eighty-eight bowling alleys and twelve English, thirty-nine pocket and fifty-four carom billiard tables.

Which is Which?

SHERIFF CLINE DOUBLE OF BOSTON POLICE HEAD.

PHYSICAL doubles are not uncommon, but when the traits of character and occupation of doubles are also identical there is unusual interest. Such men are Sheriff John C. Cline of Los Angeles county and Stephen O'Meara, Police Commissioner of Boston.

Mr. O'Meara is serving his third term as head of the Boston police department, one of the best in the United States. Mr. Cline is serving his second term as Sheriff of this county. Both men have by their honesty and strength of character, won the esteem of the people who placed them in office.

"The work of the deputy sheriffs in my department and of the other employees is on the whole satisfactory as that of any department I know. The men and women are endeavoring to give the county a faithful, honest service and their faults and mistakes are few and their work pleasing," says Mr. Cline. In an order Mr. O'Meara sent out to the department recently when he started on his third term he says: "For ten years I have been officially responsible for the Boston police department; but the faults and mistakes which may be charged against it are so trifling in comparison with the great volume of honest and efficient work which stands to its credit that the responsibility of the work is easily borne."



Sheriff John C. Cline (right) and Police Commissioner Stephen O'Meara.

The latter in charge of Boston's police department. The two men are amazingly alike, physically and mentally.



John Russell, Jr., Newly-elected president of the National Association of Life Underwriters.

INSURANCE HONORS.

Local Manager of Pacific Mutual Life Underwriters' President.

The election of John Russell, Jr., manager of the Pacific Mutual home office agency, to the presidency of the National Association of Life Underwriters at the annual convention held in the city of New York last week, is not only a distinct honor to Mr. Russell's standing in the insurance circles, but is an honor to the Pacific Mutual and the entire Pacific Coast.

Mr. Russell has done much to promote the cause of true life insurance by the dignity and poise he has played in the conduct of the business. He has been in life insurance work from early manhood and has experience covers every branch of the business. He was at one time secretary of the Pacific Mutual and he was appointed manager of the home office agency ten years ago. He has made a splendid record, having built up a business that amounts to \$500,000 per month. His salary is \$10,000 a month, and he is said to be one of the best paid executives in the insurance business.

Scandal!

EGG HUNT DE LUXE.

With Hen Fruit as Precious as Gold, an Even Dozen Meant to Supply Forest Fire Fighters in Government's Slouches on Trail.

In the interest of "strict economy" it may be necessary to limit a portion of Gen. Funston's operations along the line of the Angeles National Forest Reserve. And order a fiftieth of billions to the Los Angeles River, to a sort of supporting force.

Last week, when Gen. Funston was rushing food to feed the Forest Guard, he had a quantity unloaded at Sunset station. In the list of supplies were a dozen eggs, and the price of hen fruit, they are the only money. Mr. Charlton, who is supposed to have kept the eggs safe.

When the staff was reviewed the scene of the fire the night before, apparently the chief had not sucked the eggs, but had allowed the shells, leaving a trail of inciting evidence.

An investigation is now on foot, the whole force of the national agricultural Department will be run down the culprit. The mark of identification of the eggs of an individual hen.

WOODMAN KNOCKS OUT A WINNER.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

LOS ANGELES HARBOR, Sept. 23.—About fifty guests gathered at the Los Angeles Harbor Hotel, where a party was given to celebrate the opening of the new harbor. The party was given by the Los Angeles Harbor Hotel, where a party was given to celebrate the opening of the new harbor.

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In Barnum & Bailey's Happy Family.



John Russell, Jr.,
Newly-elected president of the National Association of Life Underwriters.

INSURANCE HONORS.
Local Manager of Pacific Mutual Life Underwriters' President.

The election of John Newton Russell, Jr., manager of the Pacific Mutual life insurance office agency, to the presidency of the National Association of Life Underwriters at the national convention held in St. Louis this week, is not only a distinct recognition of Mr. Russell's standing in the insurance circles, but is an honor to the Pacific Mutual and the entire Pacific Coast.

Mr. Russell has done much to promote the cause of true life insurance by the dignity and poise he has displayed in the conduct of the business. He has been in life insurance work from early manhood and his experience covers every branch of the business. He was at one time secretary of the Pacific Mutual, and was appointed manager of the home office agency ten years ago and had made a splendid record, having built up a business that amounts to \$400,000 per month. His agency is the largest in the West and "a million a month" is said to be his gain.

His associates are planning to extend to him a warm welcome after his return from the convention.

EGG HUNT DE LUXE.
With Hen Fruit as Precious as Gold, as Every Dozen Meant to Supply Forest Fire Fighters' Needs.

Government's Sleuths on Trail.

In the interest of "strict accountability" it may be necessary to bring a portion of Gen. Funston's army for operations along the rim of the Angeles National Forest. Reserve. And order a bottle of batteries to the Los Angeles River, to act as a sort of supporting force.

Last week, when Supervisor Charles was rushing food to fire fighters in Horse Thief Canyon, he had a quantity of batteries at Summit Station. In the list of supplies was a dozen eggs and at the present time the eggs are being used as a source of food. Mr. Charlton admits he ought to have kept the eggs in a safe.

When the stuff was removed from the scene of the fire the eggs were missing. Apparently the thief had broken the shells, leaving no incriminating evidence.

An investigation is now on, and the whole force of the national agricultural department will be used to run down the culprit. The search for identification of the eggs is the fact that each was the product of an individual hen.

WOODMAN KNOCKS OUT A WINERY.
(LOCAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LOS ANGELES HARBOR, Sept. 23.—About fifty citizens of the harbor gathered at the corner of Fourth street and Pacific avenue to protest against the location of a winery there, when the Police Commissioner arrived to inspect the site. Mayor Woodman, who accompanied the commissioner, assured the delegation, after hearing the protest, that the application would be denied.

E. A. Mills, president of the Police Chamber of Commerce, called attention to the fact that a new ordinance already approved by City Council would prevent winery in its chosen location.

LOOK-EE, FELLERS, HERE COMES THE ELEPHANTS!

Barnum and Bailey circus are 480 special performers who give exhibitions of daring on horseback, high wires, swinging trapeze and in various other ways, that are described as new and startling as well as amusing.

It is announced the gates will be open one hour before each performance to give time for a visit to the enlarged zoo, which is said to be more interesting than usual this year because of the birth during the winter of a baby giraffe, five lion cubs, six leopards and tigers and four kangaroos.

The circus parade will start from the grounds promptly at 10 o'clock Monday morning.

As the circus story is the thing to tell about this for the circus finds a way to the integrity of its fund-raising with the new things of the day. Their old and always young, magic to retain a place in the minds of the people.

According to all advertisements, the circus is going to glitter with red, spangles, circus red and elements of music than ever it will be more than three months and represents an income of \$1,000,000. Forty elephants will be in the line of parade. 2000 zoo animals, 1000 persons, six bands and a circus. Then there are symphony, baby waltzes, contortionists, the great circus choir, acrobats, allegorical acts, but not least, eighty clowns and their best to detract from the parade of things and make the show has been described as the best that was given in the city.

The parade is entitled "The Parade of the Future." There are 1000 new costumes are in the parade of thirty elephants, 600 horses, forty elephants, which follow the parade, four stages and a great tent as well as the parade of the circus. There are 1000 new costumes are in the parade of thirty elephants, 600 horses, forty elephants, which follow the parade, four stages and a great tent as well as the parade of the circus.

A BABY'S BANK; "JOKE."
Women Arrested for Stealing the Baby, to Teach Them a Lesson.

That she had the money "as a joke," though her friend not believe it, Miss Alma, 25 years old, explained to the police. Richardson, who the 47 taken from the baby's bank in the home of Mrs. Marcus Selma, 4000 Broadway street, was in her possession.

Richardson explained she had borrowed a small amount of money. No one was in the Selma house, but she was open. Miss Selma reported the loss to the police and Miss Richardson was arrested.

Police officers reported the loss to the police and Miss Richardson was arrested.

Embarrassing Hairs Can Be Quickly Removed.
(Beauty Culture)

Hairs can be easily banished from the skin by this quick, painless method: Mix into a stiff paste some powdered delatone and water, spread on hairy surface and in 2 or 3 minutes rub off, wash the skin and it will be free from hair or blemish. Excepting in very stubborn growths, one application is sufficient. To avoid disappointment, buy the delatone in an original package.

Queen Quality

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Newest "Ripple Lace Boot" of patent with white kid top; also lace; also button with fabric top.

Fashionable "New York Lace Boot" of black kid, either button or lace. French Louis wood heel.

Modish "Chicago Scallop Button Boot" made of all black kid, with hand-turned sole. Stukingly beautiful.

FALL FASHIONS in women's dress necessitate the wearing of carefully selected footwear. Every woman is aware that ill-fitting or poorly constructed shoes will spoil the effect of the most beautiful costume.

Queen Quality Shoes for Fall add Charm to Every Woman's Dress

In designing Fall and Winter shoe styles we have anticipated your particular needs. There is a style for you, no matter how elaborate or conservative your wardrobe may be.

"They fit like a glove and are the most comfortable shoes any woman can wear"

We pride ourselves on the fitting qualities of the shoes we make. Every pair is carefully modeled to give the foot a smart, trim appearance and at the same time conserve its comfort.

The Maximum of Style and Comfort at the Minimum of Retail Cost

Thousands of stores are now showing the new styles. The Queen Quality dealer nearest you will welcome your early call.

ASK FOR THE STYLE BOOK—OR WRITE US FOR COPY—MAILED ANYWHERE ON REQUEST

Latest "Chicago Fanned Boot" of black kid, French heel; also lace or button with Cuban heel.

Stylish "Aven Collar Boot" of patent with black cloth top and dull kid collar. Made also in lace. A distinctive model.

Wing Tip "Chicago Lace Boot." Tan Russia calf; also black leather gun metal calf.

THOMAS G. PLANT
COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS
BOSTON, MASS.

Exclusively,
In Los Angeles at—

ARTHUR LETTS
The Broadway Department Store
BROADWAY, FOURTH AND HILL.

—Shoe Dept.,
Main Floor—Section M

"Let's All Go Eat Apples!"



Miss Olive Marler,

Chamber of Commerce booster for the Yucapa Valley apple show.

Forward.

YUCAIPA PLANS FIFTH ANNUAL APPLE SHOW.

H E A R Y E! Hear ye! The Yucapa Valley apple show is coming.

First announcement here of the fifth annual display of the finest apples of the Southland came yesterday in an invitation to the Chamber of Commerce to attend. Just to prove that the show will be all that is claimed a sample box of apples was sent along.

Exactly two minutes after the apples were opened President Mitchell of the chamber and Secretary Wiggin announced that they certainly would like for the Yucapa Valley, October 8, 9 and 10, the dates of the big show.

Partially. UNIVERSITIES TO TRADE FACILITIES.

CLOSE CO-OPERATION BINDS TWO INSTITUTIONS.

Dean Hart Compliments Southern California and Plans to Send West Professors Here While Local Educators will Teach at Berkeley Summer School.

Dr. Walter M. Hart, dean of the summer session at the University of California, has returned to Berkeley after a short visit to Los Angeles, during which he examined carefully the scope and caliber of the work done in the summer session of the University of Southern California. So well pleased was Dean Hart with what he found at the local institution that before he left he arranged plans with President Howard for close co-operation between the two summer schools. One of the features of this co-operation next year will be an exchange of faculty members, several U.C. men going to Berkeley to teach, and some of the best-known members of the faculty at the University of California coming to Los Angeles for the summer. The prominent eastern educator who will visit the Coast for lectures at either university will also in all likelihood appear for popular addresses.

News of the new arrangement was received with enthusiasm yesterday at the university. "We feel that the establishing of this 'entente cordiale' between ourselves and our northern neighbors is a decided step forward," said President Howard last night. "It means that all the forces for higher education in this state will be working together for the common good of all the citizens. That the University of California will send some of her strongest men to work in our summer session is a recognition of the growing importance of Los Angeles as an educational center, and of the opportunity this city affords for valuable summer work."

Employment. ASSIST FOREIGNERS.

E.W.C.A. Starts a Bureau to Place Various Nationalities in Jobs Suitable to Their Ability. Business Men Offer Many Positions.

Because the patrons of the women's branch of the Municipal Employment Bureau nearly always request English-speaking workers, the many foreign women and girls who speak no English have in the past been but rarely assisted to positions. This condition no longer exists, as the E.W.C.A. International Institute, after securing the approval of the plans by the Municipal Charities Commission, has established a

bureau at No. 1215 Pleasant street for the women who cannot speak English. Through this bureau many of the foreign-born residents of the city, who prefer people of their own nationality as servants, are able to secure them. The women who need work are much more willing to accept positions in families that speak their own language. Business men who employ foreign help are co-operating with the bureau in the placing of applicants for positions, with the result that many cases have been handled in the last few weeks which would otherwise have been denied. The women and girls offer, as a token of sincerity and ambition, their constant attendance of the English classes conducted by the institute.

The bureau is in charge of Miss Sue D. Barnwell, assisted by the Misses Geraldine La Petra, Amelia Bieri and Agnes Baird. The four women speak eight languages.

HEALTH CLUB PROGRAMME. The Los Angeles Health Club, of which Whitcomb Brougher is president, will hold a free, open meeting Tuesday at Beroan Hall, second floor, at the Temple Auditorium Building. The programme will begin at 7:30 o'clock p.m. Morris Ferguson will lecture on "The Measure of a Man." Also, a violin solo will be offered by Miss Heloise Desiree Coutelle.

"Only 'Gets-It' for Me After This!"

"I tell you what, I've got going too-sailing advice for corn. I've got a package out of my toes with bandages and contraptions—just digging with knives and saws. Give me 'GETS-IT' every time!"



Employment. ASSIST FOREIGNERS.

E.W.C.A. Starts a Bureau to Place Various Nationalities in Jobs Suitable to Their Ability. Business Men Offer Many Positions.

Because the patrons of the women's branch of the Municipal Employment Bureau nearly always request English-speaking workers, the many foreign women and girls who speak no English have in the past been but rarely assisted to positions. This condition no longer exists, as the E.W.C.A. International Institute, after securing the approval of the plans by the Municipal Charities Commission, has established a

Bring the Children to The Broadway 2nd Floor Barber Shop for Hair Cutting—a Specialty.

THE BROADWAY BASEMENT

The Three Coats Pictured Bear Three Distinct Prices!



\$15, \$19.50 & \$22.50

Women's and Misses' Sizes for Fall & Winter

—Hardly a day passes but that marks the arrival of a score or more of new fall and winter coats at The Store within a Store—The Broadway Basement. Hundreds of the newest modes with all the earmarks of present day style, and tailored by the quality process, are here for your approval.

—Three-quarter and full length coats; fur trimmed and some satin lined throughout. Large, loosely-fitting flary coats and the more snug types with close collar.

—The coats at \$15 are in brown or green velour with fur trimmed collar and cuffs; sleeves are extended to form overlapping sections in back. Unlined.

—Those at \$19.50 and \$22.50 are of soft, thick plush, lined throughout and finished with large collars. Cape collars on those at \$22.50. But what lovely materials! The Broadway Basement

N. B.—There are many, many others at \$6.95, \$9.75 and at the above-mentioned prices. All newest modes and of the best quality obtainable at these meagre markings.

40-Inch All Silk Crepe de Chine at \$1.25 Yard

Floor Coverings, Madam! Aisles 2 and 3—The Broadway Basement

Tapestry Brussels Rugs, \$14.95

—9x12 Rugs that are perfect in color, design and quality; in fact, perfect in every way. Bought some time ago and, of course, at a price far less than today's market quotation.

10 Axminster Rugs Underpriced!

Slight Imperfections—The Reason

—But do not be alarmed, for the imperfect places would not be known unless pointed out.

\$25 Quality, 9x12, Seamless, \$18.75

\$21 Quality, 9x12, Seamed, \$17.50

\$18.75 Quality, 8.3x10.6 Size with Reinforced Seams, \$15.75

\$14.75 Quality, 6x9 Size with Reinforced Seams, \$12.50 The Broadway Basement

In the Bedding Section—

Plaid Blankets, Extra Special, \$2.98

—Large, double bed size in assorted plaids. Some solid, else the price would be much higher. The Broadway Basement

Cotton-Filled Gray and Tan Blankets, \$1.45 Pr.

—Double bed size cotton blankets in gray and tan.

"As Is" Blankets \$1.98 Pr.

—A few slightly damaged blankets and some that have become slightly soiled in the stock room. About a dozen pairs marked \$2.25, \$2.75 and \$2.95. Out Monday at \$1.98 pair. The Broadway Basement

A Clearance of Broken Lines

\$1 Corsets at 79c

—Corsets of coil with broad graduated steel boning and extra attached front piece. Made with two pair of stocking supporters; have medium bust and long hip. Sizes 27 to 36. A clearance of broken lines that regularly sell at \$1. Monday—79c. The Broadway Basement

New Aprons of Broken Lines

25c Brassieres 15c

—Dainty figures on white percale. These aprons are made with elastic band at waist and are neatly trimmed at neck and sleeves. Sizes 34 to 44. The Broadway Basement

Snap, Style, Fit and Finish * Pleasing to Men and Young Men

All Right, Men!

New Suits \$13.45

—Don't wear that summer suit another day! Come to The Broadway Basement and get suited to a spic and span new fall model of sturdy woolen fabric. Suits with the snap that young men like and that men of riper years long for.

—2 and 3-button sack coats. Patterns in gray, brown and blue. And we'll alter them to meet your needs and desires. Sizes 34 to 42. There's a direct stairway into The Broadway Basement from Broadway and a battery of quick-service elevators.

The Broadway Basement

Men's Work Shirts, 39c

—The factory inspectors refused to pass these shirts along with the first quality lot, so we quickly bid for the groupings and of course, secured them away underprice.

—Needless to say, the imperfections are slight. Sizes 14 1/2 to 17. Limit of four to a customer at 39c each.

The Broadway Basement

Just Think! Men's Union Suits 25c

—An incomplete size range and imperfect. That's why the price is so much reduced. Athletic and ribbed garments at 25c each.

Men's Socks 10c; 3 Pairs 25c

—Imperfect 15c and 19c lines in black only. Seamless and reinforced.

Men's Union Suits at 50c

—Medium weight, crew. All perfect. Sizes 34 to 48.

The Broadway Basement

\$1.50 and \$1.75 Qualities

—Lovely evening shades of blue, pink, yellow, lavender and apricot. Street shades, too, including—navy, gray, Copenhagen, brown, rose and tan. Altogether, a magnificent showing of desirable all silk crepe de chine.

—Once again, note the width and the liberal reduction in price.

The Broadway Basement

A Select Grouping of Savings of Interest to the Housewife

Comforter Size Cotton Batts, 39c

—Take careful note of the liberal size—72x84 inches when open. A good quality of staple cotton and one continuous sheet for making comforters. Limit three, and no phone orders. 39c each.

72x90 Sheets at 55c

—We strongly recommend these to our customers. A quality that would sell for fully a third more but for center seam.

72x90 Sheets at 45c

—A much better quality than the price suggests. Made with a neat center seam.

White or Fancy Outing Flannel at 8 1/2c Yard

—Dozens and dozens of bolts of pretty outings in a much varied line of colors and patterns, also white. Away under price Monday at 8 1/2c yard.

Kimono Flannelette at 12 1/2c Yd.

—Bright patterns and colorings in a good quality flannelette for warm kimonos and gowns.

The Broadway Basement

Choose Now, Your New Fall Hat and Trim to Suit Your Liking!

Velvet Hat Shapes

\$1.85 to \$2.95

—A most complete line of velvet shapes, including—the small close-fitting turbans, tricornes, roll sailors, large and small straight sailors and mushrooms.

—Hats that turn up at the side or in front, some with stiff crown, others more flexible. Several shapes especially for elderly women. These models with small head size and narrow brim.

For Trimming We Suggest,—

—A pretty velvet rose with gold or silver bud at 65c. A band of tinsel and black ribbon, a pretty marabou pom-pom or the burnt peacock trim in purple, old gold, black or dark blue. 50c a bunch.

The Broadway Basement

Women's

Vests 12 1/2c

Or Two for 15c

—All perfect, low neck, sleeveless or short sleeve vests in sizes 34 to 42. Not all sizes in each style, however.

The Broadway Basement

Women's Stockings 10c

3 Pairs 25c

—Black only, seamless and reinforced at heel and toe. Double garter welt. Slight imperfections.

1200 Pairs Women's Stockings at 25c

—An imperfect 50c line of fiber foot stockings in black or white. Seamless and reinforced. 5 1/2 to 18.

Children's Lisle Stockings 17c

—Or three pairs for 50c. An imperfect 50c line in black only. Fine ribbed. Sizes 5 1/2 to 9 1/2 at 17c pair.

The Broadway Basement

For Boys!

These Union Suits at 29c!

—They came to us in a special purchase and we've marked them special for Monday. Gray only, all perfect, but slightly broken size range. 29c each.

The Broadway Basement

ARTHUR LETTS

The Broadway Basement Store

When you think of Luncheon think of Lunchette—that Restful Spot in The Broadway Basement.

Monday

A Day of Days

In The Broadway Basement

—Each and every department in The Broadway Basement centralizes on greater values for the last Monday of the month.

—New and desirable merchandise—so decidedly underpriced that hundreds will make The Broadway Basement the shopping center Monday.

—Remember The Broadway Basement is a store within a store—under separate buyers; and each department is merchandized separately and distinct from the upstairs departments.

—The Basement is not a clearing house of upstairs lines—it's a store within a store, in which the very lowest of the low prices prevail.

—Monday, see the evidence of the merchandising power of The Basement expressed in this advertisement brimming with opportunities.

The Broadway Basement

Breakfast Sets \$1.50

—All good styles, nicely trimmed and well made. Splendid materials—some stripes, some checks and many plain colors. Here's a noteworthy saving on a practical all round house garment.

The Broadway Basement

Lingerie Waists at 88c

—Organdies and volles, lace and embroidery trimmed. Some very smart models with frills and some with large collars. Sizes 34 to 44 at 88c.

The Broadway Basement

Scalloped Pillow Cases 17c

—12x18-inch scalloped pillow cases at less than the cost of casing by the yard. Think of it!

Cases—Two Sizes at 15c

—Sizes 12x18 and 12x20. Firm quality cases.

The Broadway Basement

White or Fancy Outing Flannel at 8 1/2c Yard

—Dozens and dozens of bolts of pretty outings in a much varied line of colors and patterns, also white. Away under price Monday at 8 1/2c yard.

Kimono Flannelette at 12 1/2c Yd.

—Bright patterns and colorings in a good quality flannelette for warm kimonos and gowns.

The Broadway Basement

Plain Color Gingham, 9c Yard

—Pretty shades of pink, blue and lavender. Chambray gingham at a mere pittance of their actual worth.

The Broadway Basement

Juvenile Norfolk Suits at \$3.25

—Suits for the wee lads of 2 1/2 to 10 years. Such neat, comfortable looking tops in gray, olive and brown mixtures. Neatly finished with patch pockets, cord ties and straight pants—\$3.25.

The Broadway Basement

Boys' Corduroy Knickers \$1.25

—Mothers! Here are the ideal school knickers for boys. Fine narrow wale dark brown corduroy knickers with double seats. Sizes 6 to 11 years.

The Broadway Basement

Boys' Blouses 45c

—Good, washable materials in light and dark stripes, plain and blue and gray. Sizes 8 to 12 years.

Boys' Sweaters \$1.65

—Wool mixed sweaters of good weight. Large collar. Sizes 34 to 44.

The Broadway Basement

Boys' Fine Wool Caps 45c

—Full shape caps with extra good leather sweat band. Sizes 6 1/2 to 7 at 45c.

The Broadway Basement

New Fall Shoes at \$1.95

Nearly 600 Pairs

—The season's newest Fall footwear at much less than you ordinarily would expect to pay, and all because of imperfections in workmanship. Nearly every pair finished with Good-year welt soles.

—Lace or button models in dozens of smart styles. All black leathers in kid, dull or patent finish with kid or cloth tops. Nearly all sizes.

—Also 125 pair of high shoes for school girls. Low heel, broad and medium toe, lace or button style with kid or cloth top. \$1.95 pair.

The Broadway Basement

40-Inch Chiffon 89c

—Many fashionable colors in these new imported 40-inch chiffon.

The Broadway Basement

Rich Embroideries, 25c Yd.

—A choice lot of deeply embroidered designs. Much underpriced.

The Broadway Basement

Imitation Cluny Edges, 10c Yd.

—Usually 15c and 19c yard. Strong, firm meshes that for all the world look like real Cluny.

The Broadway Basement

The Leading Event

IN THE DOMAIN OF SPORT

XXXVTH YEAR.

TOM BUN

ANGELS CINCH

SEAL SERIES

Charley Hall is Again a Rare Fettle.

Oldham Retires with Head Bowed Down.

Volcortson Tries to Plug up the Breach.

BY HARRY A. WILLIAMS.

Our gorgeous ball team continued subduing the Reds yesterday with a 6 to 4 victory slipped the one on whatever hopes we craved.

How Harry tried three pitchers and two catchers, and then in order to prove that his supply of resources was practically inexhaustible, three pinch-hitters into the breach. The pinch, however, was too wide and too deep and the side line showed. The Wolverton needed was a battery of trench-mortars and a battery of grenade throwers.

All these men and seven others armed with ball bats were no match for Charley Hall. Charley was pinching in a way to make a liner look like a pin-shooter, and up his second shut-out of the week. Shanking the Reds in one of his earliest things that he does. It is in ever tried, cars should be taken not to mistake, and in his right hand behind him. The crowd he throws with, and if he tried to pitch with his left he probably would become wild like a south-west.

OLDHAM RETIRES.

As in the open game, Red Oldham was Hall's chief opponent. This time Red failed to go the full route, he was hammered for three runs in the first, spared his way to success through the back three rounds and then in the fifth went to the mat for the count. Kallio, a strange right-hander, although unable to do the plate, managed to keep the swing, and nothing happened to him until the seventh, when he was asked for a run. He was taken out by a pinch-hitter, and Johnny Couch completed what was left of the onslaught.

H. Ira Hall made his local debut.

Du

Don't you want a new shotgun

your old gun and we will allow

you one.

Don't forget your Hunting Li

TUFTS-LYON

"Good Shooting"

428 South Sp

I have driven my Paige

20,000 miles in the rental se

I have had absolutely no me

the car. It has stood up u

service, and never have I

passenger by a breakdown.

get customers on account of

riding qualities of the car.

See the Pa

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The Leading Events
IN THE DOMAIN OF SPORTS.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

Part VI: 14 Pages
ROUND-UP OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 24, 1916.

IN THE VAN: First in Sporting News, First in all Automobiles.

TOM BUNDY WHOLE SHOW AT EXPOSITION ANNUAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

ANGELS CINCH SEAL SERIES.

Charley Hall is Again in Rare Fettle.

William Retires with Head Bowed Down.

Whitton Tries to Plug up the Breach.

BY HARRY A. WILLIAMS.

His gorgeous ball team could not overcome the Angels yesterday, as a 6 to 5 victory slipped the team as whatever hopes Wolverines entertained for the series.

Harry tried three pitchers as catchers, and then in order to save his supply of reserves he put in the most formidable pitcher in the series.

Bill was under the impression that Calvo was riding him and using profane language. As Calvo speaks only the purest Cuban when speaking, Guthrie had no means of knowing what he was saying.

It is now a closed incident, and just to show Guthrie that he entered the hard feelings in the matter, Calvo will send Bill a barrel of mules when he returns to his home.

(Continued on Thirtieth Page.)

STAR HAWK IS WINNER AGAIN.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) LOUISVILLE (Ky.) Sept. 23.—Star Hawk, the English-bred, three-year-old colt owned by A. K. Macomber, the California millionaire, and trained by W. B. Jennings, carrying 120 pounds, won the fourth renewal of the Louisville cup here this afternoon by a scant length.

Embroidery finished second, five lengths ahead of Killanna with Waterwitch, the only other starter, trailing the field. The time for the two miles was 2:29 4-5. The race was worth \$2500 to the winner, in addition to a handsome trophy.

as a catcher, and got along in good shape for a time, making the only clean hit registered off Hall in the first five innings. However, Hirs lost his control while pegging to home in the fifth and it was necessary for Wolverines to warm up Brooks.

THE REDHOT CURAN.

The pinch-hitter mentioned was none other than Jacinto del Calvo, the redhot little Cuban. Calvo was announced as batting for Kallio, but he appeared to be batting for exorcism. However, his appearance in the game after being canned by Guthrie Friday, was the important thing. It shows that everything has been fixed up between him and Singapore Bill. San Francisco players say that Bill made a terrible mistake when he put the rollers under Jacinto.

Bill was under the impression that Calvo was riding him and using profane language. As Calvo speaks only the purest Cuban when speaking, Guthrie had no means of knowing what he was saying. Bill wouldn't recognize a Cuban customer if he heard it. The fact that Calvo was chattering something that Guthrie couldn't understand made him suspicious and he canned him on broad and general principles.

Friends of Calvo say he was simply stringing Bill's praises in his native tongue.

It is now a closed incident, and just to show Guthrie that he entered the hard feelings in the matter, Calvo will send Bill a barrel of mules when he returns to his home.

SWIMMERS FIND TIDE BIG HELP.

Dorothy Burns Fairly Skims Over the Water.

Jack Kilburn Wins the Fifty-yard Dash.

Champions to Compete in Today's Events.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.) NEWPORT BEACH (Cal.) Sept. 23.—The tide was very much in evidence in the Southern California swimming championships held here today. Dorothy Burns, the wonderful woman swimmer of the L.A.A.C., with her assistance, broke two world's records for women. She swam the 50 yards in 29 4-5, and the 100 yards in 1m. 7s.

But what the tide gives, it also takes away. Because there was a tide neither of these records will be held. There is every chance in the world to suppose that Dorothy Burns might have broken the records, anyway.

The Los Angeles Athletic Club swimmers are leading those of San Diego in the total number of points scored and it is beginning to look as if the Los Angeles team would win easily.

Jack Kilburn, the youthful swimmer of the L.A.A.C., sprung a surprise by winning the 50-yard dash. After taking third in his heat, the 16-year-old boy stepped out in the final and beat Shields and Dula of San Diego and Howlett, Williams and Riveter of the L.A.A.C. to the finish.

Tomorrow's events should be spectacular. The diving events will be held then with two national champions competing. Billy Williams, the champion diver for men, and Aileen Allen, the women champion, will both defend their titles. In addition, the spectacular 100-yard dash and the long 180-yard swim will be held, to say nothing of the relay, the most exciting of all. Today's results:

The 50-yard swim—First heat: Howlett (L.A.A.C.) and Shields (S.D.R.C.) tie for first, Williams (L.A.A.C.) third, time 29 4-5.

Second heat: Dula (S.D.R.C.) first, Riveter (L.A.A.C.) second, Kilburn (L.A.A.C.) third, time 27 4-5.

Final heat: Kilburn (L.A.A.C.) first, Shields (A.D.R.C.) second, Howlett (L.A.A.C.) third, time 25 4-5.

The 100-yard swim—Burns (S.D.R.C.) first, Macintosh (S.D.R.C.) second, Olson (unattached) third, time 56 1-5.

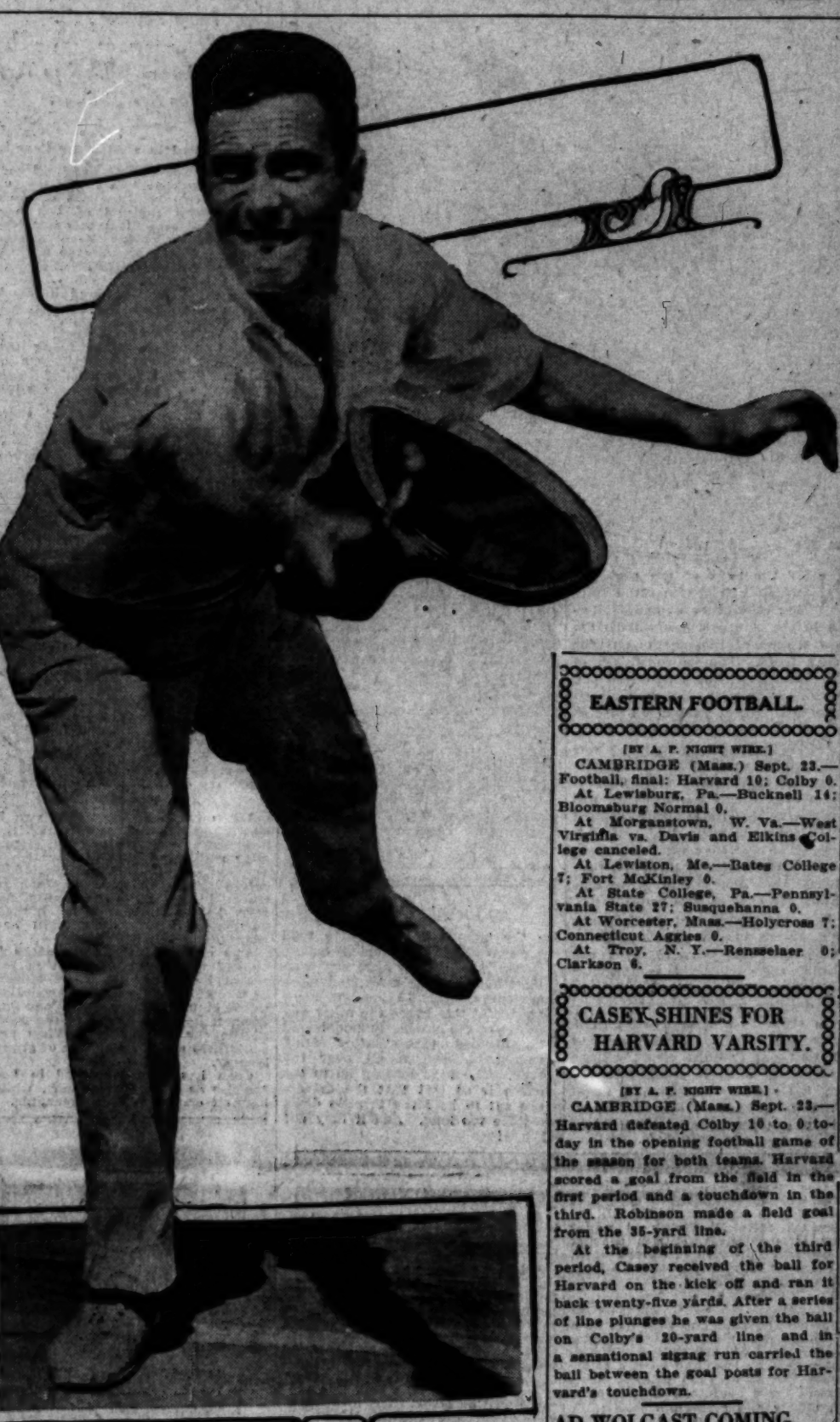
Women's 50-yard swim—Dorothy Burns (L.A.A.C.) first, Farrell Creighton (Bimini) second, Miss Marshall (unattached) third, time 29 4-5.

New national record followed. Junior 100-yard swim—Macintosh (S.D.R.C.) first, Kegeris (L.A.A.C.) second, Redmond (unattached) third, time 1m. 2s.

The 200-yard swim—Witt (L.A.A.C.) first, Shields (S.D.R.C.) second, Burns (S.D.R.C.) third, time 2m. 42s.

Women's 100-yard swim—Dorothy Burns (L.A.A.C.) first, Allen Marshall (unattached) second, time 1m. 7s. New national record followed.

Juvenile diving—Davis (L.A.A.C.) first, Kegeris (L.A.A.C.) second, Smith (unattached) third.



Cliff Herd, city champion.

Who will defend his tennis title today against Tom Bundy, who doesn't seem to know that he is supposed to be a dead one.

SAN DIEGO BEATS CORONADO, 19 TO 0.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.) CORONADO (Cal.) Sept. 23.—Coach Frier's San Diego High School football team swamped Coronado here on the polo grounds this afternoon 19 to 0 in the initial contest of the local intercollegiate gridiron season.

Loose playing and numerous penalties on the part of the San Diego warriors, who outweighed Coronado, kept down the score. Bry Sprott, the hero of many games last year, was the individual star of the game.

Three times Sprott broke through Coronado's line for a touchdown. Garber kicked San Diego's lone goal, making the total of 19 points. Capt.

Madden of Coronado, Sampson and Randall of San Diego were the lesser stars.

Coch Price said today that he will put his boys through a hard workout next week in order to have them in shape for the Manual Arts game here next Saturday.

BERKELEY FRESHMEN BEAT BY OLYMPICS.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) BERKELEY (Cal.) Sept. 23.—The University of California freshman football team today was defeated by the Olympic Club team of San Francisco, by a score of 6 to 0.

The game was won when Eastman, Olympic half-back, ran three-quarters of the length of the field, aided by fine interference, for a touchdown.

DEALERS CLAMOR FOR SPACE IN WINTER MOTOR CAR SALON TO BE HELD NEAR END OF OCTOBER.

BY W. W. FOWLER.

WITH practically every dealer and accessory house in Los Angeles clamoring for space in the 1917 Automobile Show and with all the exhibitors demanding room to display their complete line of models a tremendously successful Winter Motor Salon is assured. "Completeness" is to be the motto and slogan of the automobile exposition. No effort will be spared to get every make of machine in the city represented in the show. If present plans are successfully carried out, every dealer in the city will have a complete display of all his full models. No one will be left out if the committee in charge of the show has anything to say about it.

Following the announcement in yesterday's Times of the completion of plans for the big exhibition, motor car dealers all over the city began ringing up for everything from display space down to information. Every phase of the motor car industry has been heard from and if numbers of exhibitors count for anything the show is already a wonder.

The Automobile Show committee, which will have complete charge of all the details of the affair, is composed of a number of business men of broad experience. They are thoroughly versed in motor car affairs and have had practical experience with putting on previous exhibitions. This will insure to the motor public an Automobile Show that will be a success from its very conception.

In selecting a date for the show, the convenience of every concern in the city was considered. By October 28, the opening day of the Motor Salon, all of the 1917 models of every make of machine will be in this city. Enclosed cars of all types and descriptions will be on the salesroom floors and a great abundance of material will in itself assure one of the most complete shows ever staged in the West.

The new Earl Building, which has been secured for the display, is a three story concrete and brick structure which is ideal for an exhibition of this kind. The size of the structure assures ample display space for every motor car and accessory dealer. Unique ideas in decoration and novel features in exhibition are already being planned to make this one of the classiest automobile shows ever seen anywhere.

BUNDY'S BRILLIANT PLAY FEATURES CITY FINALS.

To Meet Cliff Herd Today in the Challenge Round. Maurice McLoughlin and Nat Browne to Play in Exhibition Match—Jessie Grieve Winner of Women's Single Title from Mrs. Henry.

"I'M NOT an old man yet," remarked Tom Bundy yesterday afternoon after calling it a day's work by playing in three singles matches and two doubles matches in the city tennis tournament held at Exposition Park. As was expected Bundy was the main show of the tournament. He went through the day's performance, only losing one set, and that in the final of the men's doubles.

The final of the singles was the last event on the programme and by the time the match between him and Simpson Sinabough started out, both were so tired that they could hardly move around the court. This match was the third affair that Sinabough had played without leaving the courts once for a rest.

WALLACE SINABOUGH. Nevertheless both started out at a fast clip and drove the ball all over the court. Though he was outplayed from the start, Sinabough displayed some of the finest driving seen during the tournament. Especially good was his back-hand stroke on which he won points repeatedly. But drive as he would, down the sidelines or anywhere else, Tom Bundy was right on the ball all the time and whirled it back at him before he could get back into position to cover his court.

Bundy won his way into the final by defeating Snodgrass in the morning, 6-2, 6-2, and then later beating up Frank Donley, 6-1, 6-2.

Outside of his singles playing, Bundy and Herd took on Frank Donley and Harvey Snodgrass in the semifinal round of the doubles and handed the kids a 3-1, 4-4 beating in one of the most spectacular matches of the tournament. The youngsters played a driving game, but they were up against too much experience.

CLEANS UP IN DOUBLES.

After Sinabough and Freese had taken Tomlinson and Rush down the line in the semifinals by a 6-2, 6-0 count, they went right back out to the court against Bundy and Herd in the final match of the doubles. Sinabough and Freese played a driving, heady game and surprised the large gallery by taking the first set by a 6-4 count. In this set they had no respect for either of their opponents, taking Cliff Herd's first

service and then taking Bundy's service away from him. After taking the first set, the hard play for two continual matches helped to show its effect upon their play. In the final set Bundy and Herd drove past their opponents repeatedly for clean ace, taking the fourth set and championship by a 6-1 count.

GRUB BLOW. Grub Peterson won his way into the semifinal round of the singles early in the day by driving Victor Dixon off his feet for an easy win after losing the opening set, 6-2. In this match Peterson displayed the best forehand driving seen in any match during the tournament. His drive ripped close over the net with an ugly bound near the back line that kept Dixon on the defensive throughout. Peterson won, 4-1, 6-0, 6-2.

Following his match with Dixon he went back on the court with Sinabough without any rest. Two straight matches was more than he could stand. After beating Sinabough in the first set, 6-1, he began to weaken. His drives became ineffective, going either into the net or out of bounds. He lost the last two sets, 6-4, 6-1.

THE WOMEN. The final round of the ladies' singles between Miss Jessie Grieve and Mrs. William Henry was the first card in the morning, resulting in a victory for Miss Grieve. This makes the second leg she has taken on the title cup, as she was the winner last year. In the first set Miss Henry drove the ball like a demon, winning, 3-6; but lost the second and third, 6-4, 6-1, giving Jessie Grieve the championship again.

The final match of the tournament will be staged on the Exposition Park courts this afternoon, when Tom Bundy will challenge Cliff Herd, last year's winner, for the city championship. Besides this match there will be an exhibition affair in which Maurice McLoughlin and Nat Browne will meet Bundy and Cliff Herd. This match has no bearing whatever on the city tournament, but will give McLoughlin's many admirers a chance to see him in action once more.

Following is the summary: Men's singles, fourth round—Peterson defeated Dixon, 4-0, 6-0, 6-1.

(Continued on Twelfth Page.)

Duck, Quail and Rabbit Season Opens October 15th

Do you want a new shotgun this season? Bring in your old gun and we will allow you what it is worth on a new one.

Don't forget your Hunting License; we supply them

MUFTS-LYON ARMS CO.

"Good Shooting Goods"

428 South Spring Street

A. C. Morse, Morse Rental Service says:

I have driven my Paige 6-46 Fairfield over 20,000 miles in the rental service in this vicinity. I have had absolutely no mechanical expense on the car. It has stood up under the most severe service, and never have I had to disappoint a customer by a breakdown. It is easy for me to get customers on account of the beauty and easy riding qualities of the car.

See the Paige.

SMITH BROTHERS

1616-18-20-22-24, SOUTH FIGUEROA ST. PAIGE

DISTRIBUTORS

Recommended and sold by a local concern of 5 years' reputable standing.

PAIGE

1616-18-20-22-24, SOUTH FIGUEROA ST.

DISTRIBUTORS

Recommended and sold by a local concern of 5 years' reputable standing.

THE NEW SERIES Packard TWIN-6

IS OFFERED IN TWO CHASSIS SIZES AND TWENTY-TWO BODY STYLES

THE 2-25 HAS A WHEELBASE OF 126 1/2 INCHES AND SELLS HERE FOR \$3015

THE 2-35 HAS A WHEELBASE OF 135 INCHES AND SELLS HERE FOR \$3415

BOTH MODELS ARE NOW ON EXHIBITION

Los Angeles Anthony Service in Daylight Shop Originators of the Copyrighted Service Coupe System

Carle C. Anthony Inc.

Tenth and Hope Los Angeles

SUNDAY MORNING.

**Goat, Yes!
LIGHT PROBLEM
PROVES TOUGH.**

**Glare is Responsible for Many
Bad Accidents.**

**Tiding Headlights may Solve
the Difficulty.**

**Experts Still Working to Find
Proper Solution.**

Blinding, glaring automobile headlights are causing a lot of trouble these days. Several arrests have been made where the lights on machines failed to come up to the requirements of the law. And the drivers have claimed that they don't understand what the requirements were or how to carry them out. And the offenders had quite a little bit of first-class argument to prove their point.

DIMMERS.
There are so many dimmers of all kinds, colors and descriptions on the market that a driver has a terrible time trying to find out which one is the best. Every manufacturer, of course, claims that his is the only thing that does away with the glare and at the same time gives enough light to drive by. It is not a dimmer on the market which does not meet all the requirements, according to the manufacturers.

THE PROBLEM.
The problem of how to get a satisfactory solution to the glare and light problem has been taken up by the Los Angeles traffic department. Experts have worked years trying to find some scheme for getting rid of light and not much glare. They have all had a terrible time. In many accidents are recorded all the time which are caused by automobile headlights confusing the driver of another machine. It is so evident that something must be done. Nearly every account of an accident winds up with the statement that the driver was blinded by the dazzling lights of the approaching car, causing him to lose control of his machine and run into the ditch where it landed.

THE BEST WAY.
The Los Angeles traffic department has spent a great deal of time trying to figure out the best way to solve the problem. Representatives have been to State meetings to consult with men from all over the state as to the best method of doing away with the glare and at the same time get enough light to drive by. One fact, at least, has been decided on.

ONE THING.
That there is one other factor to be considered almost as much as the lighting of the machine is the glare and that is the proper use of the lights. Many lights are made simply on account of the fact that they are not properly adjusted. A little simple regulating of the glare and make the light better for the driver.

ONE THING.
The method recommended by the traffic department is to place the light on the machine so that the light is shown in a wall or building from a distance of about thirty feet. In practice every case it will be noticed that there is a black spot in the center of the light where it is shown. This is the light where it is shown. It is what causes the glare and it is very easily taken out.

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**GRIFFITH AND ELYSIAN
PARKS IN TOUR DE LUXE.**

A TOUR DE LUXE for motorists, which includes two of the world's largest and most beautiful city parks, has just been mapped by the drafting department of the Automobile Club of Southern California and is today outlined for the use of those who wish to "see Los Angeles first."

THE LATEST.
Following the Automobile Club's newest map, leave the center of the city via North Broadway, passing through the tunnel and turning left on Sunset boulevard to Hollywood via Hollywood boulevard after reaching Vermont avenue.

**PUP TENTS ARE
QUITE THE THING.**
The military had hit the exclusive North Shore summer colony of Massachusetts, and now pup tents have become an adjunct to the motor cars owned by some of the wealthy residents. At some of the best beaches there are meagre facilities for securing places in which to dress and sleep, so the wealthy people have solved the problem as a result of many having been to camp before the regiments went away.

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**IMPROPER TESTING
RUINS BATTERIES.**

"I can test dry cells with a pocket ammeter. You can't. I can't test storage battery the same way!" This question is frequently asked by automobile owners, many of whom have learned through bitter experience that there must be a reason why the familiar little pocket ammeter, used to tell whether dry cells are weak or strong, will cause considerable damage to a storage battery.

To the average automobile owner a battery is a good deal like a Greek puzzle. It is hard for him to appreciate that a storage battery is a purely chemical device. And so, a battery is a battery. But there is a big difference between the chemical and electrical nature of the dry cell and the storage battery.

Both dry and storage batteries operate by chemical action when the circuit is closed. The dry cell, when it is exhausted, is done; the storage battery, when exhausted, can be recharged. The ordinary dry cell has a comparatively high "internal resistance," which permits only a certain amount of electricity to be discharged at one time. But just the opposite is true of the storage battery—its "internal resistance" is very low, and it can discharge a tremendous amount of current when given an opportunity.

When the pocket ammeter is used on a dry cell, the amount of current liberated is small, doesn't injure the dry cell, and doesn't injure the ammeter. But the same little instrument, placed on a cell of a storage battery, will run down the battery by the tremendous current discharged, and at the same time the storage battery cell is permitted to discharge itself all at once, with a ruinous result upon the battery itself. The same thing occurs when tools are placed on top of the battery. The same thing occurs when tools are placed on top of the battery.

**MOTORCYCLE CLUB
IS ENTERTAINED.**

The Bakersfield Motorcycle Club entertained members of the club from Los Angeles Sunday by a coyote chase at Lemoore, when on motorcycles several coyotes were run down by the machines. About seventy-five mounts were present in the round-up. The chase was preceded by a feed and jollification on the prairie lasting most of Saturday night.

**AUTOMOBILE BODIES ARE
OFFICIALLY NAMED.**

THE Society of Automobile Engineers settled on standard nomenclature of many parts of the car this summer and the recommendations of the society, as to names of different car bodies should assist in clearing up the somewhat hazy condition of car-body nomenclature. The different types of bodies and their definitions as adopted by the S.A.E. are given below:

Limousine—A closed car seating three to five inside, with driver's seat outside, covered with a roof.
Open Limousine—A touring car with permanent standing top and disappearing or removable glass sides.
Berline—A limousine having the driver's seat entirely enclosed.
Brougham—A limousine with no roof over the driver's seat.
Landaulet—A closed car with folding top, seats for three or more inside, and driver's seat outside.

**ELECTRICS ARE
NOT EXPENSIVE.**

It costs 9 cents to run an electric omnibus a mile, according to the York Corporation Tramway Department, Eng. This organization has had over a year's experience with four electric omnibuses and finds that, after a total mileage of 89,470, this is the resultant figure. Making some additional allowances for a maximum tire maintenance, etc., this may be brought up to about 11 cents per mile, excluding standing charges.

THE wonderful flexibility of the eight cylinder Knight motor, and the beautiful finish, rich appointments and snappy body lines, make the Stearns-Knight eight America's finest car. The touring car or roadster, \$2300 delivered.



How About Your Tires?

Have they reached the danger point? A badly worn tire will frequently mar the pleasure of touring, perhaps, cause you to miss an appointment or spoil a perfectly good suit of clothes. Get that new tire Monday, furthermore, get it at The Broadway and choose from a choice, fresh stock with serial numbers intact. Several different makes of first quality tires.

Gas Savers \$1.95
—Install one of these efficient gas savers in your car and watch the fuel bill decrease. Saves from 25% to 40% on your gas and lessens carbon formation. The Basement Balcony.

Solarscopes 35c
—Made of orange color celluloid and adhere to the windshield. Make night driving safer. The Basement Balcony.

**Low's 5-Minute
Vulcanizer \$2.00**
—Put a vulcanized patch on the inner tube in five minutes. No gasoline or other fuel required. Absolutely safe. Complete with 12 patches. Ask to see it demonstrated—\$2.00. The Basement Balcony.

Two direct Stairway Entrances
make it unnecessary for you to go through other departments. Basement Balcony.

FORD SPECIALTIES

- Monarch Timers\$1.00
- 30x3 1/2 Reliners\$1.45
- 30x3 Ford Tubes\$1.95
- Stewart Speedometers\$7.75
- Rear Carrier for Tires\$1.95
- Blow-out Shoes25c
- Cut-out Sets75c

Gray Para Inner Tubes
—Guaranteed inner tubes of gray para rubber. Note these sizes and prices—
30x3 \$1.95 31x4 \$3.15
30x3 1/2 \$2.25 32x4 \$3.35
32x3 1/2 \$2.35
The Basement Balcony

Marvel Steam Vulcanizer \$1.50
—You cannot overcure or burn your tires or tubes with the Marvel Vulcanizer. Easily pays for itself in repair bills. The Basement Balcony.

The Broadway Department Store Broadway, Fourth and Hill Streets.

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**Better Be Safe Than Sorry
Equip Your Car With
Weed Anti-Skid Chains**

—Prepare now for the first of the season's rains. You never know just when it might be, but you do know that it is scheduled to come sooner or later. Better be safe than sorry—Get Weed chains for all four wheels and you've got good insurance against accidents from skidding. The Basement Balcony

New Auto Robes Arrive Daily
—Many colors, patterns and prices. Our \$5.00 robe with fringe or bound edges is a wonder. Others \$2.50 to \$17.50. —We just couldn't talk auto robes without a word about the popular
Motor Weave Auto Robes at \$6.75
—In Los Angeles, exclusively at The Broadway. Measures 60x80 inches. Maroon, green, blue, gray and brown. Guaranteed serviceable. The Basement Balcony

**Oils and Greases—Standard
Makes—Popularly Priced**

**Edison Mazda
Auto Lamps**
—Buy a set of six and get a lamp chest free.

**Spark Plugs
Special at 35c**
—Made only in the 1/2-inch S. A. E. Delivers a big fat spark. You'll be enthusiastic when you see them. While the quantity lasts, 25c each. The Basement Balcony

Anti-Rattles40c
Tail Lamps\$2.25
Fan Belts at20c
Spark Plugs40c
**Spark Plug Wrench
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The Basement Balcony

Superlative Service

for the

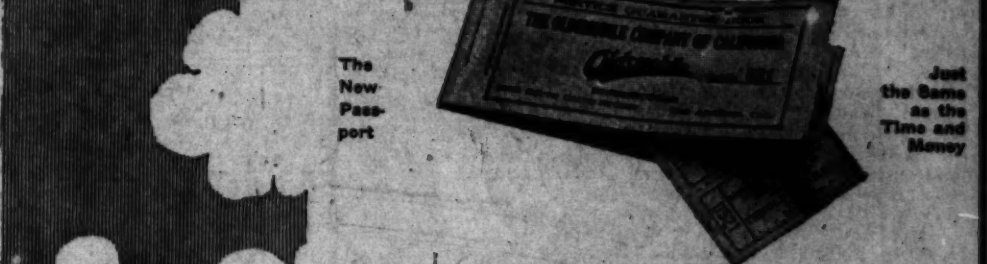
Oldsmobile Eight

From the Canadian Border
to the Mexican Line

The interchangeable service coupon system is now in operation throughout the PACIFIC STATES, under the control of the Oldsmobile Company of California.

Service Coupons will be honored in any Olds Agency in California, Arizona, Nevada, Oregon and Washington.

With every new Oldsmobile Eight sold, one service coupon book will be given free, allowing 96 hours' labor on the car.



Tour in an Oldsmobile, then
Forget to Worry
Nothing to Watch, But the Road
Olds Eight—\$1325 Los Angeles



Oldsmobile Company of California

Olive at Twelfth

Men's Bootery
209 West 5th St.
Opposite Hotel Alexandria.


CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE LARGEST SALE
OF CHICHESTER'S PILLS
IN THE WORLD
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

JONES SHOE CO.
New Location
642 Broadway,
Opposite Bullock's

SOME RESULTS OF OUR

7-10-68

100



OT many years ago an automobile roadster was a two-seated affair which was meant to speedily

(140)

instrument board, showing gasoline gauge and electric dash-
light, as well as speedometer, electric starting and lighting plugs
and ammeter.

**ELEVENTH AND HOPE STS.
LOS ANGELES**

In instances where brakes are thoroughly efficient such a modification is imperative in demanding tests, in order to hold the car

units in Tulare county, in
Barbara county, in
ty and in Alameda
main roads in San



(140)

control. The summary of the thing is that it is inflicting a strain on the transmission and a car to brake with the motor brakes in combination, unless a

the Northern California
including the paving of
edge route, and State
leles, San Bernardino.
Imperial

THIS SERVICE COVERS COAST
One Company Extends to Canadian Line.
Coupon Book System Simple but Efficient.
Experts Workmen Always on Long Tour.

With increased highway touring and general travel by automobile has grown common. It is a very ordinary thing to find a vacation on wheels, and to cover more than 1000 miles in less than a week. With the advent of this wide radius touring, the demand for adequate service. That is good, no matter where needed. In other words—that is, which is interchangeable over a great deal of country.

Service coupons, service cards, service stations have long been known. In the first two cases the fault to be found has been that the service rendered by the roadside has always been one of convenience, the service given called for cash, for so much work, and was merely a makeshift. There is only one efficient way in which to surmount the difficulty, and that is by a interchangeable method, where the method can be made to cover every territory, thereby giving a wider service to the motorist.

The Oldsmobile Company, California, through the efforts of Mr. J. E. D. Ryan, its president, and Mr. J. E. D. Ryan, its president, the local manager, in a position to offer Oldsmobile service to the motorist. The Oldsmobile Company, California, through the efforts of Mr. J. E. D. Ryan, its president, and Mr. J. E. D. Ryan, its president, the local manager, in a position to offer Oldsmobile service to the motorist.

SELL GAS BY THE OUNCE IN APT.

"They sell gasoline by the ounce now, and accept nothing but cash in payment," so some back up had better be made. The service is being offered at the oldsmobile company, California, through the efforts of Mr. J. E. D. Ryan, its president, and Mr. J. E. D. Ryan, its president, the local manager, in a position to offer Oldsmobile service to the motorist.

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W. M. GARLAND ON LONG MOTOR

With a motor trip of a week ahead of him, Mr. W. M. Garland of Los Angeles is on his way to the factory of the Marmon Motor Car Co. at Indianapolis, Ind., to see the new Marmon car.

The large car of the Marmon Motor Car Co. is a very fine car, and is being built in large numbers. The Marmon Motor Car Co. is a very fine car, and is being built in large numbers. The Marmon Motor Car Co. is a very fine car, and is being built in large numbers.

WISE DRIVER WILL DRAIN CRANK

"The car owner who is telling how he has covered 1000 miles on a motor oil is practicing a trick," says Mr. C. C. Carter, of the C. C. Carter Motor Co. The car owner who is telling how he has covered 1000 miles on a motor oil is practicing a trick.

OLD CAR USED ON LONG TRIP.

Seven-year-old Model Equal to All Demands.

Water Bag Freezes Solid at Rock-Creek.

Grouse, Doves and Trout are Now Plentiful.

Declaring that the eastern slope of the High Sierras is the sportsman's best bet in the West, Mr. Thompson returned last Monday from a fishing and hunting trip of eight days' duration. Accompanied by one of the members of his organization, he departed from Los Angeles September 9, and when the cost was counted at the finish in Los Angeles it was found that all expenses, including gasoline, oil, food, food and incidentals, totaled only \$23.60. The party covered 427 miles on this trip.

The drive was made in the ancient Jackson which Mr. Thompson uses as a service car. It is a 1909 model, with overhead valves, and it is still full of "pep." Mr. Thompson is a Southern California distributor for this line.

The object of the trip was trout and grouse, and both were found in the difficult and, in addition to deer. At every stop after arriving at Independence, they found excellent fishing.

The sportsman who wants a regular dove shoot should drive to Little Lake," said Mr. Thompson. The birds are large, and more plentiful than he has ever seen them before. Little Lake is 171 miles from Los Angeles, and the roads range from excellent to fair.

"In Rock Creek we caught the limit of fish that ranged in size from a half to two and a half pounds. We used flies entirely, although the fish are taking salmon eggs in the early morning.

"We found plenty of cold water during the trip. During the night at Rock Creek the water bag froze solid. The next morning we found the water frozen on the fish lines, and the line frozen to the rod.

JUMPS DITCH AND BREAKS AN AXLE.

The average driver, for some reason, seems to expect that new cars will carry him through a long trip, but he's a little afraid of the old timer, even if it has served him long and faithfully. J. O. Delator, "Locust," however, still clings to his 1913 Chalmers, and as he has just completed a 4000-mile trip to Missouri, and returned, practically without a mishap, there is little use in trying to persuade him he needs a new car.

Encountering all kinds of roads, some of which meant driving through deep mud or sand for many miles, and the placing of the wheels on the road had been entirely washed out, the Chalmers carried him safely to his destination and returned.

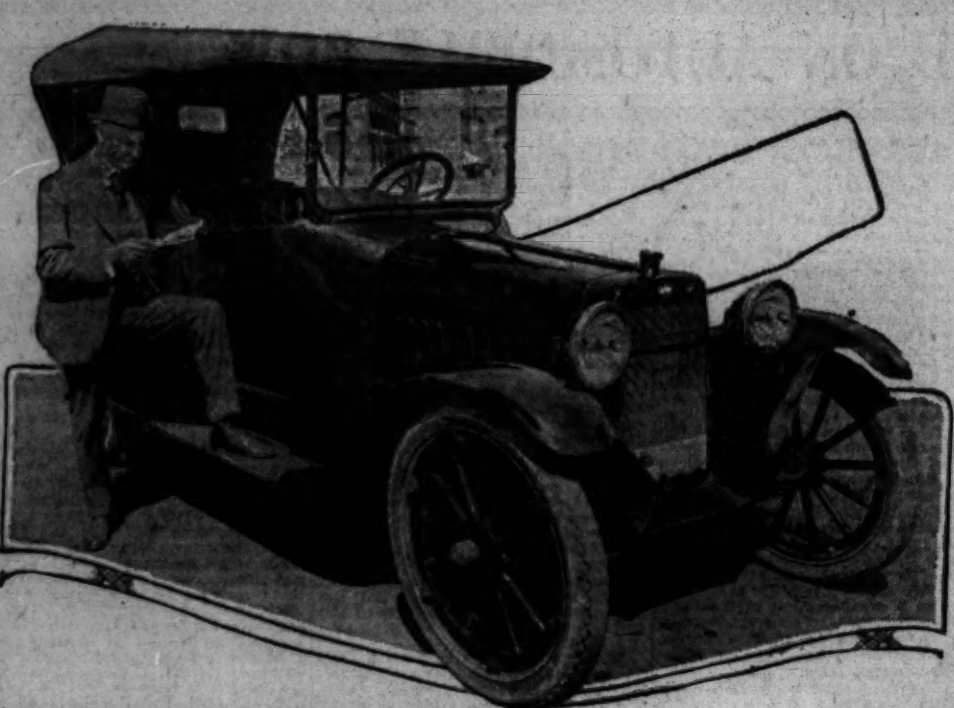
On the return trip, though, Mr. Delator attempted to "jump a ditch," broke an axle, and the car was a three-day trip to reach the closest blacksmith shop. The breakdown occurred sixty miles from Ely, Nev. Repairs made, the journey was without mishap, and the 1913 Chalmers is ready to repeat the trip, he says.

WHERE RADIATORS FREEZE IN AUGUST.

Describing a trip which took them from the land of orange blossoms to mountain peaks where the radiator had to be drained every night to prevent the water from freezing, from valley highways where high speed could be maintained to grades that required low or intermediate gear to insure safety, F. W. Park of San Bernardino has just written a letter to the agent for the King eight car which is full of interesting data.

Mr. Park and family have just returned from the Yosemite National Park, and they declare the trip is a delightful one, both from a purely scenic standpoint and from the standpoint of the average motorist who delights in driving anywhere. "Just to watch the wheels go round."

One of the delightful incidents of the trip was a successful attempt at landing enough trout for dinner at Grant Lake. In closing his letter, after telling of the perfect score the King eight made, Mr. Park adds that it required less than a quart of water to fill the radiator upon his return, although the car had been driven 600 miles after the "last visit to the pump."



Here's rental service pioneer. W. W. Hadley, who started with a White Steamer in 1905, used six other makes of cars, and finally decided that a Saxon six was best adapted for his needs. He knows to a cent what it costs to drive one mile or a thousand.

ELEVEN YEARS AGO IT COST SIXTY DOLLARS A DAY TO RENT AN AUTO.

ON JUNE 10, 1905, W. W. Hadley drove down to West Third street in a White Steamer and established the first rent service stand in Los Angeles. Since that time he has used eight cars, and he's still on the job, although conditions, and the amount charged the public, have changed considerably.

For instance, in 1905 Mr. Hadley charged \$60 for an all-day trip, although it was the initial payment on a car nowadays, and, indeed, sufficient to make the first

payment on a cheap second-hand car. But in those days the price was considered reasonable.

Gradually the price dropped. Gradually the expense of upkeep diminished, and at the same time the makers of the various cars improved their machines, until today Mr. Hadley operates a Saxon six at an expense of 2-3 cents per mile.

As an example, both of the low cost of operating a Saxon six and of the painstaking system Mr. Hadley has installed to show him just

where he is at, at all times, the following figures are interesting: Number of miles in May, 5099.71. Total cost, \$47.50, divided as follows: gasoline, 107 gallons, \$10.75; oil, \$5.90; vulcanizing and new tires, \$14.35; repairs, \$5.95; waste, 65 cents.

Mr. Hadley purchased his Saxon six December 31, 1915. Since that time he has driven it 16,472 miles, and he is authority for the statement that no mechanical part of the machine has worn out or been replaced.

Quite naturally, therefore, he's a Saxon six booster.

OLD "KIT CARSON" TRAIL IS ROUGH.

California's '49 country is strongly recommended by President Baker of the Automobile Club of Southern California as a test for any car. He further advises for this test the route followed by his party in a tour just completed.

After driving more than 3000 miles, and as Mr. Baker puts it, "encountering 3000 difficulties," Mr. Baker's big Cadillac has returned to Los Angeles with a clean record. Through the meadows and cravasses which echoed to the call of Kit Carson, into the country which has been made world famous through the stories and poems of Bret Harte, Mr. Baker piloted the car.

The objective of the trip was "See California First," and in accomplishing this the Baker party departed from Los Angeles by the inland route to San Francisco; thence to Lake Tahoe, south through Hope Valley and Mono county to the new Tioga road; over the Tioga to Yosemite, and home by way of Coarse Gold and Fresno.

Mr. Dorrough told Mr. Irving that his company has large quantities of materials on hand and despite the troubles that may be affecting some automobile plants, the production of the Cole eight is being increased. A broader and more extensive buying policy has been entered into under the direction of General Manager Knobloch and the Cole Motor Company is now making rapid strides to the front in the line of American manufacturers.

Mr. Dorrough's first trip here and he was detailed to call upon the Irving Motor Car Company, distributors for the Cole eight in Southern California, and consult with him yesterday on the best methods for improving the service rendered owners of cars of this make.

"The Cole company believes in getting close to the owners of its cars. With this in mind, the country has been divided into districts and sales managers and expert mechanics detailed to visit the distributors and dealers and learn how best to please their customers. This is an innovation and I may be regarded as the advance agent, but we intend to see to it that California patrons have the same consideration in every way as those accorded owners in other parts of the country that are closer to the factory," Mr. Dorrough said.

In order to appreciate the extent of the motor-car industry in Southern California a visit here is necessary; there is no reason in attempting to underestimate the importance of this section of the United States; first-hand information alone is reliable and the eastern automobile manufacturers who do not realize this are negligent.

These conclusions have been reached by W. F. Dorrough, southern sales manager for the Cole Motor Car Company, of Indianapolis, who is now in a visit to Los Angeles. It is Mr. Dorrough's first trip here and

KISSELKAR
EVERY INCH A CAR.

September 23 to October 1

This is Week of The ALL-YEAR Car

The original Kissel idea that changed the motoring habits of a nation.

The ALL-YEAR Car is available in the following combinations: Touring Sedan, Victoria, Town Car, Roadster Coupe.

The Hundred Point Six \$1095 to \$1195 F. O. B. Factory

Open Evenings During Entire Week (Sunday Excepted)

ALL-YEAR Cars \$1520 to \$1850 F. O. B. Factory

Open Evenings During Entire Week (Sunday Excepted)

KisselKar proves its supremacy in the big ALL-YEAR idea

FROM the moment the doors opened yesterday the crowds came and saw, inspected and approved—O. K.'d without dissension the leadership of the ALL-YEAR Cars—Kissel's innovation which revolutionized the building of automobiles, giving to the motor-buying public, in one car, the utility, style and completeness of two cars.

They noted how the ALL-YEAR Top is built in—not on—with no crude overlapping, no visible attachments. Instead, they found a smooth, graceful blending that gives the appearance of a one-piece, luxuriously upholstered, permanently enclosed coach, in which the most critical could find nothing lacking in appearance, appointment and comfort. They inspected the Hundred Point Six—the car of a Hundred Quality Features—upon which the ALL-YEAR Tops are mounted—a big roomy, open, roofless, touring car in summer, with nothing but the sky overhead.

The ALL-YEAR Show will be continued throughout this week so as to enable you to personally inspect these new ALL-YEAR Cars which, car purchasers acknowledge, are the highest development of the ALL-YEAR idea. Lay aside one morning or afternoon of this week and attend this exhibition. Come as early as you can so we can give you special attention. You will find your time well spent.

Pacific KisselKar Branch 1001 So. Olive St., Los Angeles
San Francisco San Diego Oakland Seattle Pasadena Portland

Open Season for

Gymnasium Suits and Footwear

Supporters, Trunks, Tights, Wrist and Ankle Bands, Sweaters, Skull-Caps, Jumping and Sprinting Shoes, Boxing Gloves

Football and Basketball Outfits

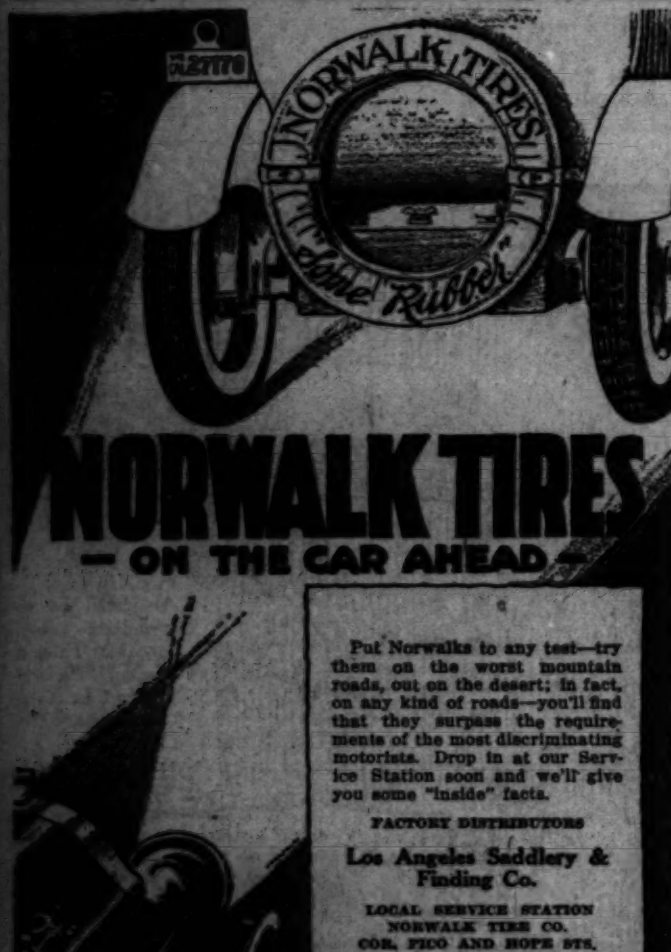
Season Opens for Rabbits, Ducks, Quail **Oct. 15** We Sell Hunting and Fishing Licenses.

Wm. H. Hoegge Co.
138-42 So. Main.

Overland

Willys-Overland of California
Factory Branch
1235 SOUTH OLIVE STREET
Main 4821 LOS ANGELES 6637

HOLLYWOOD PASADENA
1729 Highland Ave. Colorado & El Monte
Main 5111; 5125, 5126, 5127, 5128, 5129, 5130, 5131, 5132, 5133, 5134, 5135, 5136, 5137, 5138, 5139, 5140, 5141, 5142, 5143, 5144, 5145, 5146, 5147, 5148, 5149, 5150, 5151, 5152, 5153, 5154, 5155, 5156, 5157, 5158, 5159, 5160, 5161, 5162, 5163, 5164, 5165, 5166, 5167, 5168, 5169, 5170, 5171, 5172, 5173, 5174, 5175, 5176, 5177, 5178, 5179, 5180, 5181, 5182, 5183, 5184, 5185, 5186, 5187, 5188, 5189, 5190, 5191, 5192, 5193, 5194, 5195, 5196, 5197, 5198, 5199, 5200, 5201, 5202, 5203, 5204, 5205, 5206, 5207, 5208, 5209, 5210, 5211, 5212, 5213, 5214, 5215, 5216, 5217, 5218, 5219, 5220, 5221, 5222, 5223, 5224, 5225, 5226, 5227, 5228, 5229, 5230, 5231, 5232, 5233, 5234, 5235, 5236, 5237, 5238, 5239, 5240, 5241, 5242, 5243, 5244, 5245, 5246, 5247, 5248, 5249, 5250, 5251, 5252, 5253, 5254, 5255, 5256, 5257, 5258, 5259, 5260, 5261, 5262, 5263, 5264, 5265, 5266, 5267, 5268, 5269, 5270, 5271, 5272, 5273, 5274, 5275, 5276, 5277, 5278, 5279, 5280, 5281, 5282, 5283, 5284, 5285, 5286, 5287, 5288, 5289, 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NORWALK TIRES
— ON THE CAR AHEAD —

Put Norwalks to any test—try them on the worst mountain roads, out on the desert; in fact, on any kind of roads—you'll find that they surpass the requirements of the most discriminating motorists. Drop in at our Service Station soon and we'll give you some "inside" facts.

FACTORY DISTRIBUTORS
Los Angeles Saddlery & Fitting Co.
LOCAL SERVICE STATION
NORWALK TIRES CO.
COR. 2100 AND 10TH STS.

SKIDDIN' AROUND ON AUTOMOBILE ROW.

THOUSANDS of people watched a Briscoe car spin like a top around a thirty-foot circle in the salesroom of the Pacific Kiesel-Kar branch last week for three days. The car was run in high gear at a speed of about four miles an hour, and without a driver at the steering wheel. "Clear the road of obstructions," said Sales Manager Arnold, "and the Briscoe will run itself."

Ford agents are pointing to the fact that during the month of August more than 33,000 persons visited the factory at Detroit to see how cars are turned out by the hundreds of thousands.

They're still talking about the hill-climbing test of the Jeffery Quad along the row. The Jeffery recently made the famous Baxter-street hill at Baldivinos, easily going up the 37 per cent. grade with a two-ton load.

Buyers, especially women, are showing considerable interest in the Mitchell sedan, upholstered and equipped like the finest limousine, and one of the features that appeals to them is the disappearing plate glass side when an open touring car is wanted. The change is made in a moment.

Charles J. Lewis of Madison county, Montana, who is touring the Southland in his Harnes three-passenger roadster, declares the automobile is rapidly forcing the completion of good roads in his State. Montana's roads, up to a few years ago, were merely trails in many places, he says, but with the coming of the automobile the citizens of the State have started road construction in earnest.

Because of the fact that speedometers are of such a delicate mechanism, motorists are advised not to delve into the works of a speed-

ometer head, because if they do they will only come to grief, according to W. C. Sweetser, of the California Sales Company, dealers in Stewart-Warner products and a regular authorized Stewart-Warner service station.

Ernest Rigbee, who recently completed a 15,000-mile outing and camping trip, is boasting for the Portage tires. Starting out with five tires, Mr. Rigbee made the long trip safely and the tires are still good for several thousand miles.

Records fall every day, but here's one that will probably stand for years: Less than two years ago one man began making one good tire out of two worn ones, for the Tire Construction Company at Olive and Pico. Today thirty-five men are so employed. One hundred tires daily is the average turned out. Bigger quantities have been secured. Agencies in near-by towns have been established. And now an additional room has been secured and arrangements made to carry a full supply of new tires. The Tire Construction Company's place of business is one of the busiest on Auto Row. And that's saying a whole lot.

W. L. Hugheson, president of the Pacific Coast Kiesel-Kar branch, has been in the city for several days. Mr. Hugheson makes regular visits to the agency's places of business at San Francisco, Los Angeles, Oakland, Portland, Seattle, San Diego and Pasadena.

Here is the way tires are moving at the Tire Supply Company's office, No. 413 South Olive street: Last Saturday and Sunday the company sold a hundred tires. A carload arrived a few days later. A shipment of 744 is due soon. "We haven't a single complaint to make," said Benjamin W. Mallickson, Coast manager. "Carloads of tires are arriving every month, and as rapidly as

they arrive there are buyers waiting for them. We're growing rapidly. We're going to keep on growing. The quality of our tires and the prices we make are responsible for our success." All of which sounds like optimism of the first water.

Already a number of interested motorists have inspected the all-weather type new King eight model recently received by the English Motor Car Company. It is finished in a very dark maroon, with a double row of beading for a streamline. The hood and fenders are black. The interior fittings of the car are in conformity to the general appearance of ease and luxury the whole car presents. The front seats are of the divided type, with cloth robe hangers on the back. All the customary fittings are in highly-polished nickel. The interior is illuminated by means of an electric dome light. When it is not desired to use the car enclosed, it requires but a few minutes' effort to remove the wide glass windows and store them in a compartment in the back of the rear seat. The windows are held in position by thumb screws, which are easily manipulated without the use of tools.

With plans now in operation for the immediate development of the selling territory reaching as far east as Colorado and as far north as Canada, officials of the Los Angeles Sadlery and Fitting Company feel confident that the tire and tube sales of that firm will far exceed \$1,000,000 during the next twelve months. The company handles Norwalk tires.

The recent decision of the County Board of Supervisors to improve the Brea Canyon road to the extent of \$1000 per mile will meet with the approval of motorists and others who, through necessity, have to make use of the road connecting the Valley boulevard at Walnut with the Orange county road. The five-mile stretch of dust is in about as bad a condition

as any road in Los Angeles county. An exploration run over the road was made a few days ago by Ed Franklin of Hawley, King & Co. in an eight-cylinder Oakland touring car. In relating his experiences, Franklin said he had never realized that five miles of such poor road connected two main traveled boulevards in Los Angeles county. When improved, however, the scenic beauties of the canyon will be appreciated, as those in the car can have time to look at them instead of putting all attention on the road.

John X. Thill, a well-known apartment-house owner of this city, has established a gasoline economy record for eight-cylinder cars in the hands of a private owner that is believed to be unequalled. On a recent trip to San Bernardino, Riverside and Hemet, his car covered 215 miles on ten gallons of gasoline, or 21.5 miles to the gallon. Mr. Thill drives the first eight-cylinder Apperson touring car that was delivered in Los Angeles. It has been run in excess of 15,000 miles during the nine months that he has owned the car.

Without any additional air having been put in the tires since it was delivered by the local dealer, Miss Clara M. Reed has driven her car in excess of 7500 miles. During the more than four months that it has been in service, the Apperson roadster has averaged better than sixty miles per day. According to Miss Reed, the car has been in use on the city streets and country boulevards. Several hundred miles were driven on unimproved roads. She attributes the long mileage without the necessity of pumping up the tires to the balance in the construction of the roadplane and the even distribution of weight.

When the school bell rings tomorrow morning at Pasadena, Miss Wilhelmina Best, the young daughter of A. J. Best, will step into her own car, grasp the steering wheel,

haunted, and Manager Hartwell reports that prompt deliveries will be impossible for several weeks. Shipments now on the road are scheduled for delivery to waiting customers.

Owners of Dodge motor cars are being entertained today at a picnic under the magnificent oak trees on the 400-acre Connelley ranch of the Janes Investment Company. The occasion is the annual tour of the Harold L. Arnold Company. Engineer O. K. Parker will lead the long automobile procession and dispense the hospitality of the Arnold company in the form of refreshments and entertainment.

A gold button, indicative of "high man" for each month from now to the first of the year, has been hung up by Sales Manager Woods for Moreland distillate truck salesmen to shoot at. On New Year's day the button winners will check in their points and the high man will be awarded a real prize.

With the purchase of seven more Moreland trucks during the past week in a single order, the Wells Fargo Express Company has signified that it will in the future standardize its equipment and utilize only the Los Angeles-made truck wherever distillate fuel can be secured. A total of eleven Moreland's have been the Wells Fargo quota for the past thirty days.

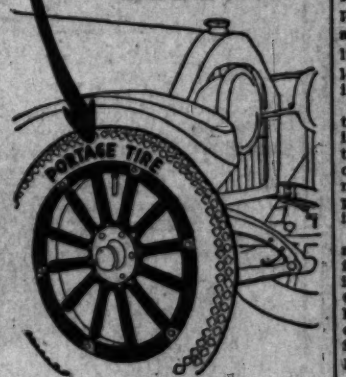
The manager of foreign sales of the Grant factory at Cleveland has written the Buick-Speers company that the export of Buick cars this season will be heavier than ever before. This is the big buying season for South America, Australia and South Africa, and the export department is kept busy supplying these markets. The Grant is averaging from thirty to thirty-five miles per imperial gallon in these countries, and is meeting with great success.

Victims of former Santa Monica road races and their triumphs were recalled to two veterans of the road race game last week when they inspected the Santa Monica course, which is to be used for the Vanderbilt and Grand Prix races this season. One of the men was Teddy Telford, holder of the world's road race record, and the other was J. O. Ward of the Miller Rubber Company, makers of the castings and tubes which carried the big tire to its record victory, when an average speed of 74.75 miles an hour was maintained for the entire distance. Although racing cars have been developed which have averaged better on speedways, this road record still stands.

Ranchmen of California are finding that the motor truck today plays as big a part in their work as did the team of horses and the wagon in days gone by. The ranch without a truck is as incompletely equipped today as the ranch of ten years ago was without a team of work horses. "I have driven a Portage tire on the rear wheel of a Ford in rent service over 33,000 miles and over the worst roads in the State," said G. S. Corpe of El Monte, among hundreds of others who have received exceptional mileage from Portage tires. Read what Mr. Corpe says:

"I have driven a Portage tire on the rear wheel of a Ford in rent service over 33,000 miles and over the worst roads in the State." Such instances as this have resulted in the Portage being termed the "High Mileage Tire."

Portage Rubber Company of California
John G. Best
Treasurer and General Mgr.
725-25 South Olive St.



Sparks & Finch
221 East Sixth St.
Mala 1092-40307.
Authorized Sales and Service Agency—Serving especially the Commercial District. Liberal Terms. Exchanges.

WANTED
A Real Livewire Salesman
"Soldiers and Chairmen" Not Wanted.
Producers ONLY are qualified. Will pay \$250 per month to the man who can sell.
The Best Motor Truck Made
Applications strictly confidential.
Address: F. Box 250, TIMES BRANCH OFFICE.

White Garage Repair Shop
Laurd-Teteloff-Roore.
We are especially prepared to handle any kind of automobile wreck or road trouble.
A complete equipped machine shop.
Open DAY AND NIGHT.
510 to 515 South Olive.
For quick service call Mala 1135 or 1072.

SEVEN THOUSAND MILE TRIP MADE.
A 7000-mile zigzag trip across the country, from Pittsburgh to Los Angeles, was not enough to satisfy a party of prominent Pittsburgh people. They are returning, in their Peaslee eight, over the southern route. They left on Monday and are now stopping at Grand Canyon for a few days, after which they will continue their journey eastward to the Coast States, terminating at Pittsburgh.

The party consisted of A. J. Gosser and Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Petty of Pittsburgh. They have been visiting Mr. Gosser's mother, Mrs. J. J. Gosser, and his sister, Miss Carrie M. Gosser, at the Hotel Alvarado. On his arrival in Los Angeles at the end of his 7000-mile westward trip, Mr. Gosser turned in his Peaslee eight to General Inspectors for inspection. When it had been thoroughly cleaned and polished there was so little evidence of any effects of the trip that it was hard to believe the car had ever been off the boulevard.

A feature of the Latonia (Ky.) horse race meet October 7 to 25 will be an event carrying 12000 or over in added money each day.

A \$56,000,000 "RUN" ON A CHALMERS CAR

"Run"—is the word. It's like a run on a bank. Only it's a run on a car—a Chalmers car. It seems endless. The people want more.

And so more must be built for them—20,000 more. You remember a while ago that six hundred men took one look at this new car and bought \$22,000,000 worth in forty very brief minutes. They were the Chalmers Dealers.

Now they insist that more of the same kind be built—more of the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers.

So the Chalmers executives have put through a factory work order for 20,000 more of them.

They built and delivered, in six months, 18,000. That was all they intended to build for an entire year. That completed their part of the \$22,000,000 affair.

We got them to build another 10,000. We thought that would be enough to last through the fall. But no, the 10,000 were quickly taken up during the summer months.

So they are going to build 20,000 more. That means, all told, 48,000 cars—or \$56,000,000 worth of these remarkable 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers.

So you see why we use the word "run." The people who know good cars—like Emerson's wise saying about the man who makes a better mouse trap, etc., will find a beaten path to his door, even though he live in the woods—they create this ever-increasing desire to own a Chalmers.

They have sought quality—not price. We seldom have people ask us the price of this car. When we tell

them \$1090 Detroit, they are very much taken back. We get little of the "price" trade. Most of those who come to us have passed that era in car buying.

They want quality. And they know pretty well where to look for it. They look for it in the sound of the engine, in the action of the clutch, in the action of the steering apparatus, in the sound of the differential.

They examine the radiator, try the brakes, observe the kind of glass in the windshield, note the kind of material in the top, and then poke around into the corners of the body.

That much done, they get into the car and try her out. For they are smart enough to know that the biggest result of quality is performance.

That's what usually brings us the sale. For performance is the car's middle name. She's got amazing acceleration—so lively and full of spunk.

And then she climbs hills so quickly and hugs the road so well at a rapid clip.

And, best of all, she handles so easily. She's as obedient as any creature man ever made.

Once you try her you, too, will understand the "run" on her. It's a thing difficult to explain, but three editions of a car in a year's time is something to ponder over.

We have it direct by telegraph that Chalmers will continue to make these 3400 r. p. m.'s next season. There's no time limit set. As soon as these last 20,000 are built and out of the way there will probably be more.

So you're dead safe in getting a model of a car that has in no way reached its peak of popularity.

7-Passenger Touring Car.....\$1430
5-Passenger Touring Car.....\$1215
Roadster.....\$1195
AT LOS ANGELES

GREER-ROBBINS CO.
Homa A1187. Twelfth at Flower Bdry. 5410.

GREAT TROLLING FOR YELLOWT

Happy Days!
GREAT TROLLING FOR YELLOWT

Big Game Fish Schooling on Shore and Chopping up Sea Giving Anglers a Taste of the Fun of Old Times Again—A Run for Rod and Reel Experts

Trolling offshore for the big game fish of the sea has produced a record sport during the last few weeks at Angling House, where the quite generally giving up of reeling for a bad job in the great plenty of yellowtail in the San Pedro Channel off the western beach near the end of the harbor.

On Sunday, the yellowtail were schooling in swarms a few minutes beyond the San Pedro harbor, and light-tackle anglers were getting a taste of the fun of old times again. The big fish were being taken in the San Pedro Channel, and the anglers were well off in restoring in some degree their former plenty.

There are few forms of rod and sport more interesting, and none are exciting than a lively day's trolling among the big sea-fish, where the angler is not only getting a good trolling month before it is over, but is also getting a taste of the fun of old times again. The big fish were being taken in the San Pedro Channel, and the anglers were well off in restoring in some degree their former plenty.

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Republic Trucks

are noted for efficiency—economy—and durability

Republic Trucks are Efficient because they are internal gear driven. No load carried on the driving axle, and power is applied direct to wheels.

Republic Trucks are Economical because of their quality construction and because they burn distillate.

Republic Trucks are Durable because they are made almost entirely of nickel-steel; not a casting is used in the chassis construction, and all parts are made with a big margin of safety built in.



D. F. Poyer Truck Co.
942-46 S. Grand Ave.

Main 1988

F2411

Now Ready!
the one inch
MILLER CARBURETOR
for the Ford, Maxwell,
Chevrolet, Grant, Saxon, Scripps,
Booth, Metz and other light
cars.

Thousands of light-car owners have been waiting for the "one-inch Miller." Up to the present time the Miller has been available for the larger cars only. Now the Miller can be had for absolutely every machine that requires a carburetor.

The Miller has broken world's records on racing cars—and it has surpassed the records of every other carburetor on the market, on motor boats, aeroplanes, heavy trucks, stages and pleasure cars.

The world's greatest racing drivers use and endorse the Miller carburetor—Rest, Rickenbacker, O'Donnell, Pullen, Tetzlaff, Oldfield, D'Alene, Christensen, Wilcox, Lewis, Anderson, Haibe and many others.

The Miller is absolutely automatic, of simple construction, thoroughly trouble-proof and wonderfully economical. The rapidly increasing demand for the Miller will soon compel its installation on all cars. You will ultimately have a Miller—why not get the benefit of this superior instrument today?

Miller Carburetor Sales Corp.
Office and Service Station—834 So. Los Angeles St.
Phone: Main 9022—A1493.

A 1917 Hupmobile.



MANUFACTURERS OF FIFTY SEDAN MAKE FEW CHANGES IN NEW MODEL.

SOMETIMES when a standard make of cars appears with a lot of changes prospective buyers exhibit a keen interest. Sometimes, on the other hand, when former models have given entire satisfaction they are equally pleased to see the company "let well enough alone."

And the manufacturers of the Hupmobile are apparently satisfied to "let well enough alone" in bringing out their 1917 sedan. A few

changes have been made, but they consist of a touch here and there to make the car more beautiful, and a few little things which add to the convenience and comfort of the passengers.

The latest closed-car product is built for five passengers, of the two-door type, with divided seats in front, deeply upholstered in gray Bedford cord, with extra light in addition to the regular lighting equipment, and double windshield.

Silk curtains adorn the windows,

hung on automatic rollers, and the windows are of the shisham drop type.

The wheel base is 119 inches and the car is fully and somewhat more elaborately finished than heretofore. Many have called to inspect the first sedan received by the Greer-Robbins Company and the interest displayed by everyone who has seen them, backed up by several immediate orders, convinces the company that the Hupmobile is going to continue to be a favorite with the public.

ANGELENO MOTORS TO NOVA SCOTIA.

With Nova Scotia as the objective point of his trip, W. A. Morehouse of No. 741 South Bonnie Brae street, is on his way East over the National Old Trails highway. Mr. Morehouse departed from Los Angeles several days ago in his 1916 Locomobile. He will follow the Old Trails route to Pittsburgh, and thence drive to New York and north to Nova Scotia through New England.

The visit in Canada will be a short one, for he has planned to motor

home by way of the Dixie highway and the southern route, which will take him from New York to Washington, Richmond, Atlanta, New Orleans, El Paso, Phoenix and Los Angeles. He will be on the road about two months, returning home in November.

Just before departing from Los Angeles, Mr. Morehouse, who now owns three Locomobiles, placed an order for the new special model Locomobile four-passenger car known as "Type Sportster." The car was modeled for the motorist who seeks the foreign type body, intermediate between the seven-passenger touring car and the roadster.

SALES FOR YEAR SET NEW RECORD.

Declaring that the seventh year, which closed September 1, had resulted in greater gains than ever before, and predicting that this, the eighth year, will show even greater results, officials and agents of the Empire Automobile Company are facing the future with confidence.

With manufacturing activities transferred to Indianapolis, a splendidly-equipped plant, and a smooth working organization, the officials

TAKES HIS HAT OFF TO THIS CAR.

With the constant arrival of the new model Ford, scores of deliveries are being made daily, and if factory predictions prove true, the year 1917 is destined to surpass even the half-million mark of 1916, according to local dealers.

The Pacific Kiesel-Kar Branch, which in the past has placed thousands of Fords, and until recently acted as the exclusive retail agents in Los Angeles, again announce that the Ford will be handled at No. 1001 South Olive street.

"It's simply remarkable, that's the only way I know how to express my opinion of the record established by the Ford," said the president of the Pacific Kiesel-Kar Branch recently. "No one can watch the increasing sales year after year, and note the Fords, which are giving the biggest kind of value to their owners, without taking off his hat to the car, the man who stands at the head of the big factory that turns them out by the thousands daily, and the organization which distributes the Fords all over the world."

Lightness is one of the main features of the new machine. Although equipped with all modern conveniences and refinements and with a chassis and engine of the most sturdy construction, the machine is very light in weight. Attention has been paid to every detail in the making of the car so that it has been possible to cut down weight in a great many different places.

LINES EXCELLENT.

The body lines of the new arrival

NEW ARRIVAL ON ROW CREATES A SENSATION.

WITH a machine distinctly different in appearance the Motors Distributing Company of Southern California has opened a new showroom at No. 708 South Grand avenue. The car, a Roamer, is a new arrival on the automobile market but has created a tremendous sensation wherever it has been seen. Although it has been exhibited in Los Angeles only a few weeks, the Roamer has gained a number of tremendously enthusiastic boosters.

Quite different. The Roamer has been designed along lines so essentially different that it immediately attracts attention anywhere. It is built with foreign lines and closely resembles the foreign make of car. The long slanting hood with the severe square lines give a decided appearance of strength and power.

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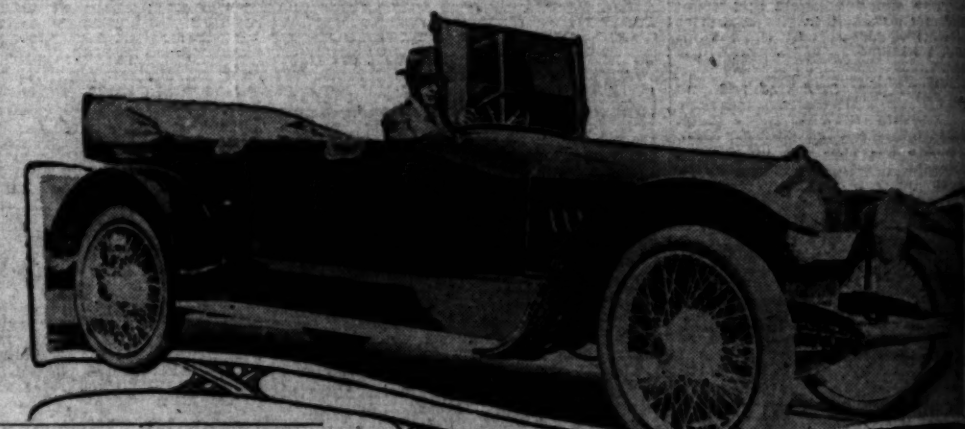
The body lines of the new arrival

are especially attractive. The machine hangs low to the ground and seats, both front and tonneau, well down in the frame. The upholstery is exquisite and is of tufted leather. The dash equipment is complete in every respect.

Attractive showrooms have been fitted up and the Motors Distributing Company hopes to be satisfactorily settled this week. Alvin Penn, Jr., who is the head of the concern, is in the East at the present time arranging for shipments of immediate deliveries to the Pacific Coast.

OLD BUCKBOARD LOSES OUT.

One of the loneliest occupations a cattle range is that of driving a buckboard which is used to transport salt for the cattle. But the Springs Cattle Company has been using their Autoscar truck for this work now. The truck is driven in the range, often where there are no roads, but has been giving excellent service. Manager E. C. Wagoner of the M. B. Bulkley Company, California distributors for the Autoscar truck, has just received a letter from J. W. Hall of the Clay Springs ranch, in which he tells of the service performed by the truck in his work.



The 1917 Roamer.

SIX MONTHS' LICENSE FEES OVER A MILLION.

NEW YORK CITY'S automobile and motorcycle owners, during the six months from February 1 and July 31, enriched the State to the extent of \$1,100,303. They paid that much in registration fees, according to the Department of State.

The fees came from 116,483 owners, 770 dealers and 19,430 chauffeurs. During the month of July alone 5615 owners registered in this city.

Next to New York, Buffalo turned in more money than any other city in the State, having collected \$175,000 more by actual count than the next city, Albany.

The western sales representative of the Smith attachment for automobiles, the Ford automobile, has been a valued capacity of one car.

The field of cotton this year is larger than ever before. The cotton is higher than it was in 1915. The profit from the cotton crop also was unusually large. The cotton planters are now looking for a way to improve the use of light trucks.

There are about twenty Form-a-Trucks now in use in the valley and prospects for more sales are first-class. Gates, manager of the company, has been notified by Porter, former sales manager, that he has been appointed second agent and general manager of the company. Porter is one of the best-known men in the Form-a-Truck industry and he expects to be in Los Angeles in a few weeks.

Electric Equipment Co.
Automobile Electricians.
12th and Grand.

Make Us Your Center
Foot Ball Supplies

M'Loughlin
Bundy Co.
2nd Floor NAA'S BLDG.

fewer dealers, in comparison with its population, than the other towns of the State, having collected more by actual count than the next city, Albany.

VALLEY FARMERS
GOOD CUSTOMERS

Returns from the season's crop to the ranchers in the Imperial valley have been so good that the fall will see an increase in the number of motor vehicles in that region, reports W. O. Gates, western sales representative of the Smith attachment for automobiles, the Ford automobile, has been a valued capacity of one car.

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Electric Equipment Co.
Automobile Electricians.
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Make Us Your Center
Foot Ball Supplies

M'Loughlin
Bundy Co.
2nd Floor NAA'S BLDG.

99 Per Cent Efficient, Say 11,000 Owners

| | | | |
|--------------|-------|-------------------|--------|
| Motor | 99.9% | Electrical System | 99.5% |
| Transmission | 97. % | Rear Axle | 99.7% |
| Clutch | 98. % | Frame | 100. % |

YOU'VE heard, time and again, what a wonderful hold the Hupmobile has on its owners. Eleven thousand of them now tell you why. The net result is a tribute such as no car has ever had.

Classified and tabulated, these thousands of opinions result in a rating of 99 per cent for Hupmobile efficiency.

Until we cast up the result we did not know what a gold mine of good opinions we had uncovered.

A Gold Mine of Good Opinions

We have encouraged the owners of the present model Hupmobile—11,000 out of our total ownership—to register their criticisms, complaints and comments.

The engineering department especially sought evidence covering every unit in the car. They wanted to know any and all troubles the owner might have had.

Owners' estimates varied, of course. Some had had minor troubles in one part of the car, some in another. But the net result, out of the

11,000, was an overwhelming vote of complete satisfaction. It figured down to an exact 99 per cent of efficiency.

We never expect to come closer to the goal. No human effort can. We don't think any car other than the Hupmobile ever attained this high peak of popular approval.

Doesn't this explain why better than 50 per cent of all Hupmobile owners buy the Hupmobile year after year?

Isn't it plain why the Hupmobile public has not been won away by multi-cylinder promises?

Performance Is the Answer

Performance, of course, is the one and only answer.

In high gear work, for instance, these 11,000 owners know that the Hupmobile daily duplicates—if it doesn't actually outdo—cars that have more cylinders, or cost more money.

In pulling power, and quick getaway, they see nothing under another name that they do not have.

In flexibility, they find themselves relieved of gear-shifting to an amazing extent.

The Broadest Service System

In the Hupmobile service system, they know they are getting more than any other

car offers: expert inspection, adjustment and care each month for eight months by trained Hupmobile experts at Hupmobile service stations, paid for with coupons supplied free of cost.

Do you wonder, then, that 11,000 owners vote the Hupmobile 99 per cent efficient?

The Mark of Superior

Motor Car Service



Five Hupmobile Points to Remember

PERFORMANCE—A high-gear performer in the usual low-gear situations.

COUPON SERVICE—Regularly each month for eight months, free labor, inspection and adjustments at more than 5000 authorized Hupmobile service stations in the United States and Canada.

ECONOMY—In line with the well-known Hupmobile repair cost record of 14 cent per mile. This is a fact.

REPEAT SALES—Fifty and eight-tenths per cent of the Hupmobile output is sold to Hupmobile owners, because they are completely satisfied with Hupmobile Performance, Service, Economy and Efficiency.

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THROW BOTTLES AT RED HEADS

HERE FANS TAKE EXCEPTION TO DECISION.

Ellie Johnson is Too Much for the Salt Lake Sluggers and They Go Down to Detroit—Svein Berg Beats Out Four Doubles, Thanks to Report.

IN STREET WIND—SALT LAKE CITY, Sept. 23.—The Salt Lake Sluggers, who were supposed to be the best team in the West, were defeated by the Detroit Tigers, 5 to 2, in their first game. The fans were so excited that they threw bottles at the players. The game was a double-header. The first game was won by the Detroit Tigers, 5 to 2. The second game was won by the Salt Lake Sluggers, 4 to 3. The fans were so excited that they threw bottles at the players. The game was a double-header. The first game was won by the Detroit Tigers, 5 to 2. The second game was won by the Salt Lake Sluggers, 4 to 3.

WANTS WIN DOUBLE-HEADER

Their String of Wins to Nineteen Games.

One Game of Major League Record.

the Cardinals in a Double-Header.

BY A. F. NIGHT WIRE.] ST. LOUIS, Sept. 23.—By winning their nineteenth straight game from St. Louis, 4 to 3, the New York Nationals won the major league record of straight wins made by the Providence Reds in 1914.

First game: St. Louis, 3; New York, 4. Second game: St. Louis, 3; New York, 4.

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AMERICAN LEAGUE

RED SOX COP.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 23.—Boston triumphed over Cleveland again today, 5 to 3. May was hit hard, but sensational catches by Lewis and Hooper cut off three Cleveland runs. Boston won by bunting hits off Lambeth and Morton in the second inning, scoring four runs on Lewis's triple, Scott's double, Thomas's single, a pass to May's Hooper's single, and Janvin's sacrifice fly. Lewis made three singles and two triples in five times at bat. The score:

BRaves WIN.

BOSTON, Sept. 23.—Boston defeated Pittsburgh, 4 to 3, in the first game of the double-header here today and battled thirteen innings to a 1-0 tie in the second game, which was won on account of a bases-out play by the Braves.

CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—Chicago's pennant hopes were given a setback today when New York won, 7 to 2. They are now three and a half games behind the league leaders. New York won by bunting hits off Russell. Pipp made his eleventh home run of the season and leads his teammate, Baker, by one. Chicago was unable to hit Shavley in the pinches.

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Cinch Series.

TO FILL ORDERS.

Following the announcement last week that the Mutual Motors Company, manufacturers of the Marion-Handley sixes, had purchased the large, completely-equipped plant they occupy for a sum in excess of \$250,000, B. F. Jacobs of the Marion-Handley Sales Company has announced that a new manufacturing

policy has been inaugurated at the factory.

"Every conceivable human effort, plus recognized genius, has been concentrated on the Marion-Handley sixes, and the finished product shows the intelligence and care which is devoted to producing a modern motor car," he said.

"The factory has been swamped with orders and we have been unable to get all the cars necessary in this territory, but by making some factory changes in manufacturing departments we are now assured of early deliveries."

The men most experienced in hauling and delivery, are the most consistent purchasers of Gramm-Bernstein Trucks.

Get a Demonstration

WANTED

Distributor for Southern California for light and heavy Trucks. An excellent line. Reasonable prices. Factory representative here. Give phone number and address in reply. Box R. C. 420, Times Branch Office.

S. C. CARTER CO., Inc.

TRAILERS

Auto Body Builders

R. C. H. & PARTS

WINDSHIELDS

Times Directory of Motor Trucks

WANDERERS TO START SOCCER.

Doane

GARFORD

Gramm

HUDFORD

Mack-Saurer

Standard

Stewart

FACTORY RUSHED

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TIMES DIRECTORY of Automobiles

Allen

Case "4"

Chevrolet

Ford

Ford

H. A. L. PEARL MOTOR CAR CO.

Inter-State

Jordan

Locomobile Co. of America

Marmon

Moline Knight

Ohio Electric

MOON

Premier

Standard "8"

Westcott 6

White

Times Directory of Automobiles

ABC Oils

ACCESSORIES

Ahlberg

Auto Accessories

Auto Parts

Ensign

FORD

Henderson

Henricks

MASTER

Puente

Stewart-Warner

Ventura Gasoline

Apex

movement for a million or more people in the South American continent. The South American continent is a vast one, and it is not surprising that it should be the scene of such a movement. The South American continent is a vast one, and it is not surprising that it should be the scene of such a movement. The South American continent is a vast one, and it is not surprising that it should be the scene of such a movement.

The Realty Market

SURVEY OF THE BROAD FIELD

XXVTH YEAR.

FACT AND COMMENT.

Fact-Service
In all cases, subscribers, please send their orders to the Fact-Service, 1000 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Arguments for the immediate construction of a new bridge across the Los Angeles River, between Tenth and Eleventh streets, are being advanced by the city engineers. The bridge is to be a concrete structure, and is to be built on the site of the old bridge, which was destroyed by the flood of 1907. The new bridge is to be a concrete structure, and is to be built on the site of the old bridge, which was destroyed by the flood of 1907. The new bridge is to be a concrete structure, and is to be built on the site of the old bridge, which was destroyed by the flood of 1907.

The plan was started with the construction of the Fontana, a large building on the corner of Broadway and Tenth street. The plan was started with the construction of the Fontana, a large building on the corner of Broadway and Tenth street. The plan was started with the construction of the Fontana, a large building on the corner of Broadway and Tenth street. The plan was started with the construction of the Fontana, a large building on the corner of Broadway and Tenth street.

IN ANTELOPE VALLEY.
Several attractive improvements are being started at this time in the little town of Palmdale in the Antelope Valley. A tract of several acres in the town is being subdivided and eight bungalows have been planned for immediate construction. New buildings for commercial purposes are also said to be in contemplation.

HUNTINGTON BEACH.
Workmen have begun the extensive grading and paving operations involved in the improvement of Seventeenth street in Huntington Beach. Trenches are now being dug for the laying of pipe lines to supply the natural gas lighting system which is to be installed on the same thoroughfare. The Huntington Beach Nursery Company has bought eight and two-thirds acres near the Holly sugar factory, from the Huntington Beach company. The land is at once to be set out to nursery stock.

GROVES EXCHANGED.
A twenty-acre grove at Charter Oak and an undivided one-half of a forty-acre grove at San Dimas, both owned by R. F. Walker of this city, were last week traded for a subdivision in Boyle Heights, belonging to Dr. C. R. Linton. Mr. Walker, it is announced, will build several small houses for the market in the east side tract. Dr. Linton is the owner of a number of valuable citrus holdings in Southern California. The exchange was handled by the R. R. Campbell Company and the Flack Realty Company.

Not Only a Bargain But a Sacrifice at \$15,000
MR. NORWOOD
ROBERT MARSH & CO.
Main 5045 200 Marsh-Strong Bldg. 10175

Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 24, 1916.

A Brand New Cornice for the Upper Broadway Skyline.



Preliminary sketch for theater and studio block to be erected by Stability Building Company.

The drawing is one of a number of "studies" prepared by Albert C. Martin, the architect, for submission to the projectors, and shows the big structure in the form of a limit-height studio and office building fronting on Broadway, with the theater portion at the rear, extending along Third street. This is only one of the schemes being considered.

To Larger Quarters.
Walton & Company, jewelers, now at No. 348 South Broadway, have leased larger quarters at No. 422 South Broadway, in the Winstel Building, where they will remove their business as soon as new store fronts can be installed and necessary remodeling done. The fixtures and decorations in the new location will, it is stated, introduce several novel and exceedingly artistic ideas. The deal was handled for both sides by the Roy C. Seely Company. Walton & Company commenced business about ten years ago with one store, but have expanded so that they are now operating in San Francisco and Pasadena, as well as in Los Angeles. The firm imports gems from all parts of the globe, specializing in opals, and also conducts an extensive business in manufacturing jewelry.

IN NEW OFFICES.
The Norman Investment Company has just opened new offices at No. 726 W. P. Story Building, Sixth and Broadway. The firm makes a specialty of first mortgage loans and has been in business in this city for the past ten years.

EXPANSION.
TO MAKE MORE ROOM AT TOP.
PLANS FOR ADDITION TO HAYWARD HOTEL.
Popular Spring Street Hotelery to go One Story Higher—Extra Floor Designed Especially for Uses of Traveling Men—Other Changes.

The recent exclusive report in The Times that the height of the Hotel Hayward at Sixth and Spring streets was to be increased from eight to nine stories to provide much needed room was followed during the past week by the announcement of the architect, Albert R. Walker, that plans for the addition had been completed and work would be started at once. At the same time H. C. Fryman, proprietor of the hotel, announced that extensive alterations designed to convert the basement of the building into a high-class cafe were in contemplation.

The extra story will be added to the hotel as the result of a lease entered into between Henderson Hayward, owner of the property, and Fred Fryman, the lessee, and which was closed last week for a period of ten years. The new floor will provide fourteen hundred and eighty square feet of space, and will be especially for the uses of commercial travelers. Each will consist of a sample room for the display of goods, together with sleeping-room and bath. Exceptional provision is made for lighting on the new floor. The change will necessitate the carrying of the building about fourteen feet higher than the present cornice line, the ceiling height of the new story being designed for nine and a half feet. The pressed brick and terra cotta facing of the street front will be continued on up, the cornice being left as it is and a new parapet and coping being built. The new story will have a steel frame and reinforced concrete roof slabs in keeping with the plans drawn by the original architect.

Under Mr. Walker's supervision, extensive alterations have already been made in the Hayward lobby, the room having been enlarged by the addition of a portion of the space at the corner of the building formerly occupied by the Salt Lake Railway, and the substitution of marble for scagliola in the interior finish. The Sixth-street entrance has also been enlarged and beautified. Improvements to the Sixth-street store fronts are now being put in.

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PLANS LOFT BLOCK.
Large Block to be Erected by Local Coffee and Tea House.
Announcement was made during the past week that the Joannes Bros. Co., which is engaged in the coffee, tea and spice business at No. 315 East First street, will erect a six-story and basement reinforced concrete loft and factory building at the southeast corner of Hewitt and Traction streets. The structure will cover a ground area of 75x140 feet and will be started as soon as plans can be rushed to completion. John Parkinson is the architect.

A brick loft building three stories in height is to be started at once by Brown, Pallete & Brown on Los Angeles street between Tenth and Eleventh. Plans for the improvement were drawn several months ago by Fred R. Dorn, but construction has been delayed. Bids for the structure are now being taken.

NEW GARAGES.
The increasing number of automobiles in Los Angeles is reflected in the number of garages constantly being started in all parts of the city. Plans were completed last week for a one-story brick garage of large ground area to be built by Olaf Johnson for the Overland Automobile Company at Argyle avenue and Hollywood boulevard in Hollywood. The contract has been let for a brick commercial garage to be erected by J. D. Connor at No. 735 North Broadway. Plans are now being drawn for a garage projected by J. Hoffman at Vermont avenue and Thirty-sixth place. M. J. Stuke is having plans drawn for a garage at Avenue 53 and Pasadena avenue. A garage to be occupied by the Ford agency is about to be started by Mrs. Emma C. Murkell on Sunset boulevard near Echo Park road. Plans have just been completed for a garage to be built at North Broadway and Avenue 26.

RENEW LEASE.
The Flack Realty Company, which for the past six months has had ground floor offices at No. 735 South Hill street, has renewed its lease on these quarters. C. L. Plack, head of the company, announced yesterday the placing on the market of a large farm-land subdivision in the San Joaquin Valley.



Hotel Hayward with extra story. The arrow indicates the present cornice line of the Spring-street hotelery, the portion above it being the addition for which A. R. Walker has just drawn plans.

PLANS SHAPING FOR BIG BLOCK.

Upper Broadway Theater to be Under Way Soon.

Preliminary Sketches Drawn by Architect.

Bids Now Being Secured for Excavation Work.

Plans for the splendid theater, studio and office building to be erected by the Stability Building Company at the southwest corner of Broadway and Third street are already beginning to take shape in the draughting rooms of A. C. Martin, the architect commissioned a week ago to take charge of this important north end project. Several preliminary studies for the structure have been prepared under Mr. Martin's direction and these will come up for the consideration of the company's building committee this week. Two schemes of construction are being considered, each offering wide possibilities in designing. One calls for a building of eight or nine stories having a uniform skyline on both street fronts and to be carried out in reinforced concrete. The other contemplates a building with from ten to fourteen stories on the Broadway side and a lower theater portion extending along Third street. A structure of the last named character would necessarily be of the steel frame type, as the building ordinances do not permit of so many stories in concrete.

The two ideas will be carefully gone over this week and it is the hope of the committee that a definite plan and design can be decided upon within the next few days. The company is eager to get actual operations started within the next six weeks, and to this end the architect has been asked to bend all his energies.

Bids for the wrecking of the two brick buildings at present on the site are now being secured and a number of excavation contractors have been asked to figure on the removal of the vast amount of earth that will have to be removed for the foundations of the new skyscraper. The excavation contract will be one of the largest ever awarded in downtown Los Angeles, the corner fronting 150 feet on Broadway by 195 feet on Third. Mr. Martin is also getting figures on steel and other materials that will enter into the structure.

By the terms of the 99-year ground lease under which the Stability Building Company secured the corner, the new building must be ready for occupancy ten months from November 1.

RAVING GROWTH.
With 462 pupils reported to be enrolled for the fall term in the three fine school buildings of the Ramona Acres and New Ramona Acres districts, the suburban tracts take rank among the rapidly advancing sections of Southern California. Over 190 houses, according to the Jans Investment Company, which is developing the subdivisions, have been built in New Ramona Acres since it was put on the market a little over a year ago. The Jans Company reports the sale during the past week of a plot in this tract to H. J. Hammill of La Junta, Colo., for a reported consideration of \$1450.

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Part V: 12 Pages

THE EVER-HIGH TIDE.

THE MART

Transactions in House and Land

Exchange in Stocks and Bonds

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

MAGNIFICENT RESIDENCE IN

La Fayette Square

1734 BUCKINGHAM ROAD.

LOT 60x140.

Excellent plastered, white concrete finished exterior, with red clay tile roof. This is one of the most perfectly planned homes in the entire section. Completed in 1908. Contains seven rooms, in addition to a large central hall, and a large bathroom. The wood finish, including the kitchen, is of the best quality. The house is in excellent condition, and is a most desirable home for a family. Price \$10,000. Call on J. H. Bell, 1000 Broadway, for particulars.

FOR SALE.

Beautifully situated, 7 room, modern house, 1000 sq. ft., on 1/2 acre, in 1748 N. Normandie ave., near Hill, open for sale. Call on J. H. Bell, 1000 Broadway, for particulars.

ATLAS BUILDING COMPANY.

1000 911 Broadway, Room 204.

FOR RENT.

DURABILITY AND COMFORT.

Erect Your Building of

Hollow Tile.

We have been experienced builders for over 20 years, and we can guarantee the best results of a minimum of expense. Call on us for particulars.

MAINE BUILDING & INVESTMENT COMPANY.

407-411 Third St., Main 9000.

WE HAVE DESIGNED AND BUILT

TWO THOUSAND BUILDINGS

IN LOS ANGELES.

We offer the results of this experience, and our services as

Architect and Contractor

and will gladly consult with you on any building project. Plans furnished if desired.

R. B. BIXBY.

LAWRENCE B. BURCK.

601 South Spring street, Main 6001.

WE CAN

Furnish You Money

DRAW YOUR PLANS AND BUDGET

YOUR BUILDING.

BUNGALOW, HOUSE, FLAT, APARTMENT OR STORE, AT THE MINIMUM OF COST AND GIVE YOU THE MAXIMUM OF VALUE IN PERMANENCE, QUALITY AND DURABILITY.

J. A. SCHWAB CONSTRUCTION CO.

Master Builders.

1002 Van Ness Bldg.

ALBANY, Main 201.

WE BUILD HOUSE RIGHT.

Wilshire District

CHAS. C. AND S. J. CHAPMAN CO.

North and Normandie.

Wilshire 5700. DUBOIS.

"HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF"

The Small Investment of Yesterday is the Fortune of Today

Did you ever stop to realize that the investors who made fortunes in real estate simply foresaw the increase in value which was certain to follow the path of logical growth and development and bought before the rise. Was it luck? No, merely foresight. When extraordinary improvements are made the increase is consequently more rapid—the profits greater.

Do you wish to make an investment of this kind?

We offer you an opportunity to reap the benefits of a vast improvement—to participate in profits made possible by an expenditure of hundreds of thousands. All of the factors of a safe and profitable investment—ideal location, first-class improvements, active developments on a large scale, all combine to make this one of the most attractive properties we have offered in recent years. The price is extremely low—the opportunity for profit great.

We will be pleased to have you call and see us for further particulars.

W. I. HOLLINGSWORTH & CO.

FOURTH FLOOR HOLLINGSWORTH BLDG.

HILL STREET

CORNER SIXTH

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MAIN 6700

CLASSIFIED INDEX.

Table with 3 columns: Real Estate Section - Part V, For Sale, and Real Estate Section - Part VI. Lists various property listings and their corresponding page numbers.

Realty Liners.

FOR SALE - Real estate listings including properties in various districts like Hollywood, Beverly Hills, and others. Includes details about property features and contact information for realtors.

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| FOR SALE- | FOR SALE- | FOR SALE- |
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SEPTEMBER 24, 1916.—[PART V.]

FOR SALE—WILSHIRE SACRIFICES—

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—
Income Property.

FOR SALE—\$25,000—**BRAND NEW**—**1000 sq. ft.**—**2 1/2**—**3**—**4**—**5**—**6**—**7**—**8**—**9**—**10**—**11**—**12**—**13**—**14**—**15**—**16**—**17**—**18**—**19**—**20**—**21**—**22**—**23**—**24**—**25**—**26**—**27**—**28**—**29**—**30**—**31**—**32**—**33**—**34**—**35**—**36**—**37**—**38**—**39**—**40**—**41**—**42**—**43**—**44**—**45**—**46**—**47**—**48**—**49**—**50**—**51**—**52**—**53**—**54**—**55**—**56**—**57**—**58**—**59**—**60**—**61**—**62**—**63**—**64**—**65**—**66**—**67**—**68**—**69**—**70**—**71**—**72**—**73**—**74**—**75**—**76**—**77**—**78**—**79**—**80**—**81**—**82**—**83**—**84**—**85**—**86**—**87**—**88**—**89**—**90**—**91**—**92**—**93**—**94**—**95**—**96**—**97**—**98**—**99**—**100**—**101**—**102**—**103**—**104**—**105**—**106**—**107**—**108**—**109**—**110**—**111**—**112**—**113**—**114**—**115**—**116**—**117**—**118**—**119**—**120**—**121**—**122**—**123**—**124**—**125**—**126**—**127**—**128**—**129**—**130**—**131**—**132**—**133**—**134**—**135**—**136**—**137**—**138**—**139**—**140**—**141**—**142**—**143**—**144**—**145**—**146**—**147**—**148**—**149**—**150**—**151**—**152**—**153**—**154**—**155**—**156**—**157**—**158**—**159**—**160**—**161**—**162**—**163**—**164**—**165**—**166**—**167**—**168**—**169**—**170**—**171**—**172**—**173**—**174**—**175**—**176**—**177**—**178**—**179**—**180**—**181**—**182**—**183**—**184**—**185**—**186**—**187**—**188**—**189**—**190**—**191**—**192**—**193**—**194**—**195**—**196**—**197**—**198**—**199**—**200**—**201**—**202**—**203**—**204**—**205**—**206**—**207**—**208**—**209**—**210**—**211**—**212**—**213**—**214**—**215**—**216**—**217**—**218**—**219**—**220**—**221**—**222**—**223**—**224**—**225**—**226**—**227**—**228**—**229**—**230**—**231**—**232**—**233**—**234**—**235**—**236**—**237**—**238**—**239**—**240**—**241**—**242**—**243**—**244**—**245**—**246**—**247**—**248**—**249**—**250**—**251**—**252**—**253**—**254**—**255**—**256**—**257**—**258**—**259**—**260**—**261**—**262**—**263**—**264**—**265**—**266**—**267**—**268**—**269**—**270**—**271**—**272**—**273**—**274**—**275**—**276**—**277**—**278**—**279**—**280**—**281**—**282**—**283**—**284**—**285**—**286**—**287**—**288**—**289**—**290**—**291**—**292**—**293**—**294**—**295**—**296**—**297**—**298**—**299**—**300**—**301**—**302**—**303**—**304**—**305**—**306**—**307**—**308**—**309**—**310**—**311**—**312**—**313**—**314**—**315**—**316**—**317**—**318**—**319**—**320**—**321**—**322**—**323**—**324**—**325**—**326**—**327**—**328**—**329**—**330**—**331**—**332**—**333**—**334**—**335**—**336**—**337**—**338**—**339**—**340**—**341**—**342**—**343**—**344**—**345**—**346**—**347**—**348**—**349**—**350**—**351**—**352**—**353**—**354**—**355**—**356**—**357**—**358**—**359**—**360**—**361**—**362**—**363**—**364**—**365**—**366**—**367**—**368**—**369**—**370**—**371**—**372**—**373**—**374**—**375**—**376**—**377**—**378**—**379**—**380**—**381**—**382**—**383**—**384**—**385**—**386**—**387**—**388**—**389**—**390**—**391**—**392**—**393**—**394**—**395**—**396**—**397**—**398**—**399**—**400**—**401**—**402**—**403**—**404**—**405**—**406**—**407**—**408**—**409**—**410**—**411**—**412**—**413**—**414**—**415**—**416**—**417**

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MONDAY MORNING

SEPTEMBER 25, 1916.

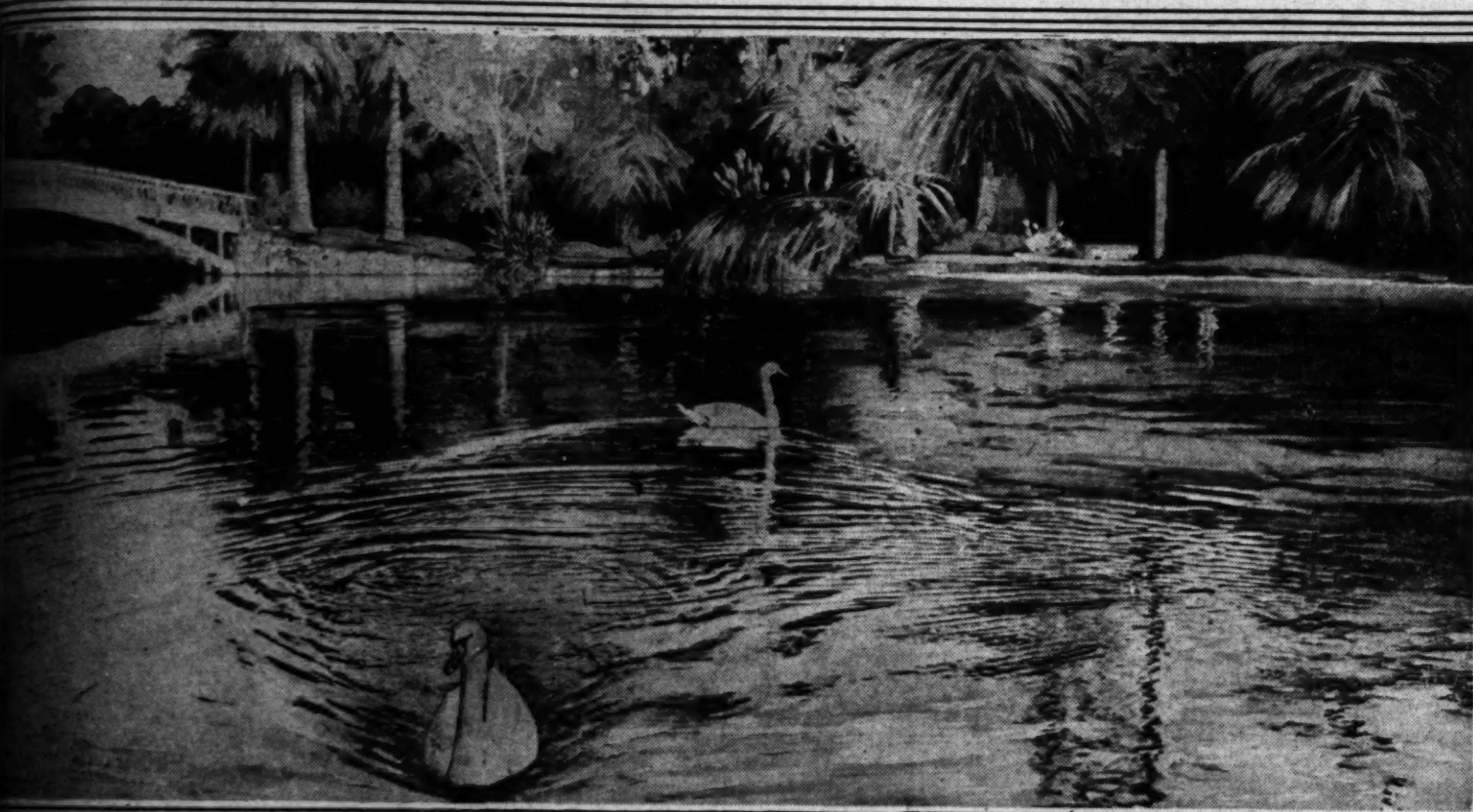
LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

THE
MAGAZINE

OF THE FAR-FLUNG SOUTHWEST ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Where Swans Disport Themselves in Hollenbeck Park.



By W. H. Torrey

California, land of the setting sun

Who Lost These Heads at Long Beach?



By Bill Wheeler

With The Los Angeles Sunday Times for September 24, 1916, The Magazine is also mailed separately to any address ordered. (See Page 3.)

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TREVINO DENIES RUMORS
HE IS TO BE SUPPLANTED

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—
Active picketing of the
transit lines which have

MONDAY MORNING

In the Ultimate West.

Illus

TEN CENTS.



[Photo by E. F. Conrad]

A Bit of Westlake Park.

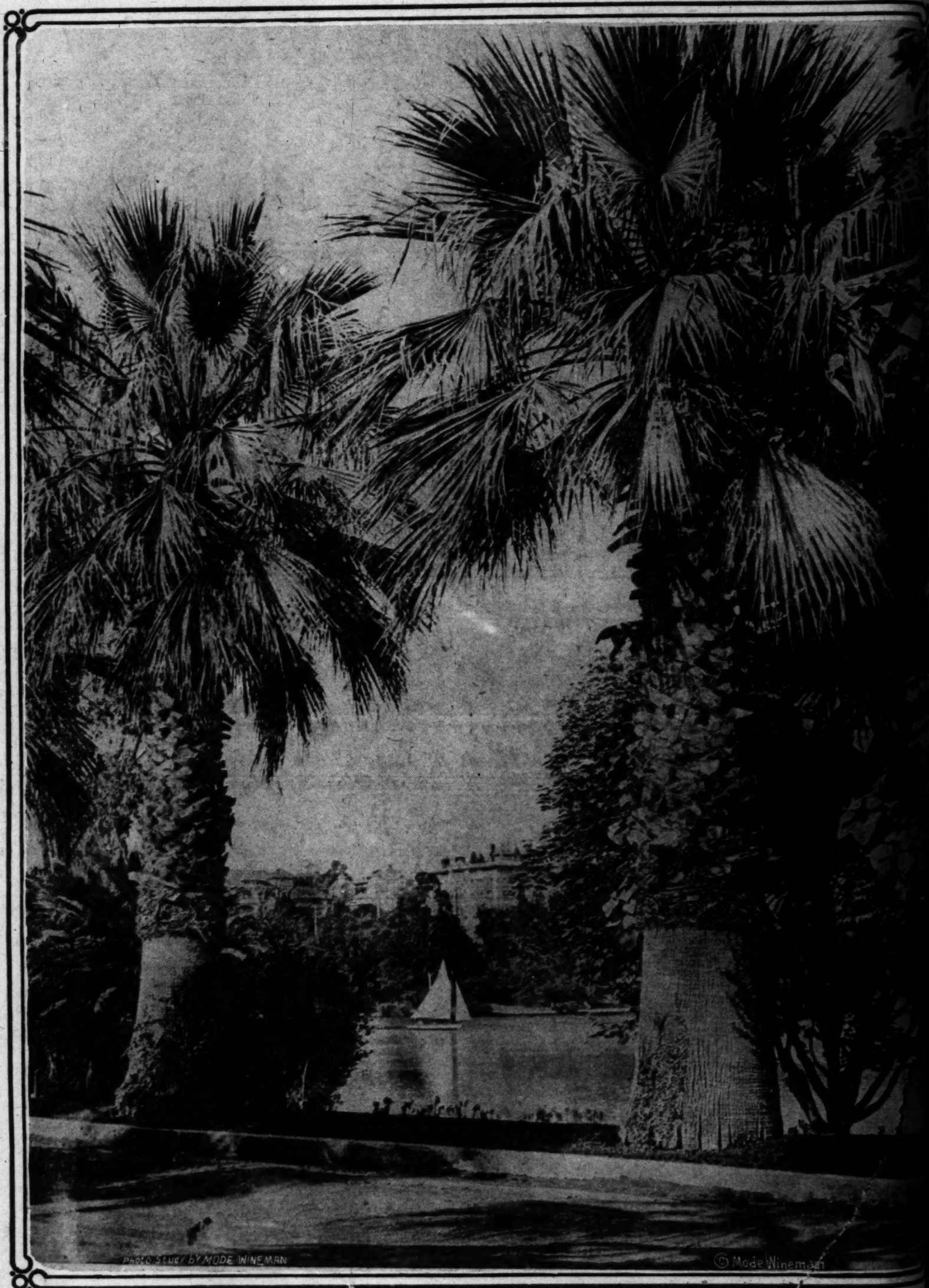


PHOTO STUDY BY MODE WINE MAN

© Mode Winemakers

(Photo by E. F. Conrad)

Union Oil Stock
Producers' Transportation

was 63c per bbl., many California oil companies paid dividends of from 12 to 30 per cent. per year. With higher prices for crude dividends should be greater than ever. And it is probable

Los Angeles
201 Citizens' Bank Bldg

310 East 9

shel being shot dead,
Venice is to have another inven-
tion into the sale of liquor at
cafes.

Los Angeles Times

In the Ultimate West.

Our Pacific Sea Empir



Illustrated Weekly Magazine

TEN CENTS.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1916.

1781-1916.

A Summer Cabin in the Sierra Madre.

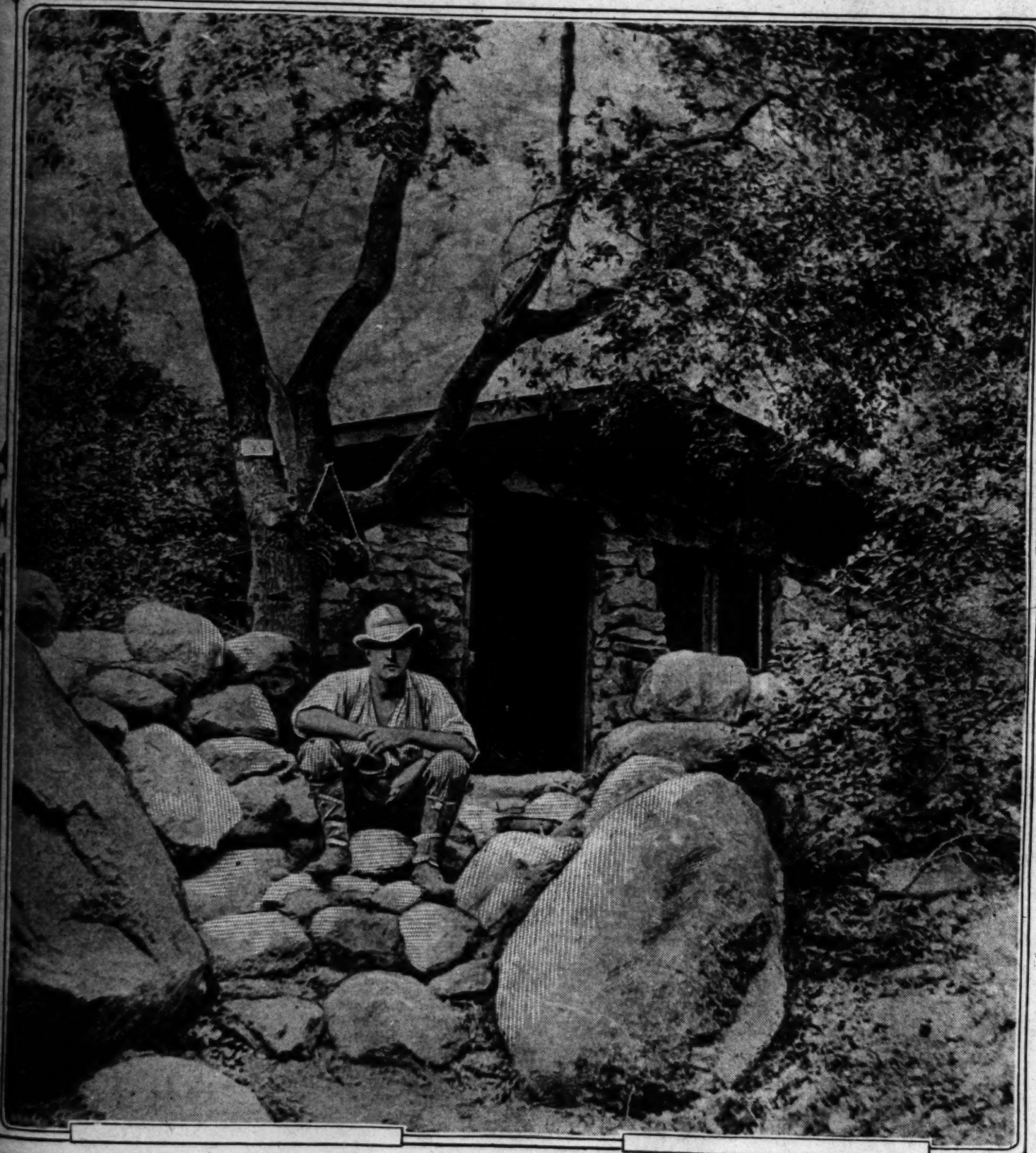


Photo by E. A. Conrad

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Los Angeles Times
210 East Columbia

D & CO HIGH GRADE BOOKS

being shot dead.
Voice is to have another investiga-
into the sale of liquor at the
a number of juveniles having
arrested and held for further

Russians took prisoner 1500 Aus-
trians and Germans. In the Car-
pathians several positions have been
retaken by the Teutonic allies. In
Rumania the fighting has died down

TREVINO DENIES RUMORS
HE IS TO BE SUPPLANTED

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—
Active picketing of the

Saturday, September 23, 1916.]

THE TIMES MAGAZINE.

19th Year—New Series. Volume X, No. 13. Single Copies, by mail or at News Agencies, 10c. Established Dec. 5, 1897. Reconstructed Jan. 6, 1912; Jan. 4, 1913; May 31, 1913; March 27, 1915. Average Circulation Weekly, 103,000.



OBJECTS, SCOPE AND AIMS.

Devoted to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the Home, the Garden, the Farm, and the Range. Not partisan-political in character or affiliation, it is an independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, exploration and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of Liberty, Law and Freedom in the Industries, holding up the hands of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of Home, Country and Civilization. Californian in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire." The Illustrated Weekly is delivered to all subscribers of the Sunday Times—more than 103,000 in number—and being complete in itself, is also served separate and apart from The Times news sheets when desired. Advertising rates based on circulation. Write or ask for them. The Illustrated Weekly is under the editorial direction of HARRISON GRAY OTIS, and is published by THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, New Times Building, Price, with the Sunday Times, \$3.50 a year; without, \$2.60 a year in advance, post-paid. Sample copies mailed free on request. A Weekly Greeting: A handsome present to a distant friend is a yearly mail subscription to the Sunday Times, including the comprehensive, superb and surprising Midwinter Number for 1916 and the Illustrated Weekly (52 copies), making in all 105 distinct issues for \$3.65. A quarterly mail subscription to both (13 copies of each) will cost only \$1.00, post paid. An extra copy of the Weekly will be sent 3 months to any separate address, post-paid, for 65 cents or 6 months for \$1.30 in advance. To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found available; otherwise the return is not guaranteed. Entered as second-class matter, January 6, 1912, at Los Angeles (Cal.) P. O., under Act of March 3, 1879.

THE CITY AND THE COAST.

LOS ANGELES county leads the State by more than two to one in the ownership of automobiles. It also leads in good roads.

LOS ANGELES is to have a model farm to show what this country can do. That will be profitable but it is hardly necessary. Any farm around here will do that.

WHEN the great Hindoo poet, Tagore, comes to Los Angeles, he will find a land as much in the sun as India, but one as green as Ireland and as tropical as the South Sea isles.

THIS is the climate ideal for out-of-door babies. The little rascals never require shoes or stockings. All they need is one mother by day and at night a roof with no walls around it.

NIGHT tennis is one of the latest joys in Los Angeles. There is no reason why there should not also be open-air dancing pavilions and electrically illumined croquet courts here.

PROBABLY next week will find Los Angeles children reconciled to the fact that school has begun again, but a week ago most of them were sure that vacation was just getting a good start.

THE old Belasco theater has been reopened with good stock plays at marked-down prices and the stage in Los Angeles will proceed to throw its illuminating rays at almost moving-picture rates.

DENISHAWN was robbed one night last week. About \$1000 worth of household goods were spirited away in a deadly material fashion. You cannot down a Los Angeles man or institution. On the night of the robbery Mr. Shawn and Miss St. Denis, the proprietors, gave a dance-pagant at Shrine Auditorium worth a good deal more than a thousand dollars.

Charges That Hold.

THE Bache Review, published weekly in New York, in the number dated September 2 arraigned the labor oligarchy for threatening to strike and tie up all the industries of the country, thus bringing untold suffering and distress upon all the people, and death to many, and most of these sick and weak persons and young children. This review holds that the labor power is already too great. It says that when any power becomes too great "the people rise up and smash it." It alleges that this power of the labor vote comes from the weakness of politicians, and then it goes on and arraigns the politicians of the present administration for their cowardly submission to the dictates of these greedy railroad men in a way that is decidedly vigorous, and every charge against them will hold in the minds of the American people. We quote the counts made against the administration and its subservient politicians as follows:

"That is why we have on the statute books—
"The Seaman's Bill which stabbed the progress of a great American merchant marine.
"The Clayton antitrust prohibitions from which labor trusts are exempt, making possible such a hold-up as now exists.
"The Tavenner amendment forbidding efficiency in government work.
"And many other class measures.
"That is why the threat of a great railroad strike which has been hanging over the country for two months or more with certainty of trouble coming, and which could have been prevented by legislation, did not receive any attention from the government or Congress until the edge had been reached.
"That is why the saving principle of arbitration has been given a body blow by the President's ignoring it. At the very first session with the strike threateners, which was held behind closed doors, he espoused their cause and refused to insist, as his power would have enabled him to do, upon arbitration, which is the only just, the only fair-to-both-sides method of settling big or little labor disputes."

Booming Business.

RECORDS for August exports from San Francisco closed a new mark for the month just made. The figures amounted to \$12,686,224. The month's imports were worth \$7,894,074. The exports for last August were more than twice those for the same month a year ago.

September 9, imports of gold into New York amounted to \$10,000,000 for the day. This consignment was preceded earlier in the week by \$35,000,000, making a total of something like \$270,000,000 received at that city from abroad since last May. These are huge figures, and stand for a booming condition of business in the country generally. The clearing-house banks and trust companies issued a statement on the same day that this \$10,000,000 arrived in New York. This report showed that these institutions held \$69,801,070 reserves in excess of the legal requirement. Of course it is nice to have all the money likely to be needed on hand, but the encouraging thing about this statement of the New York clearinghouse was that these figures showed a decrease of \$26,028,070 for the week closing September 9. The loans and discounts showed an increase of away over \$13,000,000, but the reserves were more than \$400,000,000.

We shall need every dollar we have and every one we can get when the war is over to stand up to the scratch against the fierce competition for world trade that will be made by the belligerent countries of Europe as soon

as peace is established. War is a great arouser of vitality, and every man coming out of the trenches will be a new man, with new impulses, new initiative and new power in every drop of blood in his veins. The women's hands will be added to those of the men in the industries of the Old World, and every nerve will be strained to win back lost trade in order to pay off the debts of the belligerent nations and to make it possible for the people to live in any kind of comfort.

A Bit "Techy"?

WE HAVE received from one of the half-million readers of this Illustrated Weekly Magazine a note of criticism, on the whole good-natured and not lacking in intelligence. The writer finds fault with an article appearing in this magazine based upon a news item in the daily edition of the paper stating the fact that a carload of rich young women had left Pasadena to attend schools in the East. We urged the fact upon the consideration of all that there was no necessity of leaving California to seek an education anywhere, and that the climate of the State furnished a solid argument for keeping young people here.

The criticism in question acknowledges the correctness of this position, but takes umbrage at a remark in our editorial which referred to the East as "a semi-foreign country." We acknowledge that the expression might have been better changed to an entirely strange country. We write now to assure the critic and all others that we meant no possible disrespect to any part of our country. Yes, we are Americans and love all America ardently, and would fight "tooth and tongue" for any part of our common heritage.

Now, having made this apology to our kind and intelligent reader, we want to put in a word in self-defense—not in excuse. What is the difference between strange and foreign? Little or none radically. Foreign has for its root a Latin word "foris," meaning outside. Stranger has for its final root "ek," a Greek preposition meaning about the same thing as the Latin word above, appearing in Latin as "extra," and "extraneous" is a derivative of it. So we find the French word for foreign is "etranger," the Italian, "straniero," and the Spanish, "extranjero." These are all Latin tongues, of course. Let us go to the Teuton language. There we find the word foreign "fremd" and one of the meanings of this word is "strange."

Now if we had used the word outlandish, of which the German equivalent is "auslandisch," there would have been a broader excuse for the criticism of our reader. But another synonym in German for the word foreign is "ausheimlich," and there is the sense in which we used the word foreign in the article in question.

In this sense we think we are excusable, and the letter in question excuses it, for the writer says in excuse for pupils going East: "These girls who go East have many of them never seen the East. It is a novel change, offers a new atmosphere, new scenery, different vegetation, different architecture." Now if that is not a strange country to them, what would constitute a strange one?

No, the writer of the editorial in question is very ardent in his Americanism. He knows his America very well, from the beautiful hills of New England and from the beautiful banks of the Hudson, which he thinks is the most fascinating river that flows from the hills to the sea on this globe of ours, out through beautiful Western New York and through Pennsylvania with her hills from which flows the blue Juniata, and on out through Ohio and

the Western States, through Wisconsin with her beautiful lakes and Minnesota, with her grand woods, and following the setting sun still, he knows the Rocky Mountains in all their grandeur, the Yellowstone Park, the Royal Gorge, the Yosemite Valley, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and so on up and down the Coast. He has floated on the lordly Columbia and also upon Puget Sound when the moonlight was shining on the snow-capped peaks that are mirrored in its bosom in the daytime, and he loves every inch of America with an ardent, undying admiration and love that challenges comparison with that of any other citizen of the country.

Great Melting Pot.

THE United States, which is the recipient in ordinary times of a million immigrants or more per annum, representing all sorts and conditions of men, ignorant and intelligent, and foolish, vicious and moral, and with all the other virtues and vices of humanity ingrained in their nature, needs a big melting pot to reduce this heterogeneous mass to anything like a homogeneous citizenship.

The public school is the big melting pot for the young people among the immigrants, and nobly and well it fills its function. In spite of the environment of these immigrants in old countries, and in spite of the handicap of the environment in this country in the homes of their parents, the public schools as a general rule soon reduce the mass of crude ore to a purified condition.

The trouble is that the grown-ups have no such influence as the public schools cast about them. The process of assimilation is much more difficult with the grown-up men and women who come to us from foreign lands. This fact has impressed itself upon many of our best people, and in many of our cities where this horde of foreign immigrants accumulate night schools have been established to reduce this crude ore and reduce it to shape.

The United States Bureau of Education has sent Dr. Frederick E. Huntington to San Francisco to work in such a night school in that city. Heaven with its eye wide open to the man affairs knows that perhaps of the cities of America San Francisco stands in as much need of such a melting pot as any.

An Extravagant People.

COMPILATIONS by a trade paper devoted to automobiles show that on the 1st of July the motor cars and trucks registered in the United States numbered nearly 3,000,000. The figure is startling enough in itself, but the compilation goes on to show an increase of more than 500,000 in the year, January 1 to July 1, of the current year. California comes fifth in the list with 189,082 cars, just a few less than Illinois, not many less than Ohio, and running so close to Pennsylvania that there is scarcely any difference between them.

There is a great temptation to say that a machine, and, of course, the automobile, is an economy rather than an extravagance. A good motor car takes the place of several teams, each requiring at least one man to handle, saving time, making for breakage, and in every way leading to a great economy.

Nor would we say a word to discourage the owning and use of an automobile for family or individual purposes, provided the owner is not crippling himself in his business by the indulgence. There is an awful lot of capital in automobiles, but on the contrary they give employment to a vast number of persons who earn wages. The driver of an automobile is a good deal better paid person than

the driver of a team, has a superior place. An automobile is a great saver of time, too, in many of affairs.

The objection to the automobile is where the owner is heavily in debt for the purchase of this great luxury. Where the case, let the wheels go, surely there is more than enough automobile ride. It is the warrior who said there is health in every drop, that the vine. There never was wine that had as much health in it as the wine of life that flows into the veins of every Californian automobile.

Fodder for Hens.

WHEN a man had a cornfield full of nickels and cents, he was wont to speak of his money rather scornfully as chicken feed. In these days chicken feed is real money at a maddening price, the problem of making yearning poultry pay its bill is sometimes a matter of leonic finance.

The modern poultry raiser not help but envy the old farmer who turned a flock loose on his place and then them to shift for themselves, roosted in trees, laid eggs in the haymow and dirt on bugs and the waste of field. A big bunch of hens, neither trouble nor expense, gathered as many of the eggs could find. There were plenty for the table and the baking left for the market. If the rooster yielded his life to a festive board, occasional would sneak away and lay eggs in some secluded spot out being missed would grow up with a husky and promising of a dozen or fifteen young of whom were proud to call him even if they did not resemble whole lot. They quickly grew to fryers and oftentimes the poultry of the farm would lead a neat little side line that the farmer not at all, and often him up quite a bit—especially came to him in the form of a hen.

But when a man confines his investment of money to a chicken ranch he there are a lot of angles to that he wot not of. In the when folks actually began to climb the price of chicken fodder the price of a hen was also a price—and there was no war on either. Wheat took the corn as a staple, because it farther and was not so heating wheat was boosted in price and fanciers took to barley—wheat so extensively that it is now neck and neck with wheat. Since rolled barley became a staple for a wet mash for pigs has more than doubled in price, wise milo maize and Egyptian Kaffir corn have climbed high to worry the hen rancher.

But aside from these staples the daily menu of the pampered aristocratic hen of today has to have a raft of luxuries, delicatessen stuff, as it were, large business houses that are big but invent new brands of peevish poultry. The new fancier not only has to set a table for his feverish horde but he must run a drug store. He ought to be not only an athlete but a chemist as well, to be able to take a hen's temper

Western States, through Wisconsin her beautiful lakes and Minnesota, with her grand woods, and following the setting sun still, he knows the Rocky Mountains in all their grandeur. The Yellowstone Park, the Royal the Yosemite Valley, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and so on up to the Coast. He has floated the lordly Columbia and also upon Sound when the moonlight was on the snow-capped peaks that mirrored in its bosom in the day, and he loves every inch of his life with an ardent, undying adoration and love that challenges comparison with that of any other citizen country.

Great Melting Pot.

THE United States, which is the recipient in ordinary times of a million immigrants or more per annum, presenting all sorts and conditions of men, ignorant and intelligent, wise and foolish, vicious and moral, and all the other virtues and vices of humanity ingrained in their nature, is a big melting pot to reduce such heterogeneous mass to anything like homogeneous citizenship.

The public school is the big melting pot for the young people among these immigrants, and nobly and well it fulfills its function. In spite of the environment of these immigrants in the countries, and in spite of the handicaps of the environment in this country, the homes of their parents, the public schools as a general rule might reduce the mass of crude ore to a refined condition.

The trouble is that the grown-up people have no such influence as the public schools cast about them. The process of assimilation is much more slow among the grown-up men and women who come to us from foreign lands. The fact has impressed itself upon many of our best people, and in many of our cities where this horde of foreign immigrants accumulate, night schools have been established to melt this crude ore and reduce it to a refined condition.

The United States Bureau of Education has sent Dr. Frederick E. Farnham to San Francisco to work for a night school in that city. Even with its eye wide open to human affairs, it knows that perhaps of all cities of America San Francisco needs in as much need of such a melting pot as any.

An Extravagant People.

COMPILATIONS by a trade paper devoted to automobiles show on the 1st of July the motor cars trucks registered in the United States numbered nearly 3,000,000. This is a startling enough figure in itself, but the compilation goes on to show an increase of more than 500,000 in the half-year, January 1 to July 1, of the current year. California comes fifth in the list, with 189,082 cars, just a few less than Ohio, not many less than Pennsylvania, and is scarcely any difference at all. There is a great temptation to own a motor car, and, of course, the motor car is an economy rather than an extravagance. A good motor truck is the place of several two-horse teams, each requiring at least one man to handle, saving time, making less leakage, and in every way being a great economy.

Or would we say a word to discourage the owning and use of an automobile for family or individual purposes, provided the owner is not indulging himself in his business with indulgence. There is an awful lot of capital in automobiles, but on the contrary they give employment to a number of persons who earn good wages. The driver of an automobile is a good deal better paid person than

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the driver of a team, has a nicer position, and in every way occupies a much superior place. An automobile is a great saver of time, too, for the busy man of affairs.

The objection to the owning of a machine is where the owner goes heavily in debt for the indulgence in this great luxury. Where this is not the case, let the wheels go round, for surely there is more than joy in the automobile ride. It is like that old warrior who said there is "life and health in every drop, thanksgiving to the vine." There never was a drop of wine that had as much health and life in it as the wine of life that has gotten into the veins of every Californian who has an automobile.

Fodder for Hens.

WHEN a man had a couple of fistfuls of nickels and dimes he was wont to speak of his holdings rather scornfully as chicken feed.

In these days chicken feed runs into real money at a maddening pace and the problem of making a herd of earning poultry pay its own board bill is sometimes a matter of Napoleonic finance.

The modern poultry rancher cannot help but envy the old-fashioned farmer who turned a flock of hens loose on his place and then suffered them to shift for themselves. They roosted in trees, laid eggs in fence corners or the haymow and dined heartily on bugs and the waste of the wheat field. A big bunch of hens might be a trouble nor expense. The wife gathered as many of the eggs as she could find. There were plenty of them for the table and the baking and some left for the market. If the preacher came to dinner a stalwart young master yielded his life to grace the dinner board. Occasionally a hen would sneak away and lay a mess of eggs in some secluded spot and without being missed would presently turn up with a husky and promising family of a dozen or fifteen young chicks, all of whom were proud to call her mother, even if they did not resemble her a whole lot. They quickly grew up into fryers and oftentimes the undressed poultry of the farm would dress the leading lady. All in all, poultry made a neat little side line that bothered the farmer not at all, and often cheered him up quite a bit—especially when it came to him in the form of pot pie.

But when a man specializes and confines his investment of time and money to a chicken ranch he finds that there are a lot of angles to the game that he wot not of. In the first place when folks actually began to buy chicken fodder the price began to climb. As one looked for substitutes or cheaper grades they also advanced in price—and there was no war to blame it on either. Wheat took the place of corn as a staple, because it would go farther and was not so heating. When wheat was boosted in price chicken fanciers took to barley—went for it so extensively that it is now running neck and neck with wheat in cost. Since rolled barley became a basic staple for a wet mash for poultry it has more than doubled in price. Like milo maize and Egyptian and kafir corn have climbed high enough to worry the hen rancher.

But aside from these standards on the daily menu the pampered and aristocratic hen of today thinks she has to have a raft of luxuries—regular delicatessen stuff, as it were. There are large business houses that do nothing but invent new brands of dope to keep the gizzards of invalid or over-rich poultry. The new chicken fancier not only has to set a swell table for his feverish horde of hens but he must run a drug store as well. He ought to be not only an all-around athlete but a chemist as well. He must be able to take a hen's temperature,

feel of her pulse and prepare the proper prescription for pip, rubberneck and lost motherhood. There are a thousand and one brands of fodder, bone builders and egg stimulants that were unknown a generation ago. When a hen sits down to a hearty meal in these frivolous times its costs about as much as a luncheon at the Alexandria Grill.

Some folks complain at paying 40 cents a dozen for eggs, but the party owning the hens is ready to make affidavit that they cost him 39 cents and it ought to be worth a cent to gather and market the crop and keep his birds good-natured. The price of food rations to make the best eggs is something scandalous.

Neither does there seem to be any notable profit in supplying poultry for the table unless it can be delivered as the earliest run of broilers and fryers. In mid-season there is small chance to get rich, and, as usual, it is the producer of poultry that gets the short end of the play. It grieves him sorely to part with his yearlings at 10 cents a pound and then see them turn up in the market as young roasters or large fryers at 40 cents a pound.

There is good money in the poultry business—in a big way; also there is an immense advantage in the little household flock which can furnish the table with meat and eggs the year round, but no one need embark in the hen industry with the idea that it is a carefree and easy life with a big bunch of boodle at the day's loafing. No such thing!

Muckrakers to the Rescue.

FROM San Francisco comes the news that a great merger is on foot which will absorb all the canning industries of the Coast. This includes both fish canning and fruit canning. It has been engineered in New York, and the corporation is to be known as the California Fruit Products Company and to have a capitalization of \$50,000,000. The deal is reported to be underwritten, and the consolidation assured.

The time was, not so long ago, when an item like this would have set the whole country in an uproar. Every muckraker between the two seas would have reared up on his little end, opened his big mouth, and yelled like a thousand coyotes in a canyon. Trust-busters would have joined the muckrakers in the hue and cry, and, as the sailors say, there would have been "the devil to pay and no pitch ready."

And lo, this announcement of this great combination passed without a word of protest or a howl, which made one wonder if all the muckrakers were dead, and if all the trust-busters spoiling for a fight had emigrated to Europe and gone into the trenches. Not a word was heard about undesirable citizens, or tainted wealth, or any of the other shibboleths of the crowd so hostile a few years ago to business. Populists and Democrats of the new school were loudest in their howl against big business, and they were followed by the aggressive Progressives of the country, each one vying with the others as to who would make the most noise against any such merger as this proposed.

Well, there is a national campaign on, to culminate in about seven weeks more, and of course the prospect of votes makes every politician good-natured to everybody who has one, and the muckraking crowd are going to need more than they will get to land them in a place of lucrative emolument after next November.

[Detroit Free Press:] "They're old-fashioned people."
"In what way?"
"They still have fried potatoes and pork chops for breakfast."

The Glass of Fashion.

BY EUGENE BROWN.

ANOTHER window carnival has been filed away in the chambers of recollection, and troubled husbands again emerge into the gaudy light of day. The fall fashion show is considered by many as a local institution but there have been exhibitions of toggery ever since the universe was a baby.

Back in the days when Madame Eve acquired the fig leaf habit whenever the joyous spring time beamed over the hills she would coyly lead Adam to the southwest forty of the Eden rancho to see what the sturdy Damascus fig was putting forth in the way of new greenery. Together they would pluck the freshest and brightest leaves from the foliage and with that the spring shopping of the family would be complete. Presumably Eve's gown was made by fastening the leaves one to another with their own stems until the garment was complete, but that is merely speculation, as ancient writ contains few chapters on dress-making or millinery. Probably Eve's skirt held together all right as long as the wind did not blow from Santa Ana way. But with a stiff southeaster stirring she had to stay under cover or take desperate chance of losing her glad regalia. However, as long as the fig trees maintained their rich foliage restoration and repair was easy. So far as known Adam experienced none of the purse pangs to which modern husbands are exposed. Yet Eve was the best dressed woman of her time and they do say that her going-away gown was a dream. She was a regular bird of paradise.

There are hints of fashion shows in still more venerable days—in the times of the mound builders and cliff dwellers, for instance. When Shag, the cave man, met the massive broncho-saurus and slew the animal with his stone hammer after a bloody and desperate battle lasting the better part of the day he bore the pelt away in triumph and hung it in front of his rocky habitation. There it was seen by envious neighbors. Googoo, the wife of Panthax, the cliff dweller, asked Zumzum, the wife of Shag, what it was. "Tis a new fall wrap Shag brought for me," answered Zumzum proudly. "Is that so?" sneered Googoo. "I thought it was your husband's old pants."
"Nothing of the kind," retorted Zumzum. "It's worth a thousand bones if it's worth a seed and the fur is going to be all the rage next season. If your lazy husband would leave liquor alone he might get you a neck-piece like it."

"I'd not be seen at a dog fight with it," returned Googoo. "They're not wearing anything but megatherium this season." Panthax, who had been sitting in the doorway of his home, had overheard the remarks about himself. Now he shook the ashes from his pipe and came down. "Kape away from that old cat," he exclaimed to his wife in purest Cliffenese.

"Oh Shag!" roars Zumzum to her husband, who is within the cave recuperating from his command. "Are ye going to sit still while this drunken pup of a Panthax calls the wife of your bosom an old cat?" Forthwith Shag grabs his ponderous hammer and rushes forth. Panthax soaks him in the slats with a nine-pound rock and the battle is on.

The first fashion show had broken up in a row.

Envy and extravagance appeared to disagreeably blend in the early style exhibits. The meeting of Henry VIII of England and Francis I of France on the Field of the Cloth of Gold was another vast fashion show and for a month the smart dames and the swell guys of the foremost nations of the time vied with each other by day and night in their display of silks, satins, jewels, plumes and precious stones. The beauty and chivalry of two kingdoms met in friendly rivalry, each showing its most glittering togs and dazzling jewels. Before they got through numerous reputations were marred and sundry private jealousies permanently established, but in the main the fashion show amenities were improved over previous performances.

The modern fashion show doesn't break any hearts. It may put a dent in the pocket-book or set a man back a bit with his banker, but otherwise it is quite a genial and sunny affair for all concerned. There seems to be a definite reason for its being. It becomes a sort of a clearinghouse for

styles; a kind of a break-the-news-to-mother function. It saves a lot of people from making mistakes—from getting something that they grow sore about afterward. Some dames would prefer to be dead rather than a foot and a half behind the most advanced styles, but there is a happy medium to which the vast majority turn. They want to be fashionable without being sensational.

The style show helps them all. Some of the stuff seen in this Los Angeles plate-glass carnival was a bit daring, but there are dames and demoiselles who go after it and cry for more. They will even riot before the camera in it. A girl with a skirt looking like three layers of pink toadstools will go deliberately forth and have her picture taken while climbing a tree.

The fashion show is more of a home industry of late. The men milliners of Paris are so busy massacring their fellow-humans on the battle front that they have no time for designs on a lady. The styles we have are chiefly of the made-in-America-for-the-American-maid sort. They are not quite as venturesome as were occasional outbursts of French designers and a fairy could wear most anything shown on Broadway this season without starting a riot or a flirtation.

As near as a coarse and casual man can make out, girls this season are going to be both plentiful and good. Neither blonde nor brunette has the edge on the game. There are experts playing them both straight and for place. When we are with blondes we are crazy about them and when with brunettes—well, we are positively nutty.

The dear things are not going to be as gaily carapasoned as in some seasons. There are certain dazzling colors that are denied them. The Germans seem to have the only thing in dyestuffs for those shades and the blooming Britishers won't allow them to send them across the pond.

Skirts are going to be worn a little longer than usual—possibly two weeks longer, but not much.

Checks are still in excellent form—the form of cashier's check issued by the national bank being especially popular.

Most street gowns are trimmed with fur. What fur? Bear skin.

The new cloaks flare at the bottom like a circus tent. A little spritz of a girl weighing about ninety pounds will drape herself in seventeen yards of fuzzy stuff with the hide of a dead polecat surrounding the top layer of the same. At that she can be right in the heart of fashion row.

Corsets are going to waist, but it is well to have gloves on hand.

The new lids for the ladies are small and not extensively trimmed. It would be possible for men to wear some of the patterns offered without being pinched.

The principal thing is to dress as well as you can afford and always pay for what you wear. With that in mind we looked the fashion show over and think you can go as far as you like.

There's nothing that hurts.

Confounded Them.

[San Francisco News Letter:] Obsessed by the squalling of her infantile charges, the nursemaid inadvertently engineered the pram on to the gouty toe of the irascible clubman. And the old boy, after the inevitable swear word, growled savagely: "They're twins, aren't they?" "Yes, the dears!" gushed their guardian, admiringly. "And they're so much alike, you may easily confound one with the other." "May I?" blared the testy old hunk. "Then confound 'em both!" And he limped off to the club to write something sarcastic about a declining birth-rate.

Slew Him.

[Farm Life:] "What is the difference—" began the Cheerful Idiot.

Everybody but the grim-looking man arose and left.

"What is the difference," he went underterredly on, "between somebody placing wearing apparel in a saratoga, and a bloke bound with a bad cold?"

The grim-looking man said nothing, but drew a pistol stealthily from his hip pocket. "One is a trunk packer and the other is a punk tracker."

(We draw a veil over the sickening details.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23.—Following is the list of price ranges today on the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange:



PLUS de poilus. This is the order reported as gone out from the General Staff of the French army—that every soldier must be clean-shaven hereafter. The report was at once contradicted.

Did ever any people love their soldiers as the French do? As a French man or woman, boy or girl or child, in any rank of society, in any station of life, utters the words "Nos petits soldats" they roll off of the tongue with a soft, musical sound of a lover speaking to his sweetheart.

And surely the French have a right to love their little soldiers. They have covered the nation over and over again with the glory of victory in war, which, after all, is the glory most envied and coveted by nations even to this day. The little soldiers of France have done more than cover the nation with glory. They have protected the soil of France from invasion from abroad several times in the history of the country. They are fighting now with an ardor, courage, skill and effectiveness which is holding back even the great masses of the German army, so thoroughly trained, so full of bravery and determination to win, backed as they are by the great howitzers and defended by innumerable machine guns.

The reason assigned for commanding the French soldiers to shave their faces at the present time was to prevent the disease, which attack the army from the bites of vermin. Think of many thousands of men buried for days, weeks and months, in trenches more than forty feet below the surface of the ground, full of dampness and the accumulating filth of a multitude equal

to the population of a big town, crowded together in a space only a few feet wide and sometimes less than a mile in length. Nearly half a hundred varieties of vermin have attacked the soldiers under these conditions, so that the order to shave is merely one of hygiene.

The reported command to the French soldiers to shave brings up to the minds of humanity the whole subject of beards. In the first place, there is something racial about this hirsute adornment of the human face, and whiskers go with the Aryan races more than with the others. The dark-skinned races are not bearded as a rule. The North American Indian bears a face as naked as a woman's. The black races of Africa are also for the most part beardless. So are the yellow races of China, and the Japanese have very scant hair growth on their faces.

In this way it will be seen that beards go with conquering races and are in a way concomitant with civilization. Go back as far as you like in human history, and you will find the Assyrians with immense beards looking like Italian cypresses growing top downward. So you follow the Aryan races broadly in their history and you find them generally bearded. The old division of Shem, Ham and Japheth is now regarded as a fable. Did not the Jews, who are generally regarded as Semites, come from the great plains of Mesopotamia, the same land that produced the Persians? The Turks came from about the headwaters of the Euphrates or the Tigris, and the Tartars from farther east along the great wall of China, but were not Mongolians.

The Greeks were a bearded race, and they rolled back the tide of Asiatic invasion in Europe several times. They were the greatest conquerors of their time, and the greatest colonists; too. There were very few beardless Greeks whose faces have come down to us in authentic pictures. Homer was bearded, Miltiades had whiskers like the Gorgon's hair, Lysander wore hair and beard as long as an American Populist. Alexander the Great was one of the few beardless Greeks. Aristotle was another, but Aristides and Alcibiades made up for them, and as for Archimedes, while he was bald on top, his whiskers flowed over his cheeks and chin, reminding one of Niagara. Euripides was bearded, and Demosthenes wore

a short-cropped, carefully-cultivated beard. Plutarch wore a beard like a lot of foxes' tails hanging around his chin, while Pindar's beard reminded one again of the hair hanging from the Gorgon's head. Pericles, like the elegant man he was, wore a handsome beard carefully trimmed. Thucydides and Socrates are about the least comely men which Greek history furnishes the faces of. They both wore scraggy, unkempt beards, very much alike.

The Romans, who followed the Greeks in history and conquered them, might have been bearded, but were not. They were the first civilized race who took to razors. They were not all beardless. Among the noted Romans who wore beards were Tacitus, Lucrilius, Livy, Sallust and a few others. They impressed their way of wearing their faces clean upon after-generations in Western Europe, and this custom has come over to America. Cicero was a bare-faced rogue. Neither the first Caesar nor any of his followers wore a bit of beard. And this is a characteristic of the French and the English in after ages. Napoleon and most of his generals were clean-shaven. So were the English soldiers, in their leaders, at least, and so they are to this day. The mustache came in as a facial adornment somewhere in the Middle Ages, and has been continued since.

The Americans have been a clean-shaven race as a general rule. Washington had as little beard as Cicero or Napoleon, and your Eagle, who is quite conversant with American history, recalls none of the Revolutionary generals who wore a beard. Of course in the Civil War Grant wore a full beard, and so did several others of the Union generals. As to the American Presidents, the only ones your Eagle recalls were the great Lincoln, who shaved his upper lip, and Garfield, who wore a full beard, also Grant, Hayes, Arthur and Ben Harrison.

The Italians, following the rule of the Romans, have been clean-shaven. Ariosto, Dante, and of course Napoleon was really an Italian.

Going back to the English, the early peoples of the British Isles wore beards. Chaucer was bearded. Sebastian Cabot had whiskers that made him look like a Kansas Populist of a generation or two ago. Gen. Ireton, brother-in-law of Cromwell, who was sent over to subdue the Irish, wore a full

beard, and with it a very atrabilious manner, making him look like a discontented Puritan who expected the worst in the new world. Frobenius, the great explorer, was one of the few great seadogs who wore a long beard.

The Huns and Goths and Teutons of the present day are for the most part clean-shaven. The Kaiser and his mustache are a fashion affected very much by his countrymen and imitated in other lands, but not so their progenitors. Attila the Hun wore a beard like a chrysanthemum garden, looking as if it had never been cut by scissors. Charlemagne wore a full beard, and Frederick Barbarossa got his sobriquet from his long red beard. Otto the Great had whiskers that would make calling for a battleship.

Of course the Jews and the Turks wore whiskers. One of the most picturesque in history is that of Mehemet Ali, with a bunch out of both sides of his face like pillows without the covering. The Jews by the Mosaic law were forbidden to trim their beards at all, and in the early history of the world the central part of Asia furnished faces that would make Mr. Hughes of our own day look like a half-beardless boy.

There were some notable beards on the faces of noted men of the past. Walter Raleigh wore a Van Dyke beard carefully trimmed, as befitted the man who threw his cloak before the virgin Queen that she might walk through the mud without dirtying her shoes. Pope Adrian IV, the only Englishman ever occupying the papal throne and wearing the ring of the fulmen, is also the only successor of Peter whose face was adorned with a full beard. Gutenberg, to whom we are indebted for our printing, wore a beard that reached below his waistband. Runjeet Singh of Lahore in India had a beard so carefully brushed that it looked like a false one. So we come back to the French soldier with his beardless face which makes him in every antithesis of Shakespeare's soldier, "bearded like a pard" a pard being a leopard. Yours for the beard.



THE LANCER

ABOUT 15,000,000 despairing scenario writers, most of whom write to me to wield my lance on their behalf, insist that their bright ideas and plots are stolen by the wicked moving-picture producers. It seems that everyone who has had a scenario declined with thanks has subsequently seen his glittering original plot produced without acknowledgement or reward to him.

Which, of course, must be aggravating, but one can't help despising the wicked producer for the rotten plots he considers worth stealing in that case, and his amazing penchant for the same old plot, for which he apparently jeopardizes his soul with such sad frequency.

And, judging from most of the examples I've seen lately, I think those 15,000,000 authors ought to be ashamed of themselves for daring to offer such goods for theft. We can only suppose that the producers would steal good plots and ideas if they had the chance. I must confess I wouldn't pay for those scenarios myself. I'd want to be paid for the ignominy of producing 'em and having to shoulder the blame.

As the mere novelty of the movie wears off, we fans begin to realize that we have rights. We are getting a bit critical. Critics abuse the producers for the old stuff they continuously put over, same old police station, same old factory, same innocent factory girl pursued by evil foreman, same old villains, same wild pursuits, same accidents, same shots, same fires, re-mixed and dished

up to another title, but what is the poor producer to do if 15,000,000 authors frankly confess that is the kind of scenario they have been sending in, which is the logical assumption?

The scenario writers may yearn for the blood of producers but the public begins to yearn for the blood of the authors. Those scenario writers can best claim our sympathy by repudiating any connection with the sort of thing that is handed out to us most of the time, and insist that never a one of their bright, original ideas has received consideration.

When a burglar goes through all the anxieties and attendant embarrassments of robbing a bank, only to discover he has broken his back carrying home a sack of old rusty bent nails, our sympathies are with the burglar. We certainly should not feel like insisting that he ought to have bought 'em.

We pay our dime to see "the greatest drama of modern times" and find the same old baby or sick father dying, the same old doctor wagging the same old head, the same plutocratic mansion and the same fat butler, the same haughty villain and the same love-quivering hero, and we feel spoofed. If the scenario writers are bent upon claiming that these ideas belong to them, it is time they were arrested for being in unlawful possession of public property. Have they no fear? If this sort of thing continues to be unloaded upon us we shall form a movie-fans' union and go on strike, and start picketing the Bijou Dime Palaces for blackleg patrons.

Reputations.

A lady friend of mine is all keyed up because gossip has "assassinated her character." Confessing to rigid principles and rectitude, and being a professional person, she seems to feel that her "good name" must be above reproach.

But, dear lady, this is fame. You have now arrived. You take your place among the great. You are a celebrity. This is the public method of acknowledging your rise above the common herd. All great people have their characters assailed. Even I am not immune. Neither the President of

the United States nor your eminently worthy Lancer can escape this reward of distinction. You ought to hear how they talk about the President in Washington. He hasn't a shred of private character left. Premier Asquith of England, like most famous actors and actresses, like King George V, like the Czar of Russia, is saddled with a reputation for excessive drinking. Remember Good Queen Bess, the Virgin Queen! There wasn't an impropriety left which had not been saddled on her.

The dear public likes its celebrities shocking. They are quite assured that if they are not immoral they are not celebrities.

The Lillian Russells, the Nat Goodwins, the Nora Bayeses, the De Wolf Hoppers make a brilliant success of legalizing their moral caprices, thus satisfying the tastes of both shades of public opinion to a certain extent but not too much, but anyone who makes any sort of a success, be it actor, author, composer, society leader, bank president, or political nabob, finds Dame Rumor busy with his possible, probable improprieties. You have no idea how many respectable, domesticated business men in this city are saddled with seraglio reputations. If they occupy a position of any importance. Movie actresses of note are never permitted a shred of reputation. Successful newspaper women are always suspected of holding their jobs on their physical charms. Which, when you recall what some newspaper women look like, is rather clever of them.

So cheer up, little lady. You are obviously a success in your line. Gossip has marked you for a real celebrity. It is all good advertising. You are no failure. Henceforth continue to be as respectable as you like but don't acknowledge it. If people can't scandalize you they will ignore you. And there is nothing more dismal than indifference.

Ye Dancing Professors.

The American Society of Dancing Professors take themselves very seriously. They met in New York last week and solemnly discussed what dances society shall be allowed to dance this season. They resolved for "the jitter special," "the corkacrew

glide" and "the Terre Haute fox trot" and talked much profound mush about the elevating influence of the dance on modern civilization.

But the most refreshing suggestion was that the Presidential candidates in the coming election should make an issue of the correct dancing steps to be allowed and encouraged! Yes, really. They weren't trying to be funny. To them the dance is more important than the tariff question, international policy, Mexico, or military preparedness. Many of them will assure you that the salvation of the race is to come through dancing. They are even prepared to insist that proper intellectual development is impossible without it.

They deeply regret to see dancing a mere pastime. It should be a raison d'être of existence. We should dance as regularly as we say our prayers or oftener. And of course we should pay to be taught. It is frightfully important to learn the right kind of dance. The Russian school, the Italian school and the American school all cordially despise each other. To hear the Russian ballet devotees talking about the American St. Denis-Maudslayi-Alan-Duncan schools is a graphic illustration in blighting contempt. And to hear the American professionals express their opinion on the "absurd, conventional, inelastic, limited" Russian school opens up a vision of mouldy conservatism that implies nothing short of unpleasant smells. And both of them hold the ordinary ballroom dances in such fierce scorn that being civilized through the dancing medium becomes as complicated as getting to heaven via the churches.

Oh, what shall we do to be saved?

Boulder Covers Ten Acres.

[New York Sun:] A huge boulder, lying ten acres of surface above ground, which granite is being taken for building the new Oklahoma State Capitol, is said once to have been a favorite haunt of devils. It is a solid mass towering above the tree tops and formed of an entire grade of stone.

"SIXTY Years in Los Angeles" by Perry Worden, a book that has been a sensation since its publication, is now being sold in Los Angeles. The book is a history of the city from 1825 to 1925, and is a most interesting and valuable work. It is a book that every Los Angeles resident should have on their shelves. The book is a history of the city from 1825 to 1925, and is a most interesting and valuable work. It is a book that every Los Angeles resident should have on their shelves.

There were more interesting history than that of Charles are not so well known as the reign of the gay monarch was no Samuel Pepys to keep them. Now, Agamemnon and San are very happy in their new ing had so worthy recorders of So it is with Los Angeles. The cities with as romantic a history that have cut more figure in than the City of the Angels, them has had a chronicle story in the same simple, intimate the late Harris Newmark has early history of this city in out from the Knickerbocker York, entitled "Sixty Years in Los Angeles." The period covered in this book are from the author's in 1853 to the time of his retirement in 1913. The book is thought of by everyone fortunate to become possessor of a copy to those who know how it was really one of the most remarkable ever penned. Harris Newmark thought he was intended to be of any book. He made no preparation for this work, and it was only in the years of his life that the under serious shape in his mind. He 30 years old when he undertook of compiling the history of the has done the work in a book of pages, full of facts, and the risked without any fear of contradiction in all the thousands of facts of this volume, not one of any importance be found that is not accurate point of exactness.

Mr. Newmark was fortunate in the assistance of Perry Worden, a scholar and trained litterateur, him, and to take from him the much of the strictly literary research necessary to verify Newmark's recollection of events. "Sixty Years in Los Angeles" is a very undertaking. It is a man of nearly fourscore years have been able to sit down, upon his memory alone, recall intimate way so many names, of facts connected with them, a period of nearly two generations. When one realizes that very busy man, immersed up to mercantile life all these sixty wonder how he accomplished the task with every point from regarded.

In the preface to the book states that he has naturally attracted attention to the last years of his life. For this every reader will be thankfully grateful. Of years of the history of the city living hundreds of witnesses. A few years there is scarcely a man who has survived the author very remarkable book. He deduced a hundred pages to the first year of his arrival here. It takes him more pages to get past 1855.

If there is a point missed in the very difficult to discover. Even of those early days who made at all in the community is mentioned in the book, every bit of surprise chronicled, and all done so simple, so direct, concise and it will stand forever a unique literature runs through it a vein of that is simply delicious. There is a kind word of anyone in it, and the author's own part in all this is told

Los Angeles Times

Illustrated Weekly.

[Saturday, September 23, 1916.

CALIFORNIA, ALLURING LAND OF THE SUN.

Real Life by the Great Western Sea.

and with it a very atrabillious mien, him look like a discontented Puritan expected the worst in the next Probisher, the great explorer, was the few great seadogs who wore a hard.

and Goths and Teutons of the day are for the most part clean. The Kaiser and his mustache set on affected very much by his command and imitated in other lands, too, their progenitors. Attila the Hun beard like a chrysanthemum garb as if it had never been guilty of sins. Charlemagne wore a full and Frederick Barbarossa got his hat from his long red beard. Otto the great whiskers that would make call-battlehip.

the Jews and the Turks all slakers. One of the most picturesque story is that of Mehemet Ali, with a out of both sides of his face like without the covering. The Jews by basic law were forbidden to trim ards at all, and in the early history of old the central part of Asia furnished that would make Mr. Hughes of our y look like a half-beardless boy.

There were some notable beards on the of noted men of the past. Walter wore a Van Dyke beard carefully d, as befitted the man who threw his before the virgin Queen that she walk through the mud without dirty shoes. Pope Adrian IV, the only man ever occupying the papal and wearing the ring of the fisher also the only successor of Peter face was adorned with a full beard, of, to whom we are indebted for nting, wore a beard that reached be waistband. Runjeet Singh of La India had a beard so carefully d that it looked like a false one come back to the French soldier with arless face which makes him the antithesis of Shakespeare's soldier, ad like a pard." a pard being a . Yours for the beard.

The Eagle
HIS MARK

"SIXTY Years in Los Angeles." Great captains led carried armies to be siege cities long before Agamemnon crossed the Aegean Sea with his long-haired Achaeans, accompanied by Achilles with his myrmidons. But their memory has perished because there was no Homer to sing their praises.

There were greater literary geniuses in the world than Samuel Johnson, but not one of them, not even Shakespeare, is so well known as the old bear of Fleet street, because he had James Boswell to chronicle the events of his life.

There were more interesting epochs in history than that of Charles II, but they are not so well known as that profligate reign of the gay monarch because there was no Samuel Pepys to keep a diary of them.

Now, Agamemnon and Samuel Johnson are very happy in their memory in having had so worthy recorders of their deeds. It is with Los Angeles. There are other cities with as romantic a history, others that have cut more figure in the world than the City of the Angels, but none of them has had a chronicler to tell its story in the same simple, intimate way that the late Harris Newmark has told of the early history of this city in a book just out from the Knickerbocker Press of New York, entitled "Sixty Years in Los Angeles." The period covered in the pages of this book are from the author's arrival here in 1855 to the time of his retirement from business in 1913. The book will be well thought of by everyone fortunate enough to become possessor of a copy of it. But to those who know how it was written it is really one of the most remarkable books ever penned. Harris Newmark never thought he was intended to be an author of any book. He made no preparations for this work, and it was only in the very last years of his life that the undertaking took shape in his mind. He was nearly 60 years old when he undertook the task of compiling the history of this city. He has done the work in a book of about 600 pages, full of facts, and the statement is made without any fear of contradiction that in all the thousands of facts chronicled in this volume, not one of any importance will be found that is not accurate to the last point of exactness.

Mr. Newmark was fortunate in securing the assistance of Perry Worden, Ph.D., a scholar and trained litterateur, to assist him, and to take from him the burden of much of the strictly literary work and of research necessary to verify Mr. Newmark's recollection of events. This makes "Sixty Years in Los Angeles" a unique literary undertaking. It is remarkable that a man of nearly fourscore years should have been able to sit down, and relying upon his memory alone, recall in such an intimate way so many names, such a mass of facts connected with them, going back a period of nearly two generations in his life. When one realizes that he was a very busy man, immersed up to his eyes in a mercantile life all these sixty years, the wonder how he accomplished the task increases with every point from which it is viewed.

In the preface to the book the author states that he has naturally given most attention to the earliest years of the narrative. For this every reader of the book will be thankfully grateful. Of the later years of the history of the city there are being hundreds of witnesses. Of the first few years there is scarcely a living witness who has survived the author of this very remarkable book. He devotes over a hundred pages to the first year after his arrival here. It takes him more than 200 pages to get past 1855.

If there is a point missed in it, it would be very difficult to discover. Every pioneer of those early days who made any figure at all in the community is mentioned, every profession is reviewed, every business enterprise chronicled, and all done in a way so simple, so direct, concise and exact that it will stand forever a unique literary work. There runs through it a vein of dry humor that is simply delicious. There is not an unkind word of anyone in it, and the author's own part in all this is told so modestly as to command the admiration of every person who reads the book.

Every library in the country, every institution, should have a copy of this valuable history of a city whose career is unique among the municipalities of the world. It was a period of romance when the community was all young, raw in a way. No one has ever attempted such an intimate chronicle of events covering so minutely every fact in the history of the city as the author of this book has given to the world. There are tens of thousands of the offspring of those whose struggles are mentioned in this volume who will not be satisfied until they become possessed of a copy of the work.

For "Desert Rats."

IN ONE of Trollope's stories there is a quaint old character who was very fond of the remark, "It's dogged as does it." This is like the proverb, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Who does not remember the story of Bruce, the Scottish patriot, who lay languishing in his cell disheartened and ready to give up until he saw a spider attempting to crawl to a certain corner of the room. Fifty times the insect failed, and then succeeded. This encouraged Bruce to try again, and he did, and succeeded.

Years ago, how long it is impossible to recall, George W. Parsons started out to get sign-posts erected on the desert, directing those who traveled to the scarce water holes so essential to the saving of human life. The patient, laborious prospector who "hoofs it" through these sands with a heavy burden on his back has come to be dubbed a "desert rat." Parsons has been one of them himself, and knows what it is to almost perish on these sunburned tracts of sand for lack of water which may be near at hand if only a sign-post pointed the way to the supply of Adam's ale.

Parsons kept at his work doggedly, with the patient persistence of Bruce's spider. And now he is smiling broadly at the success which has crowned his efforts. For, lo and behold, the Federal government has been induced to take the matter up, and the Sixty-fourth Congress passed an act providing for the work that Parsons has labored so earnestly to accomplish. The act instructs the Secretary of the Interior "to discover, develop, protect and render more accessible for the benefit of the general public springs, streams and water holes on arid public lands of the United States, and in connection therewith erect and maintain suitable and durable monuments and sign-boards at proper places and intervals along and near the accustomed lines of travel and over the general area of said desert lands, containing information and direction as to the location and nature of said springs, streams and water holes," etc., etc. George Parsons has accomplished a good work for humanity and may well be proud of his achievement.

ish Columbia to the Gulf States and the Rio Grande, and the very next day killing frost: come, the thermometer dropping from a maximum of 89 or 90 to a minimum of 28 to 30. While we are basking here in the Great Southwest under perfect sunshine, the first snow flurries are falling in parts of Minnesota and others of the northern tier of States. It is like a person roasting on one side of a big base-burner stove while the other side is freezing.

We'll Get It Now.

FOR months, yes, for two or three years, this department of the weekly Illustrated Magazine has been harping in season and out of season on the desirability of having a big cotton factory somewhere adjacent to Los Angeles. It has been pointed out here that there is an excellent opportunity in this for the investment of large capital with a certainty for making big dividends greater than is usually found in such enterprises. One of the difficulties about this has been that the cheap child labor in other parts of the country made competition on our part impossible. Now this has been abolished by the passing of the Federal child-labor law, and at once the Chamber of Commerce through its industrial department has taken a campaign up to show capitalists the opportunity existing for a big cotton mill to work up the raw material produced so abundantly in such excellent quality in Imperial county, and with a market right at the door for much of the product of such a mill, with the whole northwestern coast of America to take this fabric, and with the great Orient lying closer to our gates than to any other in the United States, and we may confidently expect to see this enterprise take shape shortly and be carried to successful completion.

Sinews of Peace Increase.

THE Comptroller of the Currency at Washington has called once more for a statement of the condition of the national banks of the country as of the 12th inst. It is just seventy-two days since the former report was called for, and in this period the thirteen national banks of Los Angeles showed a wonderful increase in their assets. Deposits have increased more than \$6,000,000, as shown by the figures for September 12, \$87,834,537; compared with \$81,740,060 on June 30. This gain in the short period is declared to be a new record. The beauty of this report is that loans and discounts grow with the deposits. The total loans and discounts reported by the banks were \$59,356,760, an increase of more than \$2,000,000 in the period. The available cash increased about \$1,000,000. These figures show that the demand for money keeps quite up to the supply.

here just suited the fruit and it flourished to absolute perfection.

One of the newest tropical fruits to be introduced here is the avocado. It is but a few years since the growing of this was undertaken as a commercial proposition. The climate and soil of Southern California seem to agree with this fruit as well as they did with the navel oranges. Whether it is the climate and soil or the superior care given the fruit by intelligent Southern California growers, the new arrival has given us a seedling grown at Tustin reported to be superior to anything heretofore known in this variety of fruit. The tree is eleven years old, and is ripening fruit for the first time. They average two pounds each, and this year the tree matured thirty-two fruits weighing sixty-four pounds. Another tree is cited which at eleven years old produced twenty-four fruits and at the age of fourteen years 700 fruits.

Crown Santa Monica Canyon.

LAWRENCE E. RHIPPS is a celebrated steel man with headquarters at Pittsburgh and Denver. Of course, like all his kind he is acquiring a home in California, and has chosen a site at Brentwood Park overlooking Santa Monica Canyon with the ocean in the distance. He has a stone house on Fifth avenue, New York; a marble palace in Paris; beautiful residences in Pittsburgh and Denver; a big place in North Carolina and a lodge in the Maine wilderness. He is building what he says will be his real home, a wonderful twenty-four-room English manor in the beautiful suburb of Los Angeles. Santa Monica has just acquired its own water works and in every way is going forward at a very rapid pace.

For Newport Harbor.

MAJ. GEORGE G. PILESURY, United States Engineer for the Los Angeles district, has paid an official visit to Newport Beach with the intention of looking into the new harbor to be created there. The people of Orange county are very much interested in this project, the carrying out of which is left discretionary with the Secretary of War.

Multa in Parvis.

SIXTEEN HUNDRED acres planted to chili peppers at Garden Grove, it is said, will produce a crop which should sell for \$300,000.

In Ventura county, lima beans are going out to the market in a great stream. The growers are organized in a concern numbering 425 members, divided into eleven sub-organizations. These include those in Orange county and one at Goleta. The manager says that by November 1 there should be \$1,500,000 to be distributed among the growers.

Los Angeles is remarkable for more than its bank assets, and for better things even than its great commercial activities. It has a great public library, and the librarian states that the circulation here is exceeded only by New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia and Boston. Five years ago the circulation was 852,000 a year, increased now to 2,027,000, while the borrowers' cards have increased from 52,000 to 115,000.

During the first week of school in Los Angeles, 100,000 young people filled the halls and classrooms of the various private and public schools.

The great Stability building to be erected at the southwest corner of Third street and Broadway will soon move up from a speculative position to be a concrete fact. An architect of the city has been commissioned to draw the plans at once, and work will begin just as soon as the tenants are out of the old building.

The manager of the San Antonio Fruit Growers' Exchange is credited with the statement that the concern has marketed for the seven incorporated market-growers' associations in Pomona Valley, citrus fruit which will bring in \$2,615,600.

At Walnut there are 1200 acres of black-eye beans now being harvested. It is expected that they will yield 12,000 sacks, and will be worth \$21,200.

The Lindsay Ripe Olive Association is now putting up a building where there will be handled 150 tons of olives. The building is to cost \$25,000.

and "the Terre Haute fox trot" and much profound muck about the influence of the dance on modern tion.

the most refreshing suggestion was the Presidential candidates in the connection should make an issue of the dancing steps to be allowed and ended! Yes, really. They weren't trying many. To them the dance is more important than the tariff question, international policy, Mexico, or military preparedness. Many of them will assure you that the nation of the race is to come through it. They are even prepared to insist proper intellectual development is impossible without it.

deeply regret to see dancing a mere fad. It should be a raison d'etre of life. We should dance as regularly as our prayers or oftener. And if we should pay to be taught. It is really important to learn the right kind of dance. The Russian school, the Italian and the American school all cordially repudiate each other. To hear the Russian devotees talking about the American school-Maude Allan-Duncan schools is a illustration in blighting contempt. To hear the American professionals express their opinion on the "absurd, conventionalistic, limited" Russian variety is a vision of mouldy conservatism applies nothing short of unpleasant. And both of them hold the ordinary dances in such fierce scorn that they vilified through the dancing medium as complicated as getting to via the churches.

What shall we do to be saved?

Boulder Covers Ten Acres.

York Sun: A huge boulder, hundreds of surface above ground, from granite is being taken for building the Oklahoma State Capitol, is said to have been a favorite bandit rendezvous. It is a solid mass towering above the tops and formed of an excellent stone.

And the Next Day—

CLIMATE is one of the most important facts in human life, and this is demonstrated by the salutation common in every language with which one person greets another in the morning, "Good day." The greatest asset of Southern California is its climate. It is the climate that has drawn the thousands of people here that have made this the wonder spot of the world. Coupled with our own perfect climate is the influence of the beastly climates that harass the people of so many other regions of the world.

The current season has been one of the most remarkably salubrious that has ever shone out of the skies blessing Southern California. By sensational contrast, it has been one of the worst all over the rest of the North American continent. Day after day since last April one beautiful day has followed another here in the Great Southwest, shedding comfort, good health and happiness over this blessed land. In the East these months have been marked by torrid heats that have parched the vegetation, spoiled the crops and produced serious epidemics among human beings. One day the East is burning under temperatures of up to 90, all the way from Northern Brit-

Fish for the Interior.

NOT among the least advantages of people here by the Western Sea is the fact that the sea is at our doors. This is a double advantage to the people who live here. First it gives them refreshing breezes from the ocean, pure and uncontaminated by contact with anything, decaying. Second, it gives an opportunity of obtaining an excellent food supply from the sea. This is an advantage which the interior of the country lacks, but we are a generous people, and having enough, are always ready to share with those who have the price to pay for what they get. The first full carload of fresh fish destined for the East ever sent out from Los Angeles Harbor was shipped to Kansas City, September 15. Fish is one of the most perishable foods in human life, so this went by express. It consisted of 20,000 pounds of choice halibut valued at \$1300, and will make many a good meal for the people of Kansas City.

Another Case in Point.

WHEN the navel orange was brought here from San Salvador de Bahia near the mouth of the Amazon River in Brazil, it came with an excellent reputation. The question was whether it could maintain this in its new habitat. It increased its good reputation and now the California navel orange is acknowledged to be superior to the same species grown anywhere else. The conditions of climate and soil

TREVINNO DENIES RUMORS

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—Active picketing of the

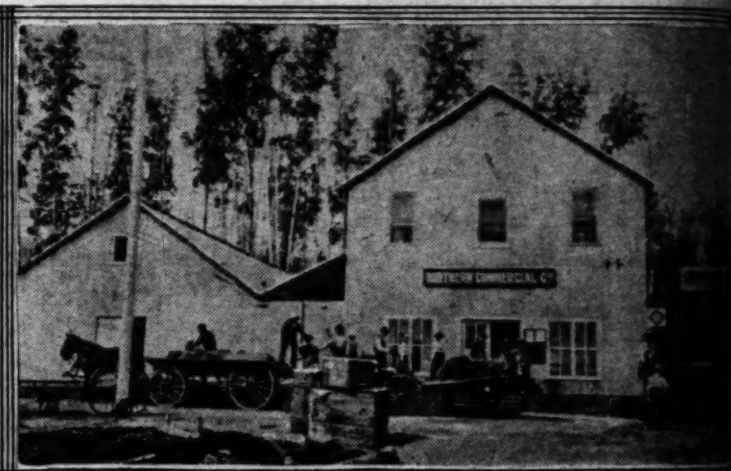
NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—

Los Angeles Times Illustrated We

Out of the Ice. By Frank G. Carpenter.

edze of the warm land you
have been dug in March from
and all other crops are m
of those planted farther aw
total was running five acres
to vegetables, chiefly turn
where and carrots, and thirty
anted in potatoes, the yield be
eight tons to the acre.

Leaving the ruins I walked over the hill to visit the springs, passing through a field of 300 acres on the way. The road is through an oats field which has now perhaps



Post Office at Baker Hot Springs.



J.F. Waring, geological expert, looking for the prehistoric ice.

The water changes the temperature of the land of almost the whole farm. Adjacent hill slopes are a natural laboratory. Snow falling on the warm ground melts rapidly, but the surface is seldom warmer than a couple of days at a time. The frost goes down only an inch or so.

We have forty acres under cultivation and sixty more that could be put under the whole of this hundred acres. We farm by the springs and the high water under the ground. If you dig deep enough inside this tract you will find water, and the lower you go the more water.

We will take the road to La
and there will get a sandal-
(one) for our lunch, which will
our drive. Then we will a
adow of the old adobe where Do
I will recount to you her sto
the finest of women, not dark
us, but 'Inda sin comparacion,'
admirers said of her."

The morning was early and the
the canyons were still lingerin
dry road, when Quiri, seemingly
way, turned to an almost obliter
was over with wildflowers—
tingly bright in the sunshine,
arias like draped purple velvet
adows of the corn, the steeped
yerba mansa standing erect
stems, their feet in the mol
ing the pathway. The cawing
scoolding of mocking birds, t
singing of blackbirds before mak
on the corn, filled the scene wi
s and sounds of a summer
ingering clouds of fog, blowing
ocean, slipped along the moun
ting odors of pine and sage an
things held hidden in their b

It was built of logs and cost, it is said, more than \$40,000. Today there is only one tank left. This is covered by a log, and the water inside is brought up by a pump and iron pipe from the springs which are out of the hills about a half mile away. The bath with a thermometer and a thermometer just 114 degs. Fahrenheit. It was hot enough to paint my skin scarlet when I stepped in.

leaving the ruins I walked over the hills to the springs, passing through a farm of 60 acres on the way. The road is through a field which has now perhaps thirty



Hot Springs.



Hotel looking for the

ready for cutting. In the center of the hill is a large hothouse that was erected to grow the hotel and the mines with vegetables, tomatoes and other vegetables. The hothouse is a low glass building, run up and down the side of the hill. It is in the middle like a swan. Its area is about one-fourth of the hill. All along the path to the springs are wild raspberry bushes, which are loaded with luscious ripe fruit. I picked several handfuls and ate them as I walked along.

Coming to the steaming brook that flows from the spring we passed a chicken shed about 400 feet in length. It is now from the burning of the hotel, when business was booming its owner there 650 hens, fifty ducks and several cows. He had also twenty-five horses and a bull. The sheds were out of the hill from which the springs come. The ground is so hot that it is necessary to other parts of Alaska. The water changes the temperature of almost the whole farm. The hill slopes are a natural hotbed. The surface is seldom white with frost goes down only an inch or so. On

Illustrated Weekly.

of the warm land young parsnips dug in March from under the soil. All other crops are much in advance of those planted farther away. When the water was running five acres were devoted to vegetables, chiefly turnips, lettuce, and carrots, and thirty-two were devoted to potatoes, the yield being seven tons to the acre.

Hundred Fifty Gallons a Minute.

Beyond the big chicken coop I went to the foot of a hill where the springs are. The warm water flows out at the rate of 150 gallons to the minute. It is as clear as crystal, but it is steaming at a temperature of 125 degs. Fahrenheit. I watched Mr. Waring, the hotel expert, as he tested the heat and the flow. He says it is hot enough to soft-boil eggs in ten minutes.

Following down the stream thirty or forty feet I found another brook flowing into the first. I supposed this would be of about the same temperature, as the one we had just seen. The junction of the two streams was such that I was able to stand on the bank and put one hand in the hot water and the other in the cold. While doing so, I had a photograph made. In stepping back to get properly, I inadvertently put my foot in the hot water. I jerked myself quickly for I thought I was burned. When my stay in Alaska I have met G. Schofield of Seattle, the owner of some of the best springs on the Seward Peninsula. These are more wonderful than the ones here. They are situated about fifty miles north of Nome, at the foot of the Sawtooth Mountains, just about 100 feet above sea level. There are a number of them which boil out of the ground at a temperature of 160 degs. Fahrenheit, and the same heat winter and summer. The springs form a stream called Hot Springs that runs through a farm of 329 acres; the heat so affects the temperature of the water that a great part of it is cultivated in my talk with Mr. Schofield I learned as to his farm at the springs. He has about forty acres under cultivation, and more that could be put into crops. The whole of this hundred acres is kept in the springs and the hot water is used for the ground. If you dig down anywhere on this tract you will find hot water, and the lower you go the hotter it

gets. At a depth of six feet you cannot hold the earth in your hands. There seems to be a stratum of hot water under the whole hundred acres. On the other hand the land outside that area is frozen solid to a depth the extent of which no one knows. It is a vat of hot water or rather hot earth in a basin of ice.

What do you grow?

A Variety of Products.

"We raise potatoes, rutabagas, beets, carrots, turnips, salsify and the finest of celery. We grow kale, cabbage and all sorts of root crops. We have green peas, but beans will not mature. I have a fine asparagus bed, and as for mushrooms, I grow them as big around as a dinner plate, and as tender as any in the world. We also raise lettuce and radishes. I have a beardless barley and oats and also one kind of wheat, which matures."

Do you make hotbeds?

"We have a glass greenhouse, thirty-six feet long, and sixteen feet wide, built above one of the hot springs. The hot water furnishes the heat, and no matter if the thermometer goes to thirty degrees below zero outside, it never gets to freezing within. The plants grow in the hothouse all winter and in the summer we have cucumbers, tomatoes and watermelons. We also raise lettuce, young onions and other green stuff. We have a tree onion that grows well. It does not lie in the ground, but grows on the branches of a tree, twelve or fourteen inches high."

I asked Mr. Schofield whether many people came to visit the springs. He replied:

"Yes, we have a hotel there that accommodates thirty and the people come in from Nome and all parts of the Seward Peninsula. Our best season is in the winter. The people come on sleds drawn by dogs, and you can sometimes see as many as 400 dogs there at one time. It usually takes two days to make the trip in the winter, but it can be done in one day in the summer by going over the railway track with the Pupmobile, a car drawn by dogs, which takes you within six miles of the springs. You see, the waters there are of various kinds, and they are good for different diseases. We have springs that seem to be a sure cure for rheumatism. We have one, known as the Iron Spring, whose waters seem to contain little else, and in the main spring we have a combination of iron, sulphur,

lithia and magnesia that is especially valuable."

Hay is High.

Riding back to the river on the hay wagon I sat beside Tom Davis, a farmer who does teaming from here to the mines. He tells me the hay they are now unloading from our ship is worth \$90 a ton at the river and \$140 a ton when it gets to the mines. I remarked that the price seemed an extravagant one. Said Mr. Davis:

"It is not high for Alaska. I have known hay selling as high as \$800 a ton or at 40 cents per pound. That was in the Klondike when the gold excitement was raging. I have sold hay here for 50 cents a pound, and weighed the hay out on the grocery scales. The latter price was received for 1000 pounds only. I got it at Gold Run, where I peddled the hay out to packers and the men who had saddle horses."

As we bounced up and down over the corduroy logs, I asked Tom Davis how the road was built and kept in order. He replied that it was a community affair, the government and the people clubbing together and paying the cost. He said that the road was worked altogether by the local community until two years ago, and that every one was then subject to one day's work on the road, or to pay a poll tax of \$8. Think of a country where the hands on the road are valued at \$8 a day! That is the current wages in this part of the Tanana Valley. Men are paid \$5 a day and board or \$8 a day when they find themselves. The men who are unloading the hay from the steamer are getting \$1 per hour.

I rode all day long on the Tanana River in coming from Fort Gibbon to the Baker Hot Springs. The Tanana flows into the Yukon at Fort Gibbon. It rises on the eastern slope of the coastal range, and goes for 600 miles before it loses itself in the Yukon. The river has a greater volume than that of the Potomac; and where it joins the Yukon it is like an inland sea. It has many islands, some of which are forested with spruce and birch that rise straight and tall behind the willows bordering the shore. At a little distance the willows look like a hedge, and you seem to see a floating forest inclosed by a green fence fifteen or twenty feet high.

Plenty of Silt.

The river is sluggish and it carries down

a vast deal of silt. The water is as thick as bean soup, and a glass of it, allowed to settle, will soon hide the bottom of the tumbler. There are frequent sandbars and you pass islands in every stage of formation from the bare brown patch of silt to forest-clad patches washed by the waves. Now and then the river has floating islands, and great beds of green, with bushes and trees upon them, move down the stream. In places the river is from five to ten miles in width. It is shallow, and it is always building up and tearing down the valley through which it flows.

As you ride along in the steamer, you can see the banks crumbling. The water melts the icy strata under the soil and trees, bushes and the earth in which they are growing fall down into the current under your eyes. The river banks are lined with trees still living and still green, which have fallen this way into the current. At times the water so melts the frozen strata that caves are formed under the matted moss and where there is an open space and no trees this green mat falls down into the stream hanging from above as though it were a great green carpet laid from the bed of the river up to the shore.

I am surprised at the vegetation that covers this part of Alaska. All along the Yukon and Tanana are trees of fairly good size. There are spruce and other evergreens thirty or forty feet tall; and some of them are one or two feet in thickness. The bushes grow far up the sides of the mountains; and the land seems rich in the valleys. At the wood camps, where the trees have been cut away to furnish fuel for the steamers, there are great beds of pink fireweed rising out of high grass. There are wild flowers everywhere, and the scenery seems anything but that of this cold icy land of the North. As you go up the river you may, here and there, see them clearing the land. The pioneers are chopping little farms out of the woods. They first cut the trees and a year later pull the stumps out by the roots. The ice is so close to the surface that the roots cannot go down. After clearing they plant little patches of vegetables or fields of oats-hay. None of the farms is large, and I venture that it will be a long time before the local market will be great enough to pay the farmers of the United States to leave their good homes to try their luck here.

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Dona Teresa Tells the Story of Dona Isabella.

BY LAURA EVERTSEN KING.

One day in midsummer that Dona Teresa came to La Senora's. "Buenos dias, Senora! I have Quiri for you, at the door. Will you go with me over the plains? Quiri is a fine, fat, safe, and she understands three languages. You smile? But when I could no longer feed her, I rented her to some horse peddlers, who scolded her in their own language. As I had done the same in my own time, and her former owner had been 'unhappy' for our time, you see, she understands three languages. But she speaks to me in her own language, so we shall be safe with her."

We will take the road to La Mision, and there will get a sandia (watermelon) for our lunch, which will refresh us on our drive. Then we will sit in the shade of the old adobe where Dona Isabella lived. I will recount to you her story. She was the finest of women, not dark like some of the girls, but 'linda sin comparacion,' as one of the men here said of her.

The morning was early and the shadows of the canyons were still lingering on the hills when Quiri, seemingly knowing and happy, turned to an almost obliterated path over with wildflowers—escobitas, brightly bright in the sunshine, morning like draped purple velvet in the folds of the corn, the steeped hats of the men, the manna standing erect on their heads, their feet in the moist places of the pathway. The cawing of crows, the whistling of mocking birds, the noisy whistling of blackbirds before making their nests in the corn, filled the scene with all the sounds of a summer morning. The air was filled with the colors of pine and sage and all the things held hidden in their hearts. A

buzzard soaring high in the blue ether recalled to Dona Teresa the legend of a lonely lover, who, seeking the resting place of his lost love, had thrown himself on the ground, and gazing upward saw a bird slowly circling in the sky. Having nothing better to do, and lying very still, he watched it until it alighted near him. With a deep sigh he said aloud:

"Oh, if I had the wings of a buzzard, I would soar away and find her—my Querida!" "Give me meat and I will find her," he heard a voice say.

There was no living thing in sight but the bird.

"Are you fowl or devil?" he demanded, and threw a stone.

As the bird hopped a step or two out of reach, he croaked: "Only a hungry bird. Seeing you lie so still, I thought you my natural prey. I repeat, give me meat, and I will find her. I soar on high and look down on all earthly things. Nothing escapes my sight. But I am weak—bring me meat tomorrow. There is nothing here for birds like me—flowers and fruit—bah! Battlefields—droughts—there is where I reign!"

The next day the lover came bringing such food as vultures love. When the buzzard had gorged himself, he said:

"Now follow me—watch me as I fly! I will lead the way to her!"

Over miles of gay wildflowers, over dry river beds where the winter floods had ceased to flow, over stones worn smooth with the rains of countless winters, with his eyes fixed on the bird, the lover stumbled on. At last, almost fainting from fatigue and thirst, he saw the bird circling over what seemed a marble city whose tall towers reflected the setting sun. On one brighter than all others sat the vulture.

"Here she is!" And the lover, looking, read "Querida" on the stone. He fell on his face without a word, and the bird sat and bided his time.

"Now, Senora, we have come to the water-melon field and will get a nice ripe melon. Sit in the shadow of Dona Isabella's house and I will tell you the story of a good and noble woman."

"Dona Isabella was married to Don Pablo—no, I must not tell you more than their baptismal names. Don Pablo's ranch ran over many miles, and his acres stood on end in the canyons where the sycamore trees among the boulders looked down upon the rushing streams at their feet. His cattle and horses were many upon the plains, vineyards and orchards surrounded his house, and many vaqueros and criadas came at his bidding.

"Don Pablo was handsome and genial to all but his wife—Dios only knows why he was cruel to her. Some thought it jealousy, not because of other men—Dona Isabella, unlike Dona Antonia, had many admirers, but no lovers. Dona Antonia had many lovers, but no admirers—you remember, Senora, the earthquake story in 'Santos y Diablos'?"

"The eyes of Dona Isabella were gray, from some Spanish ancestor, but large and so soft. When she gazed at you in her grave way, your soul seemed to shrivel within you, and it was impossible to tell her anything false. She moved about her household in her grave fashion, but nothing escaped her eyes. Her criadas loved her and did her bidding cheerfully. When her vaqueros were injured in their work she bandaged their wounds herself and saw to their comfort. All loved her—except her husband. Why was it? She had sons, but no daughters. She dared not show her affection for her children

because of their father's jealousy. He never noticed them, except to give her a dagger-thrust by finding some disagreeable trait of character which he attributed to her and her way of teaching them. All this she ignored and bore in silence. Only once she was heard to say:

"He kills me every day with a wooden knife!"

"One day in the early springtime, Don Pablo and his vaqueros rode forth to a rodeo. Don Pablo was proud of his horsemanship. His horse was the pick of the herd; his saddle and bridle, mounted with silver, glistened in the bright sunshine. So proud was he of his horsemanship that his favorite pastime was driving a wild steer down a very steep hill. When going at full speed, he would seize the animal by the tail and throw it, while he himself dashed on to safety. But this day the steer was too quick for him—caught him on its horns as it rose—and so Dona Isabella became a widow.

"Dona Isabella was seen only by her criadas for a month after Don Pablo's death. His interment was at the Mission, and was the subject of conversation for many weeks. The old woman told of the many mourners he had, and of the various expenditures of money for candles, carretas and so forth; of the gold and jewels buried with him; of his good qualities—his graciousness, his fine appearance, his kindness to all—to all, Senora, but his wife, as her criadas well knew. They did her bidding and said nothing.

"Then, one bright morning when the sun rose like gold and his light sifted through the young fresh leaves of the trees, and the birds were singing and preparing their nests—all nature muy viva—Dona Isabella

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE)

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Illustrated

With Capt. W. H. Gilmour. By Charles E. Klouček.

herring is the ideal bait, to get this whenever possible out of Yaquina use con and frequently make it often quite difficult to and this question of sup importance to the halibu

Immediately the men get busy. Two or more go aft and several skates are placed ready to run out. Two buoys, one with a flagpole ten or twelve feet high, are placed overboard. At the end of the buoy line is an anchor, which holds one end of the line. The vessel steams ahead, hooks and lines going out over the stern. As soon as one skate is out another is joined on till from five are out, when a second anchor and line are thrown over. Several sets, having perhaps twenty or twenty-five skates are hauled out in various directions. The lines are allowed to remain for a couple of hours after which they are taken up.

Frequently hooks lie too long and come back hot heads of fish, devoured by other fish. deep are a most raven no sooner hooked than devour him. Sharks are Sometimes one can look feet into the deep blue following the fish to the along directly over the biting chunks from it a Sometimes a small fish hooked, only to be swallowed. Thus one hook half, a small fish and a passage from Pericles: "Master, I marvel how the sea.

"Why, as men do a-land: up the little ones."

The red anapper, a m when caught at a depth



Stopping work to pose for
their picture



Capt. Gilmour and a fair-sized halibut.



Fitting out the vessels for a cruise keeps all hands busy for a time. After groceries, water, fresh meats, fruit and vegetables are aboard the bait is placed in bins and some fifteen tons of cracked ice taken on. The boat then goes to the oil tanks, where oil is taken, after which she is off for the sea. As she settles down for the run to the bar preparations are made to begin fishing. Lines are gone over, the deck cleared of litter and fishbox partitions slipped into place.

Herring is the most common salt fish. The greater part of these fish are caught in Puget Sound, where they are frozen and then shipped to the various ports.

"All that summer we worked every cent that either of us was slavish work, more or less, of us, but we kept at it steadily. That summer I came to the conclusion that I was better than I ever had been down by the shaft house smoking our pipes, watching the stars, and talking over the fence with the men that those men talk of when they are in the nature—things that on a farm are kept locked away in the cellar. I was on one of these and I decided to me that revenge was the most a passion.

"Do you know, Dan," said the voice had a sort of puzzled sound. He hardly understood this, but he knew you know, I believe that

Union Oil Stock
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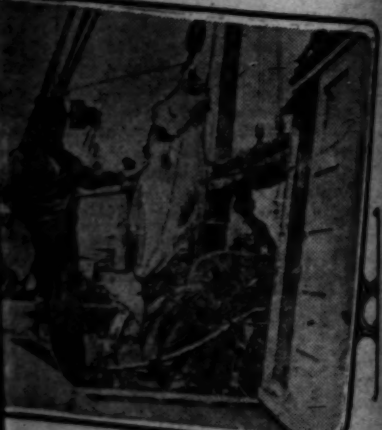
Los Angeles Times

PACIFIC.

studying it closely. The depth of the water is also noted. If not satisfactory he shakes the head, gives a signal, and the boat moves on. Frequently several casts are made. At last he finds the depth and character of bottom desired and sings out: "Here's where they are, boys. Let's throw out some gear." Immediately the men get busy. Two or three go aft and several skates are placed ready to run out. Two buoys, one with a flagpole ten or twelve feet high, are placed along over the stern. As soon as one skate is out another is joined on till four or five are out, when a second anchor and buoy are thrown over. Several sets, having perhaps twenty or twenty-five skates are then laid out in various directions. The lines are allowed to remain for a couple of hours, after which they are taken up.



Work to pose for their picture.



Capt. Gilmour and a fair-sized halibut.

Picking up begins on the lines first laid out. After buoy and anchor are in the line is led to a grooved wheel, run by power, called a "gurdy." One man coils, another keeps the line on the gurdy, while a third takes the fish off the line as they come over the side. The hooks must be cleaned of bait, the fish landed, and the line kept moving at all times in spite of wind, weather and sea.

In the evening, after the lines are all in, all hands turn to and dress the fish. Deck lights are strung, the men line up on either side of the main hatch, which is used as a table, and soon the catch is put below and in ice.

Herring is the most common bait used. The greater part of these fish are caught on Puget Sound, where they are frozen and then shipped to the various ports. Fresh

Illustrated Weekly.

herring is the ideal bait, and boats endeavor to get this whenever possible. The boats out of Yaquina use considerable fresh bait and frequently make good catches. It is often quite difficult to get herring for bait, and this question of supply is one of great importance to the halibut fishing industry.

Frequently hooks lie on the ocean bottom for long and come back with nothing left but heads of fish, the bodies having been devoured by other fish. The denizens of the deep are a most ravenous lot, and one is no sooner hooked than others are ready to devour him. Sharks are the most brazen. Sometimes one can look fifty or seventy-five feet into the deep blue water and see sharks following the fish to the surface. They glide along directly over the back of their victim, taking chunks from it and ruining the fish. Sometimes a small fish a few inches long is hooked, only to be swallowed by a larger fish. Thus one hook may have on it the bait, a small fish and a large fish. There is a passage from Pericles:

"Waste, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

"Why, as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones."

The red snapper, a most gaudy red fish, was caught at a depth of 100 fathoms or

more, frequently almost bursts when brought to the surface and relieved of the great pressure of water from which it is taken. Eyes bulge and tongues protrude. Lost lines are sometimes recovered through the rising to the surface of these fish, their red bodies showing up almost as well as a buoy. Another curious fish is the ratfish. The formation of its head and location of its teeth are almost identical with those of the common rat. Its body shows off in bright green and shiny silver markings. The long slender catfish is most wicked looking. Its upper jaw clamps down over the lower one like a parrot's beak. When it snaps its jaws down over a stick or other object it seems powerless to let go. Curious fish of many kinds are brought up in the fishing operations. Most of them are of varieties that are good eating, yet they are thrown away, as the public has not been educated to know their value and will not buy them.

The largest catch of fresh halibut made on the Pacific Coast since fishing began in 1888 was taken in January of this year, when the halibut schooner Chicago came in with 290,000 pounds. The greater part of this, which filled eight express cars, was dispatched East, going to St. Paul, Boston, Buffalo and New York. Likewise the best-paying trip

(for the fishermen) made by a halibut vessel was made this year. In April the schooner Seattle, out twenty days, brought in a fare of halibut which sold for \$7728.42. After deducting the vessel's share, which was merely enough to cover expenses, wear and tear, etc., each member of the crew received as his share \$462.10. Quite a neat sum for twenty days' fishing.

The fleet of vessels fishing from Puget Sound alone now numbers over 100, with numbers of additional vessels in Oregon and British Columbia waters. The magnitude of the industry is shown by the receipts of fresh halibut and the prices to fishermen on Puget Sound for the first six months of 1916:

| Month. | Receipts, lbs. | Average selling price, cents. |
|----------------|----------------|-------------------------------|
| January | 1,192,000 | 7.75 |
| February | 905,650 | 8.33 |
| March | 1,310,388 | 10.33 |
| April | 2,076,866 | 11.60 |
| May | 2,559,565 | 7.00 |
| June | 1,941,350 | 9.90 |
| July | 2,095,080 | 8.80 |

Total receipts...12,080,899
The total receipts for the twelve months of 1915 were 33,133,313 pounds.

Although records for price and catch of halibut have been broken this year by fishermen, nevertheless the banks of the Pacific are gradually being depleted, making it increasingly hard to find fish. At one time boats could load up with fish just off Cape Flattery, but no more. Now they cruise as far north as Oregon and 1500 to 1700 miles north along the Alaskan Coast. This scarcity of fish has caused agitation for a closed season in winter, the natural spawning time of the halibut, and a demand for help on the part of the government in locating new grounds. Recently the Bureau of Fisheries steamer Albatross has been at work surveying off the Oregon and Alaskan coasts, but what the fishermen ask is accurate soundings and locations of new grounds farther out. If this is done fishermen will determine whether or not there are fish there in paying quantities. It seems the importance of the food question and the need of further intrenching the industry would justify the government in giving this aid.

[Lamb:] "Isn't pocket-picking a difficult and dangerous art?"
"Yes, till you get your hand in."

The Shadow Hovering Over Dan Kirby's Life.

BY E. NIAL BREENE.

IT WAS in the long stretch of the evening when the first stars come out and the tired day lends itself to the soft caresses of the dusk, that old Dan Kirby, sitting by the glowing camp fire, told us this tale of the big old days—the days of the long ago.

"You see," he said, with the soft, resonant tones of his brogue burring along on the words, "from the time that Bob Mattoon and I like the two wild little devils that we were, fought each other for the honor of our respective counties, all through the dust of a Kerry roadway, to that last tragic night in the Feeney's saloon in Leadville, he and I were friends, not friends in the ordinary sense of the word, but two great fellows inseparable from each other. Often since I wonder just what made us friends, for there was never two more unlike than we—Bob stout, slow to anger, but stern and unrelenting as a god, and I talkative, quick to fight and as quick to forget the offense. I was never acting on the impulse of the moment. Bob weighed each new thing carefully; and yet we were friends—yes, even more than that.

"We came out to New York together and went to work in the old Barton Canning Factory. The work was hard, grilling almost, and both of us hated it cordially; but with me it was almost more than a hatred, for the great outdoors was forever calling and the very thought of the cramped factory made me sick for the clean big winds and the open spaces that I had known in dear little Kerry. Each day found me vowing it would be my last in the place, but Bob could never understand my wild temperamental longing to get away from it all, and though he disliked the work, he still stayed on. Finally, after a particularly violent quarrel with the boss, I left.

"For a long time I worked around the country, now at this and now at that. At first Bob and I wrote to each other more or less frequently, but after a time I lost track of him altogether, until some three years later, when, broke and disheartened, I drifted into Leadville, and almost the first person that I encountered was Bob Mattoon. He had a claim up on Carbonate Hill, and he invited that I come up and take a share in it.

"All that summer we worked, sinking into every cent that either of us could get. It was slavish work, more or less new to both of us, but we kept at it steadily, and through that summer I came to know Bob Mattoon better than I ever had before. At night down by the shaft house we used to sit smoking our pipes, watching the great old stones, and talking over the thousand things that men talk of when they are close to nature—things that on ordinary occasions are kept locked away in their hearts—and it was on one of these nights that Bob confided to me that revenge with him was almost a passion.

"Do you know, Dan," he said, and his voice had a sort of puzzled ring, as though he hardly understood this thing himself, "do you know, I believe that if anyone I cared

for were to do me an injury, I'd be revenged if I had to come back from the grave to do it. I—I don't know why, but somehow I'd feel it always." I didn't think much of it then, but later I had good cause to remember those words.

"It was a short time after this that we made our strike—a big strike—and together we went down to the old Saddlerock Dance Hall to celebrate; and there amid the smoke and the wine and the coarse talk, I saw Conchita—Conchita—even yet the thrill of her as I saw her on that night, comes back to me. Dressed in a Spanish costume of yellow silk and black lace, she danced, and against all the cheap tawdriness of the room, she seemed like some strange exotic flower, with her red lips and her laughing eyes framed in heavy black curls, and the gleam of her white teeth flashing out now and then—ah, there is nothing with which to compare her! From that night on I was her slave. I thought then and I know now that Conchita returned my affection, but she was of the type that is always demanding further proof, and so for the weeks that followed, she kept me half wild with the lure of her—alternately on the heights and in the depths.

"Bob had no love for Conchita. He had lived in the mining towns just long enough to see wiser men than I make their fortunes and then throw them all away on some dancing girl, for those were big old days when men were all that the name implies. Ah, the glory of them all is gone now, and beside them this life seems barren and colorless. As I say, Bob and I quarreled over Conchita, and it came to such a pass that we hardly spoke—we who had been friends from our boyhood. Finally one night I came down to the saloon of old Tom Feeney, and there drinking at the bar, was Bob. We both had more than was good for us, I think, and I at least was half wild over some new caprice of Conchita's. It was inevitable that we should quarrel. Bob turned to me almost at once with some sneering remark about her, and all the old-time anger flaring up within me, I struck him a blow that sent him staggering back against the bar. His eyes grew big and hard with anger and he reached for his gun, but I had quickly whipped out mine, and in the flash of that blinding choler I fired, and Bob dropped down in a queer shapeless heap on the floor.

"Then the haze of anger left me and I saw Bob lying there before me with the blood foaming at his lips, and I realized that this was my friend—Bob of the old days in Kerry—my pal, and in an instant I was down beside him, holding up his head from the bar-room floor.

"I went with him to the hospital and sat by his side throughout the night. The memory of it brings a shudder to me even yet. To sit there throughout those long gray hours and listen to the slow, steady, sobbing breaths, broken now and then by a deep gurgling sound that told of the blood in his lungs, and to feel always that I was the cause of it—oh, it was maddening. Then just when it seemed that I could bear it no

longer, the day began to break, gray and sullen, on the rocks away up on the mountainside, and Bob, reaching down, took hold of my hand as it lay on the bed.

"Dan," he said faintly, "Dan, it's been a long, hard game hasn't it?" and I knew that he was back in little old Kerry after a football game. Then he turned over on his side and said weakly, "I'm very tired, I think I'll go home," and he was dead.

"I broke down and cried like a baby, still holding that dead, cold hand. By and by a nun came in and tried to comfort me. I don't remember what she said, but she was a good woman and she must have understood, for her voice had a soft, soothing ring in it as she spoke, and finally I got up and went out. At the door I paused for one last look at Bob, but the nun had drawn the sheet up over his face and all that I saw was the outline of a lifeless thing on the bed.

"I hardly remember the week that followed. I know that there was some sort of trial, but there were a dozen men to say that Bob had drawn his gun first, and of course I was acquitted. I went back to the mine and sat still in the little old cabin where Bob and I had worked so long. No one came near me during that week, and I stayed there all alone, never daring to sleep—praying that the sunshine would go away forever, for I felt that I had no place in it, and then again praying for the light, because I dared not sleep.

"Then came the shadow. Suddenly, without warning, it came, and throughout the years that followed it never left me. It was a strange impalpable something that I cannot define—a half felt presence as though Bob were there beside me always, not avenging or angry, but still and calm, silent as he had always been. Waking or sleeping, I knew that it was there, a horror that never left me.

"At the end of that week there came a note from Conchita, begging me to come to her, and I knew that my punishment had only begun, for I dared not go to her; the shadow would not let me. It was as though the hand of that dead man were between us—an invisible barrier that I dared not break. That night I went away without so much as a word to Conchita, though all my heart cried out to her.

"And so for years I went, wandering all ways. Up through the north, down into Nevada, the Mexicos, and always back again to the little town in the hills and that bare brown grave in the sunshine. And always the shadow led me from Conchita; where she was, that place I dared not go, though every fiber of my being cried out for her. Sometimes up in the great woods of the North I would fling myself down among the lush grass and cry out to Bob for forgiveness, and just for the moment it would seem that the shadow had disappeared, only to come back again in a moment. Sometimes in sheer desperation I would go into a dance hall and try to drive the thing away in wild dissipation, and then across from me would

loom the shadow, and the mirth died in my throat.

"So it went for years, with me always wandering, until at last time went on even the lure of gold had ceased to stir me, and I felt that I must go mad with the thought of the shadow that could not let me rest. Then, drawn by that irresistible desire, I went back to the little old town again, and there I met old Father Damian who told me that Conchita was ill and had asked for me.

"I hurried away to her then, all the love of her fighting back the shadow on the way, until I came to the tiny cemetery where Bob lay sleeping, and something rose within me—something that I dared not resist—and forced me, half sobbing in my impotency, to that grave. In those few moments Conchita died. I could have seen her then, but somehow I did not care for that. I wanted always to remember her as I saw her on that first night, in the wild flush of her beauty.

"A few days later we buried Conchita, just old Father Damian and I. It was spring-time, and overhead the gray clouds went drifting across a sky as blue as the waters of Killarney. It was all very quiet and peaceful, with the mountains wrapped in a purple mist and all about the soft spring sunshine. It seemed like a dream to me until I heard old Father Damian saying those sonorous words of the service, 'dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return.'

"Then suddenly as the first handful of earth fell into the grave, a feeling came over me that I shall never forget. It was like the raising of a soul from the dead, for with those words, the shadow had gone, and left me alone—alone with a loneliness impossible to describe. The shadow was gone, but Conchita lay already beneath the sod, and I was too old to care for aught but the way of the plain and the yellow sun of the desert—too old to do much but sit in the sunshine and dream over again the dreams of the long ago."

The soft burring tones of old Dan's voice died away in a note of bleak despair. The firelight flickered, a coal dropped down, and I turned away with a shiver to look out over the desert at the rising moon.

Portable Army Kitchen.

[Indianapolis News:] The portable kitchens being used in Berlin and other German cities for distributing hot cooked food in the poorer districts at a low price are the maximum of economy and efficiency. Their shape has given them the name of "goulash cannon," but underneath the cannon is a small charcoal fire which keeps the hot stew at a boiling point. A boxlike contrivance below gives space for the storage of the pieces of bread served with each order. The kitchen is mounted on wheels similar to those of a small express wagon and in many instances is drawn by a dog. Occasionally a boy or an old man or woman will supply motive power.

[395]

11

Los Angeles Times
211 California Bank Bldg.
210 East Columbia

HIGH GRADE BOND

being shot dead.
Vendor is to have another investigation into sale of liquor at the club, a number of juveniles having been arrested and held for further

Rumors taken prisoner 1500 Austrians and Germans. In the Carpathians several positions have been retaken by the Teutonic allies. In Rumania the fighting has died down

TREVINO DENIES RUMORS

HE IS TO BE SUPPLANTED

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—Active picketing of the transit lines which has

"MT. GAINES
We recommend Mt. Gaines Gold for the following reasons:

AFTER

Recent Notable Cartoons.

Los Angeles Times

Illustrated V

AFTER



VIVIAN stirred lazily
coverlet, opened her
gazed at the bright sun
through her window. The so-
fresh little breeze frisking
the blue bit of sky just vi-
she lay, all proclaimed it a
lag. Yet, after these first
seconds Vivian became aware
ache and in a flash it all
she raised her white hand
staring eyes at the empty
been graced by Martin's
months. Then she buried
pillow and wept.

There came a knock upon mother," she replied, standing up."

An hour later she sat, pale
opposite her mother at the
Mrs. Reynolds glanced at
sharply.

"You will thank me," she
replied, "for what I am doing
little older. You would be
happy with Martin Langdon
circumstances. It would have
order for you than you now

Vivian's lip trembled. "Miserable creature," she said miserably, "because he has failed in business, you are ready to find a very poor reason for giving him no compassion in the person of a mercenary Mrs. Reynolds."

One has to be practical, in the real world. Too much sentimentality will ruin your success. You will learn that the hard way. Cold Silverton in due time will be a few years older and will see that you step you have taken now is a mistake. Unable to endure more, she got up and left the table. When she appeared again, dressed in a simple gown. Her mother, lingering at the table, looked up startled.

"I am going out for a walk
ere," Vivian said choking
to see Aune Clara before
by."

She closed the front door at her mother's remonstrance, then took the steps and away from the near-by park, she spent some time, then unable to find six blicks to her aunt's home. It was prettier than the closely clipped lawns, the set far back from the street by tall trees. As she took the broad white steps, her hand from the side yard, she lay lazily in a hammock on the steps. She laid the hammock on her approach and held on to the hands.

an always liked Aunt
understanding between
ist between her mother
lara sat up in the ham
beside her, and knee

"It's the matter Viv!?"
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and she noticed the e-
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by the papers that lay
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"Does that happen
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ned upon getting mar
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happy. Then there
e hotel in the town

shall being shot dead.

Union Oil Stock
Producers' Transportation

was 63c per bbl., many California oil companies paid dividends of from 12 to 30 per cent. per year. With higher prices for crude dividends should be greater than ever. And it is probable

Los Angeles
201 Citizens' Bank Bldg.

AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT WAS BROKEN.

A Woman Learns. By Vlasta A. Hungerford.

PRINTS IN THE SAND



Continued by the artist.

Baltimore Star

READY FOR ANYONE TO RIDE



Baltimore American

ATTENTION, PLEASE!



Baltimore American

VIVIAN stirred lazily under her silk coverlet, opened her sleepy eyes, and gazed at the bright sunlight pouring in through her window. The sound of birds, the little breeze frisking in and out, and the bit of sky just visible from where she lay, all proclaimed it a beautiful morning. Yet after these first few half-waking moments Vivian became aware of a dull heartache and in a flash it all came back to her. She raised her white hand and gazed with wide eyes at the empty finger which had been graced by Martin's ring, these past six months. Then she buried her face in her pillow and wept.

There came a knock upon her door. "Yes, mother," she replied, steadily enough, "I'm coming up."

An hour later she sat, pale and composed, before her mother at the breakfast table. Mrs. Reynolds glanced at her daughter and said:

"You will thank me," she began without pause, "for what I am doing, when you are a little older. You would never have been engaged with Martin Langdon—under the circumstances. It would have been much better for you than you now imagine."

Vivian's lip trembled. "Martin and I love each other," she said miserably. "Just because he has failed in business seems a very poor reason for giving him up." She looked for compassion in the hard, cold eyes of her mother, but found none. "You have to be practical, my dear, in this world. Too much sentiment does not make a woman. You will learn to care for yourself in due time and after you are a few years older will see the wisdom of the step you have taken now."

Unable to endure more, Vivian excused herself and left the table. A few minutes later she appeared again, dressed for the day. Her mother, lingering over her breakfast, looked up startled.

"Going out so early?" she questioned reproachfully.

"I am going out for a walk—I can't stand this," Vivian said chokingly. "I may go down to see Aunt Clara before I come back."

She closed the front door decisively upon her mother's remonstrance, then almost ran down the steps and away from the house.

Her near-by park, she spent an hour in self-remembrance, then unable to bear it longer, walked six blocks to her aunt Clara's beautiful home. It was prettier than her own, with its closely clipped lawns, the stately residences set far back from the street and half-shaded by tall trees. As she walked slowly down the broad white steps, her aunt called out to her from the side yard. Vivian found her lying lazily in a hammock, a new novel in her hands. She laid the book down at Vivian's approach and held out both jeweled hands.

Vivian always liked Aunt Clara. There was an understanding between them that did not exist between her mother and herself. Aunt Clara sat up in the hammock, drew her legs beside her, and kissed her fondly, saying:

"What's the matter Vivi?" she asked sympathetically. "What has happened? You've been crying." Her glance fell half unconsciously to the small white hands she was holding, and she noticed the absence of the engagement ring. A queer little light of understanding crept into her gray eyes.

"I see by the papers that Langdon & Co. have failed," she continued, eyeing Vivian closely. "Does that happen to have anything to do—with what is troubling my niece?"

Vivian tried to smile. "I'm a silly, I know," she said. "Yes, it's on account of that. I've broken with Martin. But I could never be happy with a poor man."

Aunt Clara was thoughtful. "That doesn't sound like you, Vivi," she said gently, drawing the girl close to her. "I knew of a case once. Would you like to hear about it? It happened in a small town, not a hundred miles from here. A girl of about your age was very happily engaged to a young lawyer of the same town. They planned upon getting married soon, and were living in a wee cottage at the end of the street. The days of their courtship were most happy. Then there came to the little town a young man of wealth and social prominence, who became attracted by the girl, and whose elegant clothes and endless money took her fancy. She gave him permission to call and after a short time, dazzled by his promises of wealth and for the time forgetting her sweetheart, she promised to marry him. This choosing of a poor girl by a scion of the rich set the village agog with excitement and pride. There wasn't a soul to tell her of the mistake she was making, and she was made over so much and praised and petted, she didn't have time to think the matter out clearly for herself.

"After the wedding she found herself in surroundings of wealth and grandeur, such as she could never have hoped to attain as the wife of the young lawyer. Yet, in due time, the old love, pushed to the background in the beginning, began to assert itself. Her quiet moments were full of visions of him, which her husband, whom she had long since grown to dislike, often interrupted. She grew to shrink from his touch and finally quarreled with him, and in the days of estrangement, slipped back to her old home town for a visit, only to find that the sweetheart had married her chum, and that they had a little child—a baby boy.

"She dared not trust herself to an open visit, but one evening she slipped down the humble street on which they lived and through the unshaded window saw her chum, the man she had loved, and his tiny son—which might have been her own. Through the pride on his face as he looked down upon the baby, she could see the deep underlying unhappiness and it broke her heart to know that he, too, was suffering. He was just leaving the cottage and a wild desire overcame her, to speak to him once more.

"She followed him a little way, then made known her presence. The flash of joy and happiness that swept his face, she will never forget to her dying day. For a moment they forgot themselves and he caught her in his arms and searched her face earnestly, then cried out 'Sweetheart—you do love me—have always loved me!' Then realization swept in between them and he drew back, covering his face with his hands.

"The girl clung to him, weeping bitterly for a moment, then they parted sadly, he to go his way, she to go hers. Torn by grief almost unbearable she went back to the golden nest she had made for herself. In the course of time, her unhappy marriage culminated in divorce—leaving her with plenty of wealth and leisure and her own misery to keep her company.

"As the years passed, the lawyer, a widower now, outgrew the small town and came to the city with his small son. His legal practice grew and also his popularity until he finally was made a judge, and his son, a grown man now, is the pride of his heart."

Aunt Clara turned to look deep into the eyes of her favorite niece.

"I was that girl, Vivi, and his son is Martin—the boy you are rejecting. Do you want to repeat the mistake I made?"

For one long, breathless moment Vivian stared at her aunt, then in a burst of tears hid her face on her aunt's shoulder.

"There was no one to tell me," went on Aunt Clara bitterly, "not one soul who didn't think I was doing the best thing for myself. But it doesn't pay, child. All the money in the world can't heal a breaking heart, Vivi, and I know Martin will make you happy. He has failed through no fault of his own; he is young, and won't stay down—give him a chance, Vivi."

Vivian's sobs had ceased, and she raised a face, gloriously happy, for all its disfiguring tears. She hugged Aunt Clara convulsively. Now that she had come to a right decision, she was her own decisive self once more.

"Aunt Clara, I am going right over to Judge Langdon's house, to see Martin and ask him to forgive me."

Aunt Clara smiled. "Haden't you better telephone him to come over here?" she asked.

"Vivian shook her head vigorously. "No! It's my place to go to him—under the circumstances. I can walk over there in fifteen minutes. Now come in with me while I bathe my face and make myself presentable. And believe me, mother isn't going to like

this. She thinks I won't be happy with Martin because he is poor."

Aunt Clara smiled. Vivian's mother had been most enthusiastic when Clara had married wealth, and never had been able to realize why it had been a failure. She herself, under the same circumstances, would have made it a success. But then, she was constructed differently. And Clara and Vivian were alike. It would have meant as much misery to the niece as it had to the aunt.

"I know Martin Langdon, dear," she said softly, "and you will have nothing to regret." At the Langdon home, Vivian had to beat down the judge's stern aloofness, for Martin had been forced to disclose the cause of his white-faced misery, which the judge knew too well wasn't caused by the business failure. He eyed the girl distrustfully.

"Don't you see, Judge Langdon," she had finally cried piteously, "I love Martin and can't live without him. Oh, why do you sit and stare at me like that?"

The judge passed a hand wearily over his eyes. "You look very much like your aunt—when she was your age," he said, more gently. "I—I knew our aunt, very long ago."

Vivian laid a small hand on his sleeve, trembling with emotion.

"It was Aunt Clara made me see," she went on bravely. "She told me her story—and yours. It has made me realize the terrible mistake I made in giving Martin up. Can you ever forgive me?"

It was no easy task to thus bear up under the forbidding aspect of the judge. Her lip quivered. And the judge, realizing that he was hurting her, drew her gently to him.

"Of course, I will, Vivian, and needless to say that my son's happiness is paramount with me. And I know you will make him happy."

With a glad little cry she clung to him. "Then I'll wait—you said Martin would be back soon."

He smiled at her whimsically. "He was feeling pretty badly when he left—this will be a surprise for him."

Almost on the moment there came a peremptory ring at the doorbell. The judge himself answered it, admitting two men bearing a limp burden—the unconscious body of Martin. With a wild cry Vivian started forward, while the judge, shocked and horrified, questioned them excitedly.

"He was driving like the devil along the Haight street grade, as though he didn't care what happened. His car skidded and is smashed at the bottom of the grade," one of the men told him.

The judge, trembling in an agony of apprehension, telephoned for the doctor while Vivian, down on her knees beside the couch where they had laid Martin, cried out in agony:

"Martin, Martin, I cannot live without you—speak to me!"

And Martin, opening his eyes slowly, tried to smile, then said so faintly, she had to lean over him to catch the whisper.

"Kiss me." That was all. He slipped into unconsciousness again that lasted until the doctor came and he was removed upstairs and Vivian, still down on her knees beside the couch, prayed as she had never prayed in her life, that he be spared to her.

There followed days of physical torture for Martin and mental anguish for those near and dear to him. Vivian insisted upon helping to care for him, and in the spells of delirium, it was she who could quiet him, and finally, with the magnetic stroking of her soft, white hands, soothe him back to quiet sleep again. It takes broken bones a long time to heal, sometimes, and Martin's hurts were not slight. In those days she learned much of anxiety and apprehension that had never brushed her life before. And there was a firm conviction in her mind that she was primarily the cause of all the pain and suffering that Martin was going through.

She learned to love the father of Martin—the gruff, forbidding old judge who was all tenderness to her, and who hung for hours over the sick bed, his face tense with worry over his only son.

One evening, after Martin was well on the way to recovery, she left him sleeping quietly and stole into the big library where the judge

sat gazing abstractedly into the fireplace. She guessed he was thinking of past things and a quick sympathy stirred her heart for the lonely woman in the beautiful home down the avenue—her beloved Aunt Clara.

Vivian perched herself on the arm of the judge's chair and put her slender arm about his big, broad shoulders. He looked up with quick appreciation of the caress, then patted her hand where it lay against his collar.

"Judge," began Vivian softly, "I am so happy to know that Martin will soon be all right again, and what I wanted to say to you was—" she hesitated and adged a little, "well, was that we had a long talk this morning."

She remained silent for some moments after this, gazing into the blazing fire. The judge looked at her closely, guessed what she was about to say, and a spasm of pain shot across his face.

"I know, little girl. You and Martin want to get married and settle down right away. And you are afraid that if you go away it will leave this old man unhappy and lonely, eh?"

She hugged him. "How did you guess it, Judge?" she exclaimed, "but that is only part of it—the other part—I don't know just how to tell you."

"Don't you and Martin let me interfere with your plans," he went on, not giving her a chance to finish. "You are young only once—and youth is the time to make plans and build hopes. An old man like me will get along all right, some way. Don't you worry." But in spite of himself there crept into his voice a note of loneliness that made Vivian love him all the more.

"What Martin and I thought was—was that if you wanted us, we'd stay right here and I'd help keep house for you—that is, if you wanted me." She eyed him anxiously.

The judge stared at her unbelievably, relief overspreading his somber face.

"Why—you can't mean it!" he said at last. "I was going to let you have the house, and get a room downtown somewhere. You don't want to be burdened with an old man like me—I'll be in the way—"

She stopped further speech by putting her small hand over his lips.

"You'd be entirely welcome, so welcome, that I am beginning to find it hard to tell you the other part of my plan." Again she hesitated, studying him earnestly. She had studied him very thoroughly during the days that she had been with Martin, and was now trying to convince herself that beyond a doubt, she had not made a mistake. And she decided that she had not.

"Judge," she said finally, "it would be so nice to have a double wedding!"

Judge Langdon stared at her uncomprehendingly, then as her meaning dawned upon him, his eyes clouded and he shook his head. "Your aunt is still a beautiful woman, my dear. She wouldn't look at an old codger like me."

"You are not an old codger," disputed Vivian, "and besides I know Aunt Clara. She asks me all sorts of questions about you every day, and I wouldn't tell this to anybody else in the world, but she still cares—and cares very much." Judge Langdon gripped the hands of his soon-to-be daughter-in-law until they hurt.

"Are you sure, very sure child, of what you are saying?"

Vivian nodded emphatically, unable to speak because of the lump in her throat, brought there by the half-afraid happiness in the judge's face.

"Well, then," he promised her, looking happier than she had ever seen him, "if there isn't going to be a double wedding, it won't be my fault!"

Critical.

[New York World:] "Who composed the music for this piece?" asked the man in the aisle seat.

"I don't know that anybody did," replied his neighbor. "It sounds to me as if somebody had decomposed it."

[Tit-Bits:] Scot (at the baths:) What's the price of a bath?

Attendant: One shilling.

Scot: Heh, man, that's a lot. Can ye no say sixpence and put in less water?

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13

TREVINO DENIES RUMORS
HE IS TO BE SUPPLANTED

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—Active picketing of the transit lines which have

Saturday, September 23, 1916.]

MEDICAL MARTYRS TO PUBLIC HEALTH.

Doctors Who Face Death. By a Special Contributor.

POLIO MYELITIS—which is the scientific name for infantile paralysis, the scourge which has swept over the Eastern States during the past few months—may very probably be the next disease to claim as its victim a member of the public health service, the medical branch of the United States Treasury Department, which spends its time defending the nation from the ravages of all kinds of epidemics. Already an assistant physician at the Municipal Hospital in Philadelphia, Pa., has lost his life in fighting that dread disease.

In the hygienic laboratory of the public health service in Washington there are nearly a dozen men who daily face death in battling with the unknown scourge, for "polio" still remains among the maladies concerning which science knows but little. The government experts are striving hard to learn the origin of the disease and to discover a cure for it.

In doing so they are shaking dice with death as surely as do soldiers upon the firing line, for no one knows at what moment the scourge may strike them down as a punishment for their persistency in attempting to penetrate into the uncharted realms of medical science.

But in the event that any one of the government's surgeons succumbs to infantile paralysis it is safe to say that he will face death calmly, content to know that his fate may add something to the small store of knowledge of the malady and that it may aid in some manner to combat the disease in the future.

Died Fighting Ticks.

The fight which is now being waged in Washington against poliomyelitis is analogous in many respects to that conducted only a short time ago against the deadly "cattle fever tick" of the western plains—a fight which cost the life of Dr. T. B. McClintic of the public health service, but which resulted in a greatly increased knowledge of the disease and the manner in which it spread.

Dr. McClintic, a man of thirty-five, for whom was predicted a most brilliant future, went to the Bitter Root district of Montana to study the "spotted fever" which was devastating that section in 1912; he returned to Washington within three months after his marriage and died from the bites of the ticks.

While more than half believing that he was immune to the malady, having been bitten by the "fever ticks" several years before, Dr. McClintic fully realized the danger he was running in returning to the haunt of the tiny insect which hovers over the valley of the Bitter Root. But he had been ordered to continue his investigations of the strange disease and he went back to Montana without a murmur.

His heroic spirit and self-immolation were shown when, on returning to Washington, he was taken to a government hospital and told that he could not live beyond the night. Lifting his arm, where the deadly ticks had raised large welts with their tiny probes, he said:

"They don't seem to be going down. I hope they don't disappear before the boys" (his colleagues) "see them. They might be able to make something more out of them."

Three hours later he died, but not before the welts had been carefully examined by his brother officers and he had been assured that his death would in all probability add greatly to the knowledge of science concerning the disease.

Sacrificed Life at Guayaquil.

Guayaquil, Ecuador, has long been noted as one of the most dangerous ports of the western hemisphere. Scarcely a disease known to modern science but flourished there before the United States government undertook to clean out "the pest hole of the Pacific." Leprosy walked unchallenged in the streets; the open gutters ran mud-colored filth of all descriptions, and all the tropical and temperate fevers stalked deathlike in the shade of the fly-ventilated houses.

The death of several Americans who had been working on the Quito and Guayaquil Railway brought the State Department, in 1908, to a realization of the absolute neces-

sity for cleaning up the city, and Ecuador was asked whether, if the United States sent a health official to Guayaquil, the authorities would try to sanitize the city. The reply, given rather half-heartedly, was to send the official down and they would see what could be done.

Accordingly Dr. W. W. Wightman was instructed to go to Ecuador and make a report on the sanitary condition of Guayaquil with a view to forcing the Ecuadorian government to clean up the place. Dr. Wightman, supposedly immune to yellow fever,



Luther Walker Jenkins, drowned while on duty.

went to the port and sent back word to Washington that the sanitary conditions were almost beyond belief.

"The natives are more or less immune to the diseases," he reported, "but it is almost certain death for a foreigner to remain here any length of time."

His death within six months after arriving at Guayaquil proved the correctness of his assertion, for, despite the numerous precautions which he took against disease and the fact that he had had yellow fever in his youth, he contracted the yellow scourge and died in Guayaquil without having been able to put into effect any of the health regulations and improvements which he had so earnestly striven to obtain.

Four years later the United States gunboat Yorktown, under Commander Bartollette, was forced to call at Guayaquil for the purpose of protecting American interests in Ecuador during a revolution. The Yorktown anchored far out in the harbor of Guayaquil—one of the finest on the Pacific Coast—and took every precaution against disease.

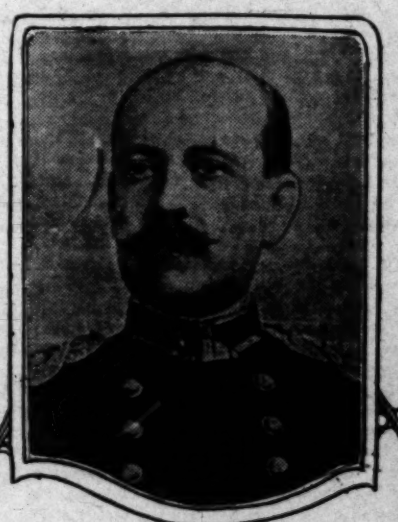
But, in spite of this, Commander Bartollette and three of his crew died of cholera and fourteen others were taken sick with the disease. Since this occurrence the city has been sanitized to a certain degree under the direction of other United States government officials, but it still remains one of the danger points of the Pacific Coast.

Died for the Neapolitans.

Another port of call, larger and far better known than Guayaquil, which has claimed two officers of the public health service within the past four years, is Naples, Italy. Here it was that Dr. H. D. Geddings fought an unceasing battle for sanitation and the strict enforcement of the immigration laws from 1909 until he returned to this country to die in 1913, while his immediate successor, Dr. J. M. Eager, succumbed to the insidious health conditions of the beautiful Italian port during the past summer.

Both of these men, in the opinion of their brother officers in the public health service, died in the service of their country just as surely as though they had been shot down in battle. The war against disease and infection may not be as spectacular as the campaign against an invading force, but it is very nearly as deadly, as the records of the public health service will prove.

Yellow fever, the disease which carried off Dr. Wightman at Guayaquil, has been directly responsible for the deaths of six mem-



J. M. Eager, who died in Naples.

bers of the public health service and indirectly for the deaths of two more.

The first martyr to the cause of science in the government service from this cause was Dr. William A. Waldo, who went to Cairo, Ill., in 1878 to fight the epidemic, which had come up the Mississippi from Louisiana and the Gulf. This was one of the worst epidemics with which the service had ever had to contend, and Dr. Waldo was on his feet night and day trying to prevent the spread of the disease.

Eight weeks of constant attention to the sick and dying in Cairo broke down his health, and the germs of yellow fever found him a ready victim, but not until he had succeeded in checking the advance of the disease wave and keeping the fever from invading the north.

Key West, Fla., the outpost of the Florida keys and formerly one of the most unhealthy places along the southern coast, was the deathbed which claimed two other officers of the public health service, Drs. Glazier and McAdam. Dr. Glazier died there in 1880, and Dr. McAdam went to his death in 1895, two years after the great epidemic at Brunswick, Ga., which caused the death of Dr. John W. Branham.

Four years previously Dr. J. F. Groenvelt, ordered to the front to fight yellow fever in Louisiana, had contracted the disease and had died at the service camp at Chantelieu Island, just at the beginning of the three great "alternate-year epidemics" which swept the southern States in 1891, 1893 and 1895. Owing to the excellent manner in which the government physicians have fought yellow fever and the precautions taken in quarantine to prevent its entrance as well as its spread, the former curse of the Gulf States has become almost a negligible quantity of late years. Dr. Wightman being the only government surgeon who has succumbed to this disease since Dr. McAdam's death in 1895.

Victims of Tuberculosis.

The intimate study of tuberculosis, which has been of such tremendous benefit in fighting the white plague, has also left its imprint upon the roll of honor of the public health service. Dr. Spencer C. Deven, Dr. Emile Prochaska and Dr. C. W. Decker having paid with their lives for their temerity in studying the causes and cures for consumption.

The death of Dr. Decker was closely analogous to that of Dr. McClintic, inasmuch as he died as the direct result of experiments undertaken to show that the germs of tuberculosis found a ready hiding place in the dirt and dust which lodge in the cracks of floors, no matter how well the latter may be scrubbed. Dr. Decker secured some of this dust from a number of hospital wards and subjected it to microscopical analysis.

As he had surmised, it contained tuberculosis and other germs, and the order went forth that all cracks be closed with an anti-septic solution and carefully scrubbed with a solution poisonous to the bacilli. Dr. Decker's discovery, valuable as it was to science and to the proper management of

hospitals, caused his death, for he contracted the white plague, and, although rushed West, died shortly after reaching New Mexico.

Typhoid fever is the other scourge which has added materially to the honor roll of the service. While fighting an epidemic of this disease in New Orleans in 1906 Dr. T. F. Richardson contracted typhoid and died, while Dr. W. W. Miller died from the same cause in Washington in 1910, after examining decayed animal matter for the presence of germs. He found them; but, unfortunately, absorbed them into his system.



T. B. McClintic, victim of spotted fever.

and his death occurred only a few days later.

While the list of Uncle Sam's martyrs in the public health contains, for the most part, only the names of those who died as the direct result of fighting disease, which, as a general rule, they contracted with fatal results, there is at least one case of great heroism of another sort. This is the incident connected with the death of Dr. Jenkins, who, while stationed on the coast of Alaska, was informed that a man was desperately ill with pneumonia in a nearby lighthouse. Despite the fact that a very heavy sea was running, Dr. Jenkins ordered that a lifeboat be launched, and he assisted in rowing to the place where the patient was marooned.

A rapid examination of the sick man showed that the only chance to save his life was to remove him at once to a hospital. Against the earnest advice of the volunteer life crew, Dr. Jenkins insisted on attempting to return to land with his patient. On the way back the boat was overturned and every person in the little craft drowned.

Thus it is that the men who are endeavoring to learn the inner secrets of the infantile paralysis plague do not consider that they are doing anything out of the ordinary—they are merely carrying out the traditions of a service which says that the people of the United States must be protected against the spread of epidemics at any cost.

To Salvage Submarines.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] An ingenious craft for the salvage of submarines has just been launched at Zaandam, Netherlands, in the order of the Spanish government. It is a double screw steamship made up of two separate vessels six meters deep and six meters broad, the fore and aft decks of which are bound together with an intervening space of eight meters, thus giving the entire structure a breadth of twenty meters. The open space is spanned by hoisting apparatus powerful enough to lift up sunken submarines between the two halves of the ship. The electrically driven windlasses have a total of lifting capacity of 650 tons, with a test load of 1000 tons. On board the ship are four workmen for the repair of the salvaged underwater craft, together with a hold for the storage of torpedo-heads, which can in case of emergency be immediately submerged. The vessel is ninety-two and one-half meters long.

OTTO'S name is on the list over the Spring. Otto's Teutonian ruffianism and loutish fare; Otto himself, bloated behind the desk, but for those who know, not around the massive prior, but around the lithe flaming red head of the reddest head in Los Angeles.

Now for some people great slow wave that en them about for a while, them forth with the corn off; with some it fights leaves scars on both sides is content to subside in against which the glory may shine out with renewed glory of Pat may be seen handed, with the national rayed against him, he can rock above the cabbage the tuba with the notes of Luigi, the swarthy Italian, the little rat-like, soft-footed Pedro, the brave Spaniard meal to perfection as far as skill counts, but only Pat can disgrace out of a spoonful the bottom of a bowl, or newly fortified in his deed least a pound a day by the to order the whole menu from cakes.

Theoretically Pat's table far corner, but actually he to table and from dinner to d by the scowls of his fellow, mild rumblings. Duty and ments have small weight w keen eye or his more than catches the possibility of esting underlying the case of a pair of diners or ha silence of another pair. Se own table that things usual lack of the place," says a ally-minded persons say the wall half cuts off the table from the view of the and makes it the most c imaginable for the settlen questions. Pat and his in many things to their accoun been responsible for at least and of the engagements, Pa long since. They found a dying father, they saved a his fortune in the days whe a fortune worth saving, and occasion they discovered fighter who for many mon Tim Murphy Athletic Club o of the wave of victory.

Consequently, it was qu that when Mr. and Mrs. Tom decided to take their dinn while Tommy's "position" a apartment store kept him e evening, they should have table. Perhaps it was chance; it may have been Pat, but the fact remains table behind the log in the every night for many week ding in the minister's parlor.

"An' how was I for kno new-weds?" said Pat. Down to the confidential whisper th things really worth while—no transactions.

"How was I for knowin' it? could mistake 'em, dressed new clothes, an' walkin' so c holdin' hands. Him scarce at her, an' her playin' wit ring like she hadn't got used it yet. An' her sayin' so soft her what she'd be wantin' for ever you want yourself, Tom take shame to myself for a nense if I hadn't been knowin' it was in the late winter the first came to Pat's, and all th ter and the spring they dail meal with their ways. Gradu to regard him as a kindr hands were held openly ab instead of shrinkingly unde

UNDER PAT'S DISCREET SUPERVISION.

Two Pieces of Pie. By Marjorie Charles Driscoll.

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Dr. Jenkins, victim of white plague.

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OTTO'S name is on the sign that hangs over the Spring street sidewalk; Otto's Teutonicism runs rampant in the kitchen and lentilsuppe on the bill of fare; Otto himself, blond and beaming, stands behind the desk just inside the door; but for those who know, the place revolves around the massive figure of the proprietor, but around the lithe quick form and the flaming red head of Pat—almost the wildest head in Los Angeles.

Now for some people environment is a great slow wave that engulfs them, rolls about for a while, and finally casts them forth with the corners neatly rubbed off; with some it fights a drawn battle that leaves scars on both sides; and for some it is content to subside into a background against which the glory of the conqueror may shine out with renewed intensity. The story of Pat may be seen from afar. Single-headed, with the nations of the earth arrayed against him, he has raised the shamrock above the cabbage and drowned out the tuba with the notes of the harp.

Luigi, the swarthy Italian waiter, Jans, the little red-like, soft-footed Hollander, and Pedro, the brave Spaniard, can serve a meal to perfection as far as mere technical accounts, but only Pat can make a lasting impression out of a spoonful of soup left in the bottom of a bowl, or persuade a man, newly fortified in his decision to lose at least a pound a day by the severest of diets, to order the whole menu from soup to rum cake.

Theoretically Pat's table is the one in the corner, but actually he flits from table to table and from diner to diner, undisturbed by the scowls of his fellow waiters or Otto's mild rumblings. Duty and table assignments have small weight with Pat when his keen eye or his more than keen intuition catches the possibility of something interesting underlying the casual conversation of a pair of diners or half-hidden by the alcove of another pair. Still it is at Pat's table that things usually happen: "the hot of the place," says Pat, but more lithe-minded persons say because a jog in the wall half cuts off the diners at this table from the view of the rest of the room, and makes it the most convenient place imaginable for the settlement of weighty questions. Pat and his table have many, many things to their account. They have been responsible for at least four weddings, and of the engagements, Pat has lost count long since. They found a daughter for a dying father, they saved a millionaire half his fortune in the days when a million was a fortune worth saving, and on one glorious occasion they discovered the game little fighter who for many months carried the Murphy Athletic Club on the very crest of the wave of victory.

Consequently, it was quite appropriate that when Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Terpening decided to take their dinners down town, Tommy's "position" with the big department store kept him until late every evening, they should have come to Pat's table. Perhaps it was not altogether chance; it may have been more than half fate, but the fact remains that the little table behind the jog in the wall was theirs every night for many weeks after the wedding in the minister's parlor.

"An' how was I for knowin' they was wedded?" said Pat. Down went his voice in the confidential whisper that he keeps for those really worth while—not mere business connections.

"How was I for knowin' it? Sure, an' who could mistake 'em, dressed in their brand-new clothes, an' walkin' so careful not to be holdin' hands. Him scarce darlin' to look at her, an' her playin' with her wedding ring like she hadn't got used to the feel of it. An' her sayin' so soft when he'd ask her what she'd be wantin' for dinner, 'What do you want yourself, Tommy?' Sure, I'd have come to myself for a man of small means if I hadn't been knowin' it."

It was in the late winter that the Tommys came to Pat's, and all through the winter and the spring they daily delighted Pat's soul with their ways. Gradually they came to regard him as a kindred spirit, and the table was held openly above the table instead of shrinking under a corner of

the cloth. They realized vaguely that the towering pile of vinegar cruets, sugar bowls and menu cards which formed the centerpiece of the other tables was pushed to one side for them, but that it was Pat's hand which nightly set the scene, arranging an uninterrupted view across the table, they were scarcely conscious. This was quite as it should be and Pat rejoiced exceedingly.

So it was through the winter and the spring. Then came the summer. Now the rules of the department store required that men in Tommy's "position" should wear coats closely buttoned and high stiff collars, always immaculate. Nobody disputed the excellence of the rule, and when the sultry days of summer came, nobody disputed the utter discomfort of the results. Poor Tommy suffered agonies, sweltering in his coat, tortured by the high stiff collar that always seemed to have a rough edge and absolutely refused to keep in the immaculate state desirable, thus frequently bringing down upon Tommy's unhappy head the wrath of a faultless being whose collars were never other than perfect. Being forced to bear this wrath in silence, Tommy's temper, which was none of the most long-suffering, writhed and surged inside the tightly-buttoned coat, until he longed for nothing more than to consign all coats and collars to perpetual and utter extinction—to be followed, he sometimes fervently wished, by the perfect being and his perfect colleagues.

Mrs. Tommy was spared the agony of collars and coats, but Mrs. Tommy had been a country girl, used to great green shadows and open spaces where free winds could blow and make endurable the most summery day. In the little flat—not apartment, flat—she longed for the comfort of trees and shadows. There were the parks, to be sure, but—did you ever try to drink lemonade when your whole soul was crying out for cool water? And at times even the infinitesimal sweeping and dusting that the infinitesimal flat demanded made the park an impossibility. There were times when Mrs. Tommy hated Los Angeles and everything in it—except Tommy. There were even times when Tommy did not escape.

About this time Pat noticed that there was no more holding of hands surreptitiously or openly. Mrs. Tommy developed a strong mind of her own in the ordering of dinner. No longer did he need to charge his mind with one order only, mentally add a "double it," and be sure of making no mistakes. One night he deliberately left the vinegar cruet, the sugar bowl and the menu cards in the center of the table. They stayed there. Dejectedly, things were in a serious way.

There was just one thing that Pat was afraid to do. Long ago—but not so long that he had forgotten to shudder when he remembered it—he had jumped at a conclusion, acted on what he thought he found at the end of his jump—and a broken engagement was the only black spot on his career. Consequently, where there was nothing to go on, Pat did the wise thing and stood still—very still—but poised for action at the first reliable hint of affairs.

This time he stood still for so long that the situation was becoming acutely painful to him. Inaction was torture to Pat, but he remembered the ring that he had found on the floor one night after a meal at which even he had not dared to assist as usual, and he waited. He would not risk another such catastrophe.

It was on a night throbbing with sultry heat that the hint came. No one but Pat could have been persuaded to action of even the mildest sort that night, unless stern duty insisted very pointedly. It was a hot night. Consider for a moment the simple elemental fact, forgetting adjectives, forgetting even expletives. It was a hot night. The Broadway crowds were limp and listless. The moving-picture houses were deserted. The store windows attracted nobody. Nobody stood in front of the theaters. In the parks, rows of silent figures were stretched on every bench and in every bit of shadow where they might escape the eye of the law. It was a hot night.

As luck would have it, the managers of the department store had chosen this day of all days to whip the flagging spirits of their customers by a Startling Sensational Slash in Silks, and an Unprecedented Upheaval

in the History of Bargain Days. Psychologists who study the superiority of mental action over bodily fatigue, have something to learn if they have not considered the effect of Startling Sensational Slashes in Silks upon the faded feminine being, too worn with heat to wash the dishes and too much oppressed by fatigue to do anything more particular than a kimono. These scientists are recommended to apply for data on the subject to the heroic men and women who fearlessly face the tide of femininity, invigorated by an Unprecedented Upheaval, and with a narrow counter for a trench and the shrieking colors of the silks to replace the shrieking of the shells, fight a day-long, week-long, month-long battle for \$15 a week.

That after-the-battle feeling, utter limpness of mind and body and raggedness of temper, ruled strong in Tommy on the hot night. Moreover, there had been the nerve-racking agony of a piano-tuner in the flat next door, and Mrs. Tommy's nerves were stretched tighter than the piano-wires.

They came into the restaurant as usual—outwardly. They sat down at the usual table and took up the usual menu card. Luigi, Otto, Jans and Pedro noticed nothing; but Pat did. Just what he noticed he could never say, but "twas a queer feelin'," he said afterward. "All at once like nothin' at all," and that was as near as he could ever come.

Tommy, reading over the menu whose essentials he already knew by heart, ordered his dinner. Pat stored away in his memory the list, and turned to Mrs. Tommy with his best smile and his most confidential whisper of advice. Mrs. Tommy laid the card down.

"Nothing for me tonight," she said.

Tommy looked up with a frown. There was no earthly reason why Mrs. Tommy should not have gone without dinner if she wanted to, but Tommy was in that murderous mood induced by hot weather and stiff collars that seized on anything as an excuse. His voice was shrill.

"What the devil's the matter with you?" he demanded.

Neither was it the first time Mrs. Tommy had heard this question. Usually it got the same answer as one in milder form, but tonight the piano-wire nerves snapped. Mrs. Tommy looked for a long, long minute at her husband. Pat, whom discretion bade go and curiosity urged to stay, braced himself for an explosion. He expected tears, reproaches, perhaps hysterics, but Mrs. Tommy said never a word. Slowly she drew her chair closer to the table and finger by finger removed her gloves. When both gloves were off she smoothed them neatly, laid them exactly one on top of the other beside her place, and leaned her arms on the table. Then, quietly and slowly, she began to talk to Tommy.

Here is where Pat's story breaks down for a brief space. Every species of flattery, bribery and threat has failed to find out what Mrs. Tommy said in the three minutes that she spoke her mind for the first time in her married life.

"Tis no words of mine can tell it," he says. "What she had to say, she said, an' what was not needful, was not said. 'Twas a small word of his that started it all, but faith, 'twas no small thing by her tellin'." By all rules of the game, Tommy should either have sat in crushed silence, or else have turned upon Mrs. Tommy and cowed her into weeping submission, royally forgiving her for as long as she should stay submissive. He did neither. If he had been twelve years old instead of twenty-two, he would have stuck out his tongue and called her "smarty" with a jeering laugh. Being twenty-two, he kept his tongue where it belonged, but the jeer could not be suppressed.

"Where'd you learn to jaw like that?" he inquired snappily. "Gee, I wish I'd married Tessie Burke. She never had a grouch on like that in her life."

In Mrs. Tommy's eyes at that word swiftly passed in review all the feminine history of the world since the first cave-woman smote her rival over the head with her cave-husband's stone club. Fashions have changed very little in fundamental matters.

"Faith, an' it was clear down my back an' special in the roots of my hair I was feelin'

her look," Pat says in awe-struck tones. "An' 'twas not at me she was lookin' at all, but fair at him. An' then she stands up tall an' stately, for all she was but a small woman, an' out of the door with never a word, leavin' him there where he sat."

A little later Tommy pushed back his chair and went out. On the doorstep he hesitated for an instant, and then tilting to a rakish angle the hat that he always wore exactly straight on his head, he turned toward a swinging door.

Beside the table where the uneaten dinner cooled in its dishes, Pat stood in a depth of meditation he rarely attained. It was one of his proudest boasts that he "showed his thinkin' but little," but this time he was undisguisedly thinking hard. He was absolutely sure he had heard the name correctly. Tessie Burke, Tommy had said. Tessie Burke. Of course, it might not—but at any rate, Pat's knowledge of Los Angeles extended from the lordly reaches of West Adams to the last and rawest suburb. And when it came to someone whom every night he managed to steer to the table of some other unlucky waiter—preferably on the other side of the partition, where he would not have to see her—well, to Pat's facile mind the chances were about equal that it might be.

Tommy came into the restaurant the next night with a very evidently prepared swagger. His hat was still on one side and his expression was about equally divided between truculence and uncertainty. He came to the usual table and in a voice a shade too loud ordered a meal of unusual amplitude and magnificence. Of Mrs. Tommy there was no sign.

Neither was there the least sign of anything out of the ordinary in Pat's face. If his smile were wooden, Tommy did not notice it. As far as Tommy was concerned Pat might have stood on his head as he served. Tommy's chief interest at that moment was himself.

He did not see that Pat was inexplicably nervous, that his hand trembled as he set down the dishes, and that his eyes kept seeking the door. Nor did he notice how long it took to serve his meal—almost as if Pat were purposely trying to delay his finishing. He did hear the half-smothered sound that broke from Pat's lips once when the door swung open, but he did not look around to see what caused it.

Nothing distracted Tommy's attention from the strain of keeping up his appearance of indifference until a waft of heavy perfume clutched him by the throat and a large presence sank into a seat at the other side of the table. He looked up, suddenly annoyed. He didn't care who sat opposite him—he had been repeating the emphatic statement all the way to dinner—but all at once he found that he definitely did not want this companion at the little table where they were brought so close face to face.

Tommy scowled at Pat and shook his head violently. Pat was serenely oblivious, except for the tail of his eye, which was inconspicuously active. The woman across the table pushed the straggling wisps of hair out of her eyes, tilting her purple-feathered hat to a most appalling angle in the process, and burrowed in the front of her limp waist. From somewhere under her arm she produced a crumpled handkerchief and openly and vigorously mopped her steaming face. There was a large expanse of hot red face, and when it was polished sufficiently, she completed the process by loosening her low unstiffened collar and running her fat forefinger around inside of it, finding some difficulty in navigating the territory under her pudgy chin.

The tail of Pat's eye was very busy just then, watching Tommy's face. If one could have found any expression at all in the face attached to the eye, it would have been something like that of a speculative cat regarding the wriggles of a mouse whose tail was under her paw. Inexorably the paw held firm, while the unhappy mouse, fascinated, watched the woman across the table take out a greasy powder puff and a mirror, dabble the powder thickly over nose and cheeks and regard the effect with satisfaction. With a shapeless, smeary hand she

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

| SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23.—Following is the list of price ranges today on the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange: | | Statistics by the brokerage house of Wilson, Lackey & Co., 490 I. W. Hellman Building. | | | | | | | | | |
|--|------|--|---------|--------------|------|-------|-------|------|-------|------------------|------------|
| U. S. Bonds | 100% | Bid. | Asked. | Shares Sold. | Name | Open. | High. | Low. | Last. | Net change week. | Year High. |
| 4 1/2 quarter coupon (ages) | 100% | 100 1/2 | 100 3/4 | | | | | | | | 1916 Low. |

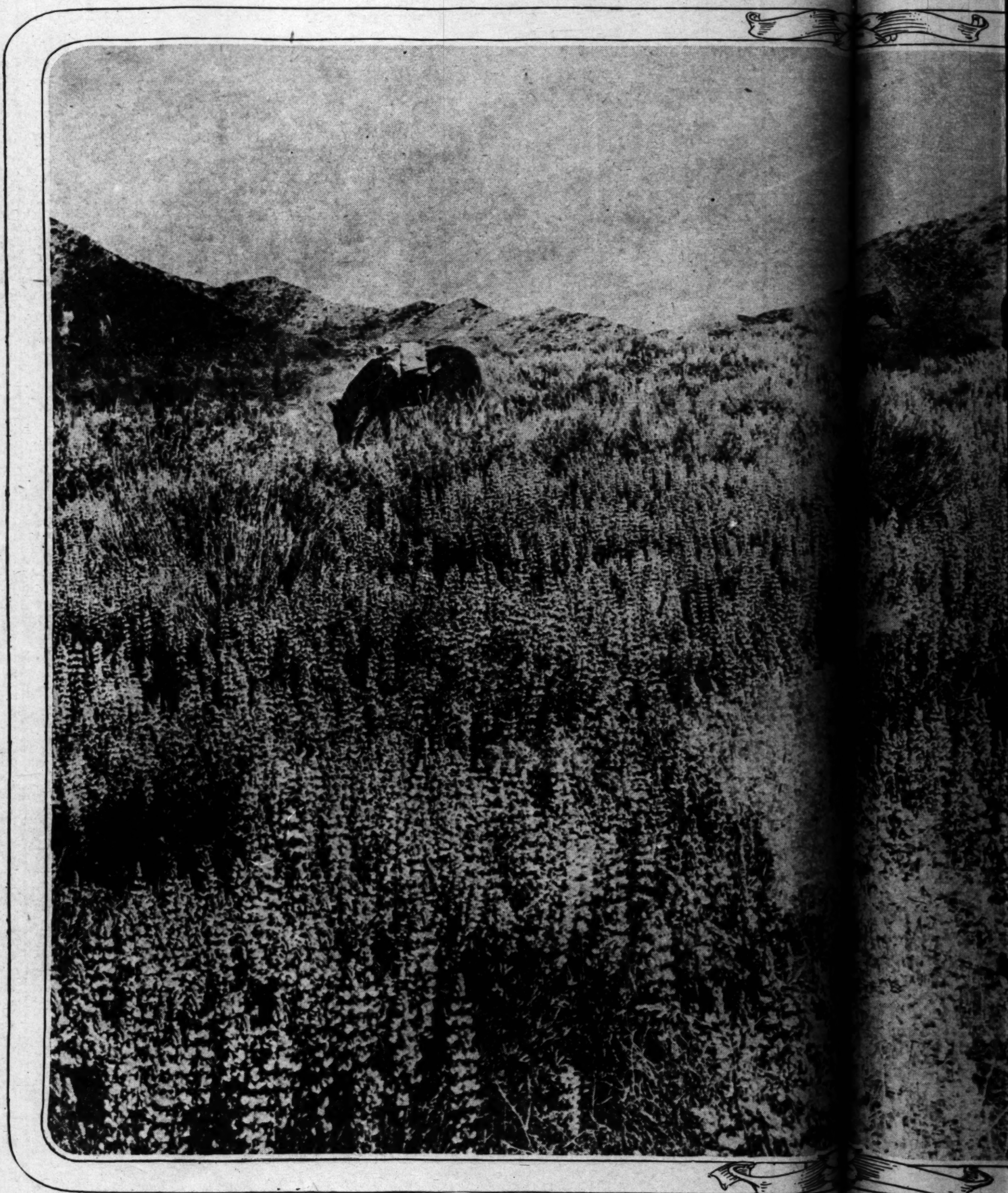
MT. GAINES.
We recommend Mt. Gaines Gold for the following reasons:

MONDAY MORNING

Saturday, September 23, 1916.]

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

A Field of Lupines in San Rafael



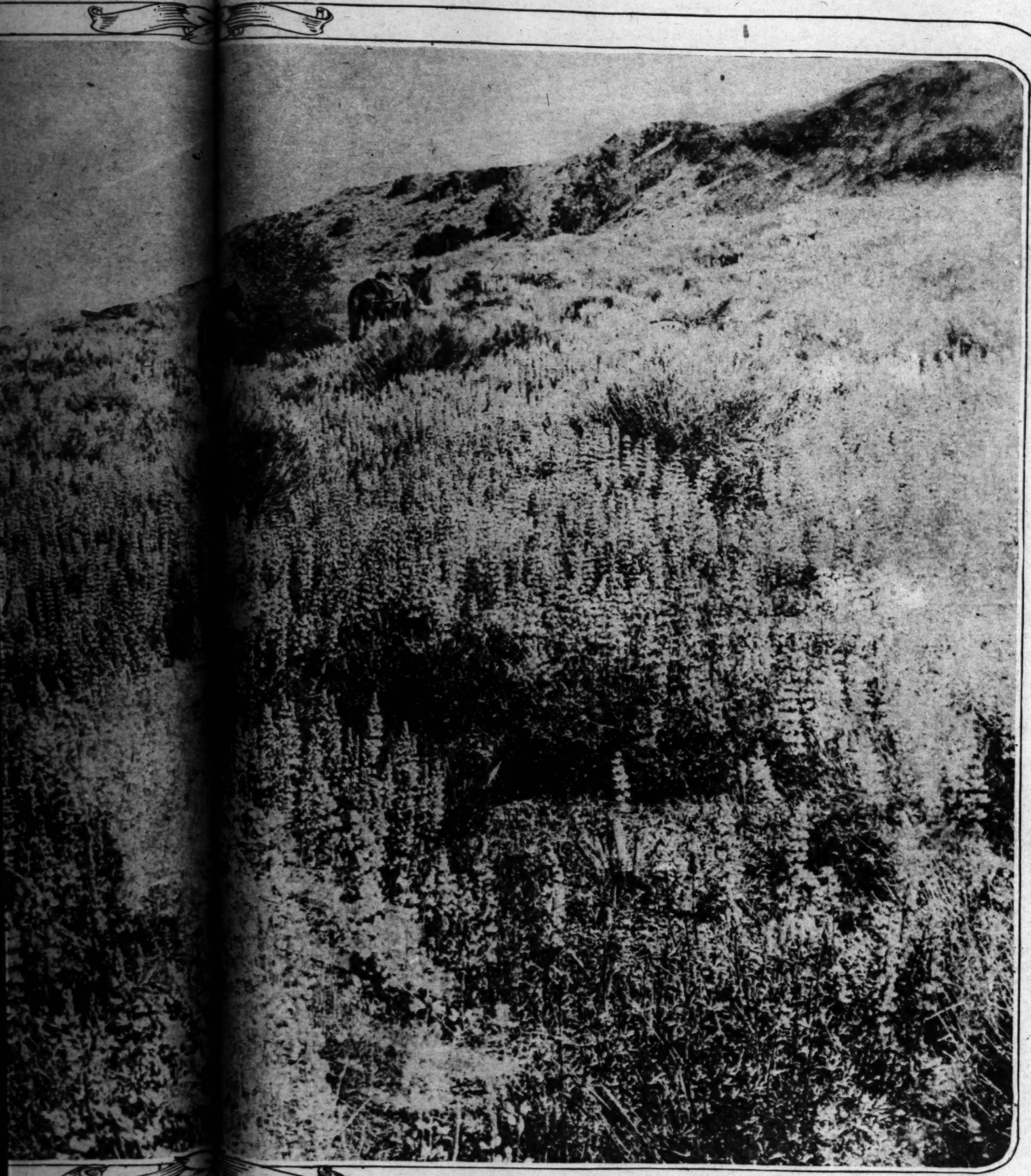
(Photo by Francis M. Peltz)

[400]

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---------------------|---|---|
| <p>specie.) \$450,051,000; increase, \$22,147,000. Reserve in Federal reserve bank, \$177,039,000; increase, \$10,233,000. Reserve in other depositaries, \$54,362,000; increase, \$936,000. Net demand</p> | <p>Union Oil Stock Producers' Transportation</p> | <p>was 43c per bbl., many California oil companies paid dividends of from 12 to 30 per cent. per year. With higher prices for crude dividends should be greater than ever. And it is probable</p> | <p>BONDS</p> | <p>Los Angeles 201 Citizens' Bank Bldg.</p> | <p>San Francisco 210 Bank Bldg.</p> |
|---|---|---|---------------------|---|---|

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly.
of Lupines in San Rafael Mountains.

[Saturday, September 23, 1916]



[401]

Los Angeles Pasadena
Chrysler Bank Bldg. 210 East Colorado

D & CO. HIGH GRADE BOND 5% to 6%

being shot dead.
is to have another investiga-
into the sale of liquor at the
a number of juveniles having
arrested and held for further

Russians took prisoner 1500 Aus-
trians and Germans. In the Car-
pathians several positions have been
retaken by the Teutonic allies. In
Rumania the fighting has died down
somewhat in the Dobrudia region.

TREVINO DENIES RUMORS
HE IS TO BE SUPPLANTED

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—
Active picketing of the
transit lines which have

Los Angeles Times

Illustrated Weekly.

[Saturday, September 23, 1916.

EVERYWHERE THROUGH THE DANGER ZONE OF MEXICO.

Ruined by Revolution. By E. G. Blake.

cause I want him to, if you must know. He is going because I made him—that's what I want. [New York Times.]

Credited to Pittsburgh.

A YOUNG woman in Pittsburgh was recently looking at material in a store that city's leading dry goods stores in an attempt to select what would make an attractive skirt for the seashore. The clerk strenuously suggested the availability of several patterns.

"But," said the young woman, "they rather loud, don't you think?"

Without a glimmer of a smile, and in a perfectly correct tone for a salesman to assume, he replied:

"Too loud for awnings—just right for skirts."—[New York Times.]

Held Them Tight.

IN THE dock of a London police court appeared one morning a highly respectable resident of our most respectable suburb.

"Now," said the magistrate, "the charge against you is that of being drunk and incapable. Have you anything to say?"

"Yes, sir," replied the highly respectable resident. "It was the result of a bet."

"A bet? Do you mean to say that you whom we have all known so long as a laborer, got drunk for a bet?"

"Oh, no sir! Indeed, no! It was this. You see, some friends of mine were betting drinks on the 2 o'clock race, and they asked me to hold the scales."

[Answers.]

In All Over.

MELINDY, bereaved of her husband, sulked her young mistress on proper wear to disclose her grief.

"Ah, wants a black hat, an' a black an' black shoes, an' black gloves, an' a black handkerchief, ma'am."

"Oh, no, Melindy," her mistress pointed. "not a solid black handkerchief!"

"Honey," remarked Melindy, "imagine when ah mourns, ah mourns!"—[New Evening Post.]

A Clear Case.

POLICEMAN (giving evidence): Being ejected from the cinema, I discovered with a large bouquet in my hand on the doorstep of the back entrance of a picture palace.

Magistrate: Did he give any reason for his extraordinary behavior?

Policeman: His speech was very distinct, yer worship, but from what I gathered 'e was waiting to see Mary Poppins.—[Passing Show.]

Set Them Right.

JONES'S opinion of himself as a man was very much greater than his skill as a rafter.

Recently he was invited to play on a famous Scottish ground as a volunteer. Armed to the teeth with clubs of all sizes, he set off and, followed by a caddy, proceeded to play.

He buried his ball in every bunker, and bit of grass on the lawn and scattered naughtily. After half an hour of play, he turned to his silent caddy.

"Really," he murmured indignantly, "this is the most difficult course I have ever played on."

"Hoo did ye ken?" replied the lad, in a scorn. "Ye havna played on it yerself."—[The don Answers.]

A Vocational Back.

A CERTAIN professor, who was a remarkably fine, well-built man, was staying at a village some time ago.

He happened to pass two men on a floor, and overheard this conversation: "Say, Bill, who's that?"

"That's the professor what's staying here."

Bill's reply: "they say as how he's a learned."

"What a spoilt man," rejoined the other. "I never in my life see'd such a head-sack of flour."—[Tit-Bits.]

Mexican country occupied by troops originally were the fertile haciendas, now laid waste by the years of revolution and brig-

the most interesting and best of all the families who have been their lands is that of Don Luis. Some members of the family held captive for ransom, others tortured and barely escaped with their homes, their haciendas looted and destroyed, their families broken up, and many horrors.

In the city of Chihuahua, a magnificent palace belonging to this family was blown up by dynamite after the family had fled to the gold supposed to be hidden there. Members of the

sound of voices singing a mass, in the open, with no accompaniment save an accordion. but in the hands of a born musician it was so skillfully played that we were astonished and charmed. It was the custom of the attaches of the ranch to celebrate a mass every Sunday morning.

Near San Diego is the beginning of the famous Mormon Dugway, which has been dug through the mountains by Mormons who have colonized here to the extent of 2000 or more.

During the revolution the Mormons have been seriously menaced, and have suffered to a considerable extent by marauding bands who have stolen their horses and cattle. Many of them, in fact, have been driven out from the towns of Coronel Garcia and Salmaripia. They are a hardy and

committed. This is a land where every turn might mean an ambush, and many a treacherous clue could lure on to destruction those who seek to avenge the outrages perpetrated upon their countrymen along the border.

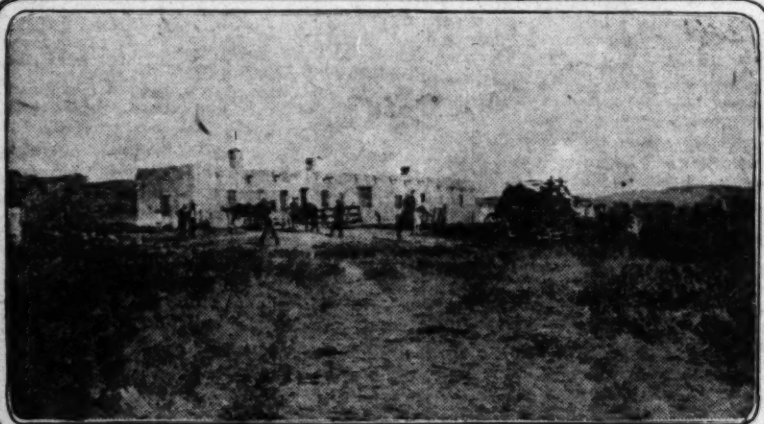
We are now in the inmost recesses of the mountains. Here are the evidences of a prehistoric life and civilization which is a study for the archeologist. There are traces of an agricultural people, for the hillsides for more than a hundred miles are terraced much in the wonderful way that the Maygar Filipino tribe have done, such engineering feats as excite the wonder and admiration of civilized races. In one canyon alone there are more than seventy of these terraces with walls from a foot to ten feet high. The walls are built of loose rocks or slabs laid up without mortar, and built on an in-

arms. The figure was perfectly preserved, the expression of the face distinct and the hair dark and straight but not coarse; in fact it was a soft brown hair. The mummy was first wrapped in unginned cotton, as the seeds were still in it, then again in a coarse cotton cloth. The body of the infant was wrapped in fine cloth, and placed in a tiny basket were two ear-rings, two finger rings and a nose ring. These were all made of colored seashells.

Upon our return to Casas Grandes, though rumors of revolution had been in the air for months, we were royally entertained at the Terrazas ranch at Casas Grandes, and were driven to the railroad under escort in the old-fashioned coach drawn by six mules. In true Mexican fashion we made the trip, mozos riding on either side of the coach



On the way.



Don Luis Terrazas's ranch.



Cliff-house, 36 rooms.



Mummy found in cliff-house.

under fire for hours before they made their escape to a place of

attempting to recall the happy days of the revolution when the great ranch was always open to travelers, and Americans were heartily wel-

coming through this country in company of explorers it was my

to be a guest at the great hacienda of Casas Grandes. Arriving at the town, we were equipped for the

interior, into the land of the desert, where few if any white men

from the natives of queer his-

ings in the inmost canyons. As we rode on muleback some twenty-five miles we arrived at another

part of the Terrazas estate, Rancho San Diego.

These times of turmoil, and much of the days of peace, the natives

to music and laughter. At dawn, under the protection of the

were awakened by the sweet

thrifty clan, and had prior to the revolution prospered exceedingly. Most of them are not polygamists, though the original founders of the colony were.

We were anxious to explore some ruins of ancient dwellings some twelve miles from the town of Casas Grandes, and from whose turrets and walls the town takes its name, but were unable to find any mozo to guide us. In fact no one in that country can be coaxed, hired nor forced to go within range of the spot, as there is a superstition that the soul of some powerful Yaqui chieftain abides there, and all manner of ills will be the lot of any who venture near.

Due west from Coronel Garcia is the ridge of the mountain which is the Continental Divide of Mexico. Crossing this and fording the Gavilan River, which is a dangerous and turbid stream in many places, after days of travel we are in the State of Sonora, in the real wilds of Mexico. Small wonder our army had such difficulty in locating the prize bandit of them all, Pancho Villa, for without the guidance of good and loyal mozos this is a country one could never enter, and once within could never get out again. Every trail and canyon is known by these Indian guides, and to them and their mercy one is

cline to prevent falling out. The storms washed soil down onto the terraces, making a level place for planting.

In one of these walls a skull was found with hair still upon it. It was sent to the Smithsonian Institution and was declared to be a race distinct from the Indian. On all the high walls and mesas there are piles of rocks thirty to forty feet high and 200 feet in circumference. These are the funeral pyramids similar to those at San Juan Teotihuacan near Mexico City known as the pyramids of the Moon.

Seemingly these people were driven farther and farther back into the canyons by a warlike race, as the dwellings are always in narrower and more inaccessible recesses of the mountains as we advance. One of these dwellings was three stories in height, built of hard white cement concrete. The floors were all of cement polished as smooth as glass, and on the walls were odd and fantastic figures of men and animals done in bright colors.

This dwelling looked down 2000 feet over a sheer precipice, a parapet twenty inches high inclosing the front. Two feet under the main floor a mummy was unearthed. It was the body of a woman with a child in her

and two equipped with long whips rode on the coach mules to keep them at top speed. Our escort was armed, and we rode at break-neck speed all the way, arriving without incident. We remember with pleasurable excitement our trip to the Yaqui land and our most gracious host at Casas Grandes, and we regret that years of desolation and sorrow have fallen upon the land.

Thrifty.

[Chicago Herald:] It is said that Scottish humor is an electric spark that flies back and forth between the two extremes of whisky and religion. But the following anecdote is Scottish, without touching either extreme.

A wife was asked by her husband what kind of a bonnet she would like him to bring her from Glasgow, and she replied:

"Weel, ye'd best make it a straw bunnet, Jock, and when I'm done wi' it I'll feed it to the coo."

[Sketch:] The Foad Mother (to adventurous offspring:) Come away from the cliff, will yer? Do yer a want to dash yerself to pieces in yer best suit?

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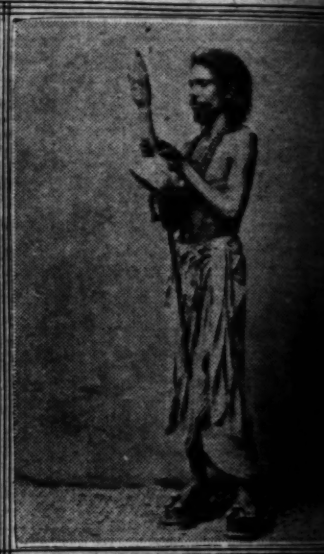
Los Angeles Times Illustrated Week

Deep Oriental Puzzles. By Frederick Simpich

YOU 'spect my muvver'll day?" the baby asked as her father with clumsy hands pulled down the diminutive skirt, and she slipped over her head.

"Marble so," the man answered, his anxious eyes. "Here, daughter, do this nice big bow on your hair. Does come, you want to be like you?"

"My muvver's been gone a long time," the child said with quivering lips. "Twenty years, I guess!" She put her hands and brushed them down her eyes, then smiled bravely. "Now I's going to be your daddy, an' get your breakfast, an' go down the stairs and into the kitchen."



A religious fanatic.



Holy man of India with
finger nails 6 in. long.

When Charlotte saw her cousin
draw driving into the yard
slipped a pie into the oven
in a pot. She had not seen him
after his long drive.
Greeted him cheerfully. He
of his own, and she never
to them by letting him see
damps.
"Laury?" she asked. It was
question whenever she saw him
thankful when he could reply
; he
been a little stronger the last
"I've been in my mind a good
he said when he was seated
"I hope you're not having any
influenza. Uncle told me, not very
that to save a little."

DU FAKIRS DRAWN CLOSE BY THE STRENGTH OF LOVE.

Home Coming. By Mrs. Carl Bank.

philosophy, the practice of this popular magic and sorcery flourishes unabated. Millions of these fakirs ply their dark arts and the whole life and character of the people is guided and shaped by the singular fanatics.

England has given India splendid systems; but the masses of her people are still swayed by the superstitions of two centuries; the fakir and the sadhu (man) are greater in their eyes than viceroys, engineers or teachers from the western world.

Then there are the yogis, and the religious ascetics, more of a puzzle than the fakirs. "Races of men differ among themselves in speech, habits and religions," Julius



A religious fanatic.



Holy man of India with finger nails 6 in. long.

Caesar once reminded us. He was not comparing Americans with Hindus—or drawing startling contrasts between the people of Boston and those of Bombay. But the Roman was right—even at that. What America, for example, would think a more virtuous simply because he hung himself up by the feet for an hour every day, or some Hindu fanatics do—or slept on a bed of spikes? Or because he crawled on his stomach for six miles around a "holy" tree—or hung in air by a hook passing through the muscles of his back?

Nor would any sane Anglo-Saxon mix religion with sorcery, slight-of-hand, or magic. Yet in India, perfect holiness is popularly thought to be attained by resort to black arts and self-inflicted pain. Fraud is undoubtedly much practiced, but both the fakirs and the yogis, and the evidence is found to prove the superstitions. But the secret of how it's all done is safe with the Hindu wizards.

"You spect my muvver'll come to-day!" the baby asked hopefully, as her father with clumsy fingers slipped over her head the little blue bonnet. "Here, daughterkins, let this nice big bow on your hair. If you does come, you want to look nice, don't you?"

"Muvver's been gone a long time," said said with quivering lips, "most a year, I guess!" She put up two hands and brushed them quickly over her eyes, then smiled bravely at her father. "Now I's going to be your housekeeper, an' get your breakfast!" She slipped the stairs and into the breakfast room following more slowly, two chairs to the small round table, opening the door called in a high voice: "Me an' my daddy is all ready for you, Mandy!"

Her fluffy skirts in the big chair behind the table, she smiled at her father above the low silver tray, as she poised a cube of sugar on a spoon and asked, with an adorable pouting of her lips: "One lump?" Her father's somber face lighted with an answering smile as he answered: "Two, little housekeeper."

"Two is too many, daddy. You'll give me one, I fink I give you only one," she added, "I don't fink I'll be late for lunch wiv you today. I's too busy for weeks this same little time."

It had been enacted. It pleased the father to make her day brighter, and it took all the man's self to carry through the farce. Dan Monroe, staid business man, and pretty Arline Morgan, actress, his daughter, shook its head dubiously, coming home late from his office one day, heart sick and weary, he opened the door of his house. There were no flying feet to meet him, no gay little voice—only a sound of subdued sobbing. Softly he crossed the hall and drew aside the heavy curtains. Crumpled in a forlorn heap lay little Helen. With swift strides Dan Monroe crossed the room and gathered his small daughter into his arms.

"What's the matter, sweetheart?" he demanded with an anxious look in his eyes. "Tell daddy all about it; daddy'll fix it all right again!" Helen raised a tear-drenched face. "I forgot how my muvver looks!" she said solemnly, with quivering lips. "I can't remember how she combs her hair!" and then wildly, "Oh, daddy, I love you, but your lap isn't soft like my own muvver's is, an' there isn't any little place under your chin for my head! An' your arms isn't cuddly! An', oh daddy, I want my own muvver, I do!" Down went the curly head and sobs again shook the small figure. "Why, Helen," her father said lightly, "I thought you were my little housekeeper."

For one long surprised moment Arline had looked at him across the cosy round table, then coldly she arose and without a word left the room. And as she slowly mounted the stairs, bitterness welled up in her heart. This was the last straw! More and more her husband had grown in his dislike to leave his easy chair after his day at the office. Often of late he had refused to go out with her, and she would not endure it—it was the breath of life to her!

And he, eating his solitary dinner, had had time to reflect on his unfeeling speech and to be heartily ashamed of himself, and later he had climbed the stairs and knocked at his wife's door. It was locked, but he had called softly: "Let me in, sweetheart. I want to apologize!" But only an angry, tearful voice came back: "I won't accept an apology, Dan Monroe; go away and leave me alone!"

Arline had met him the next morning with a cold politeness that never varied as the days passed, and he had told himself stubbornly that he had tried to make matters right, and that was all any man could do. So the wall of pride had begun to build between them until the barrier had seemed complete—and then when he came home late one stormy afternoon, little Helen had met him at the door.

"My muvver's gone away, daddy, an' she left me an' you to keep house." And his heart had given one sickening leap and then seemed to die within his breast. The feeling of bitterness grew and magnified in the months that followed, until a whole year had passed without word from his wife. Occasionally he heard or read of some new triumph, and knew that again Arline was the idol of the people; that she had slipped back to her old place in their hearts. But he made no effort to communicate with her; his pride stood stubbornly against making the first advance, until coming home late from his office one day, heart sick and weary, he opened the door of his house. There were no flying feet to meet him, no gay little voice—only a sound of subdued sobbing. Softly he crossed the hall and drew aside the heavy curtains. Crumpled in a forlorn heap lay little Helen. With swift strides Dan Monroe crossed the room and gathered his small daughter into his arms.

"What's the matter, sweetheart?" he demanded with an anxious look in his eyes. "Tell daddy all about it; daddy'll fix it all right again!" Helen raised a tear-drenched face. "I forgot how my muvver looks!" she said solemnly, with quivering lips. "I can't remember how she combs her hair!" and then wildly, "Oh, daddy, I love you, but your lap isn't soft like my own muvver's is, an' there isn't any little place under your chin for my head! An' your arms isn't cuddly! An', oh daddy, I want my own muvver, I do!" Down went the curly head and sobs again shook the small figure. "Why, Helen," her father said lightly, "I thought you were my little housekeeper."

"I've come back, Dan," she said softly—and waited. Framed in the doorway, with the light falling upon her white face and making a halo of her soft brown hair, and with her big eyes anxiously upon him, she looked to Dan Monroe like a dear timid little girl. His heart gave one frightened leap and then began such a paean of praise that it took all his self-control to keep from rushing across the room and folding into his eager arms the little figure waiting in his doorway. She had come back of her own accord; he would prolong the sweet moment.

"Don't you sugar my coffee every morning, and see that I have a clean handkerchief and—"

"I don't want to be a housekeeper," a pitiful little voice interrupted. "I just want to be a little girl, an', an' I can't remember how my muvver looks!"

"Why, I'll tell you," Dan Monroe began. "Sit up here, and let me wipe your eyes—There! Now listen. . . . Mother is just the prettiest mother: her eyes are big and brown—"

"An' they crinkle up when she laughs, don't they, daddy?" Helen sat up suddenly, stary eyes upon her father.

"Yes, and her lips are red, and her teeth are white like pearls, and—"

"An' she uses dental cream, like me, don't she, daddy?" the baby asked eagerly. Her father nodded and went on steadily. "And her hair is soft and brown and she wears it low on her neck unless she is going to dinner and the theater, then she piles it high on her head, and there is one little curl that always—"

"An' one little curl came an' hanged down on her forehead, an' we telled her 'a naughty little girl had a little curl,' didn't we, daddy?" Helen's laugh bubbled over; she clasped her hands, but the lines about her father's mouth grew sterner.

"Now you know how mother looks," he said unsteadily, "go put dolly to bed, for it's time my own little girl was in the land of nod." And baby Helen, spilling out of her father's arms, was soon crooning to her dolly; and later, all her troubles forgotten, her father tucked her into bed.

But Dan Monroe sat late before his library fire, with tightly compressed lips. The last half-hour had been torture to him, bringing back to him, poignantly, all that he had lost. His beautiful wall of happiness had crumbled about him, and left him amid its ruins. How was he to face the barren years ahead, and be father and mother both to little Helen? He had been at fault, too, he acknowledged that now. He had not been patient enough with his pleasure-loving little wife. How could he have expected that she would fit into his quiet life, without the excitement that had always been hers?—He had been blind! blind! And was it too late? Had she gone out of his life forever?—Abruptly he arose and crossed to his desk. He moved as does a man who has reached a sudden decision. Quickly he selected a sheet of note paper, and the scratch of his pen was the only sound in the room. Suddenly, as though drawn by an unseen force, he raised his eyes. There in the doorway stood his wife!

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ing across the room and folding into his eager arms the little figure waiting in his doorway. She had come back of her own accord; he would prolong the sweet moment.

"I've come back, Dan," Arline repeated. "So—I see," he answered slowly. "Are you sure you came because you wanted to come, or was it because you thought we needed you?" The man's voice was cool.

"Yes, I'm sure—it was because I wanted to come."

"Weren't you happy before the footlights? I read of your triumphs."

"It was all dust and ashes, Dan!" There was a quiver in the tense voice, and the man's hands hidden behind his desk closed sharply over a paper knife, but still his deliberate voice continued the interrogation.

"You went without my consent or knowledge; left me in the lurch with a baby on my hands. Do you call that square?"

"No," Arline conceded, trying to steady her trembling lips. "No, it wasn't square, but I've paid, Dan, paid in full!" She swayed a bit and caught at the curtained doorway. "Why," she went on, "every night when I stood before the footlights, above the applause that thundered through the great house, I heard a sweet voice saying: 'When will my muvver come home, daddy?'—and I didn't see the flowers piled high in front of me. I saw only you and baby Helen sitting before the fire—lonely!" She took a step forward, then paused. "I had to come. My love was stronger than I." Still the man was silent.

"Dan!" Arline cried wistfully. "Dan, was I altogether to blame? You—you didn't seem always to understand. You were hard sometimes, and stern. I—I was a little afraid of you!"

"Afraid of me?" Dan Monroe bounded to his feet, and three swift strides took him to his wife's side. "Good God! Afraid of me! Arline," he repeated, gathering her close. "I could crawl to you in my abasement. I was the one to blame, sweetheart! I didn't understand! I was hard, and I ask your forgiveness here, now, humbly and fervently! I tried to live my own life. My pride held me with rigid fingers, and I told myself I would never ask you to come back, but I found my life was barren without you, and I broke away at last. Look, dear, I'll prove it!" He drew her to his desk and pointed to the letter, and Arline read with racing heart:

"I give it up, Arline. I put my pride in my pocket and ask you to come back to little Helen and me. We need you—and love you."

"Dan." "Oh, Dan," Arline said solemnly, her face against her husband's breast, "aren't you glad we both gave in? Aren't you glad we both said we were sorry?"

"Yes," Dan Monroe answered gravely. "I'm glad, and after this I'm not going to be so blamed careful about saying it first, either!"

The Lady of the Potato Decides to Take a Trip.

BY MRS. A. G. GALE.

Charlotte saw her cousin Andrew driving into the yard she slipped a pie into the oven and put it to bake. She had not seen him since her father's funeral, the week before, and something to tell him while he was on his long drive.

"How much money was there?" Andrew asked, aghast. "Five hundred," she answered reluctantly. "Don't let it worry you, Andrew. Of course I'm disappointed, but it's not going to break me up. John and Abbie want me to live with them. They know that I earned more than my daily bread on this farm, and they seem

deeded the farm to John, and would give you the personal property and some money."

"That is what he meant to do," she said quietly, "but the money can't be found. The cashier of the bank told us a few days ago that father withdrew all he had in the bank about the time he made the deed to John, and a bill of sale, giving me certain things. He even told the cashier that I was to have the money. Neither John nor I knew that he had taken it out of the bank; if we had we should have watched him. As it is, we both think he hid it and then forgot about it. You know his mind failed rapidly after the bad spell he had in the spring."

"How much money was there?" Andrew asked, aghast. "Five hundred," she answered reluctantly. "Don't let it worry you, Andrew. Of course I'm disappointed, but it's not going to break me up. John and Abbie want me to live with them. They know that I earned more than my daily bread on this farm, and they seem

to think that I should keep right on working. You know the old maid sister's generally a useful person to have in the family. But I'm not going. I'm hoping to find a small house and an acre or two that I can rent. I'll be a free woman then, and I can make a living."

"You have a right to stay here thirty days, and in the three weeks that you still have you're likely to find the money," said Andrew, hopefully. "If you do find it I hope you'll nerve yourself up to spend it by taking some of the trips that you talked about when you were younger. I talked, too, but I didn't care as you did. And you've never been anywhere. I don't know how you've stood it all these years. Honest, now, have you ever had anything that you wanted?"

"Not that I remember at this moment. But no matter. I don't have to live with John and Abbie!"

"I don't know of any such place as you are looking for," Andrew observed, after a pause. "I wish—it's selfish, I know—but I wish you

would stay with us a while, anyway. Laury talks about it every day. She'd be as happy as a child to have you around. I wish with all my heart you'd come, Lottie. You needn't live with us if you'd like better not to; we have plenty of room; I'd make a yard for your poultry, and you'd have your cow separate. You'd be there; that's the main thing." He looked at her questioningly.

Many memories arose in her mind during the brief moment that held the meeting of Andrew's eyes. They had been chums—until he married. If that brought any grief to her she had never let him suspect it. And she had a real affection for Laury, who needed her, now, desperately.

"I'll go, Andrew," she agreed with the quick decision that was characteristic of her. "I'm glad for some one to want me just the way she does. I don't wish to be by myself, either. I'll take hold, and let her rest. Per-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

Saturday, September 23, 1916.]

THE MUSICIAN AND THE PHILOSOPHER

The Little Blackbird. By Alice Virginia Hall.

BETTINA'S father dubbed her the little blackbird with her first fluttering attempts to walk. The public echoed it some dozen years later when she made her professional bow and danced her way into its heart. And now, after six years as Mrs. John Walton Carr, second fiddle to that musician-philosopher, her husband, and mother of a 4-year-old girl, her bright black eyes, saucily-tilted head and darting movements still proclaimed her right to it.

Bettina, herself, had long ago foregone the nickname. For six years she had felt it sufficient to be called the wife of John Walton Carr. Her husband was fully conscious of the dignity his name had bestowed upon her, so much so, indeed, that Bettina's friends resented it. "Poor dear," they sighed whenever her name came up among them, "she's a perfect martyr to that egoist, Carr." While his friends muttered, "How did that brainless little doll ever rope in a man like Carr?"

Bettina and John themselves—when not in the clutch of creditors or torn apart by what Bettina styled "one of John's sprees"—considered themselves as Adam and Eve in Eden. So you see it is all in the viewpoint.

One thing alone worried Bettina. It was not their creditors. She was used to creditors, had grown up with them under the roof of her father, the novelist, one of those divinely gifted failures whom the world refuses to rebrand a success. She had from long experience grown to be an adept in handling them. No, she did not fear them, they did not threaten her conjugal bliss. Nor was she afraid of an out-and-out honest spree such as her father excelled in when his masterpieces came straggling home to him from unappreciative editors. She understood the psychology of such an action and even condoned it. There was one thing alone that threatened her marital happiness—John's brand of spree. Some day it was bound to make serious trouble between them. She had sensed this from the first week of their marriage when she discovered that she had married not John the musician, alone, as she had supposed, but John the philosopher, as well. The musician was her mate, the philosopher her enemy. The one was all heart, the other all head. They had nothing in common except a mutual respect for the other's genius, and when one came in the door the other flew out.

In the early days when the philosopher man invaded their happy home Bettina had vehemently protested. She had cajoled, flattered, scolded and wept by turns, but it was all waste. John the musician, her mate, who would have understood, had deserted her, leaving in his stead a cold-eyed, logical anomaly. Fortunately he did not follow her about as her own John did. He went straight to their cosy little attic studio and fell into a frenzy of writing on some old book of philosophy that she was sure no one would care to read when it was written. But even her warm-hearted husband spoke in glowing terms of that book. He considered it with detached, impersonal admiration. Some day it was going to make them all famous. If only that poor philosopher had more opportunity to work! The bread-and-butter struggle divorced him from a proper chance. He was always having to summon back the musician-pedagogue to rescue his wife and child from starvation.

"Why rescue them?" mourned Bettina one evening as she sat listening to her husband's impatient harangue. "They don't want to live if you poke off to your old attic all the time."

"But, my dear," expostulated John Walton virtuously, "it is because of you and Peg that I want to succeed. Teaching the fiddle to stupid children will never make us rich."

How splendid he looked saying that, thought Bettina. And he really believed it. He was so densely ignorant of his true motives. There he stood beaming down on her, gray eyes alight, the laugh she knew well deep in his voice. Her eyes lingered on the iron-gray hair that bushed up from his fine high forehead, on the square strength of his face, and the deep-chested, strong-limbed virility of him.

"Don't go away, John," she pleaded.

"Stay with me. I need you."

"Why, bless your heart," he laughed out. "Sounds as if I were going to run off to the South Sea."

"It's worse," broke in Bettina, evading his touch. "It seems as if you were dead. You are to me. You are never your real self when you write. And I get lonely, I tell you," her voice broke quite shamelessly. "I'll do something desperate next time."

It is of no use to say that Bettina should have exercised patience, that she should have been a willing helpmate and handmaid on her husband's success. She was, to a reasonable degree, but John Walton, in the clutch of the writing mania, was no longer a reasoning animal. His attic retreat was sanctuary. If Bettina in a fit of wifely worry placed a tray of tempting food before his door in sacrificial style, her timid knock upon the grim-looking door a plea for him to break his fast, he was sure to come out in a rush, step in its midst and curse her stupidity. Or if, on the other hand, he condescended to come down to the dining-room he ate in absorbed silence, breaking it only to ask for food or to complain of something he lacked. No human being could censure Bettina's fear and loathing of the philosopher man's advent. From the mere hint of his approach their quarrels began, and from their quarrels emerged the philosopher man.

Bettina gazed after his retreating back now as it went up the stairs—an indomitable back, a stubborn, iron-willed back! Never once did it turn in response to her sobs. No, not even in answer to her call.

Mechanically she dried her tears, patted her hair to tidiness and went out in search of her errand daughter, Peg. She found her running wild in the street, Bunk, the bulldog, at her heels.

The child came reluctantly at her call, straggling across the street and up the stone steps, gazing back regretfully at the passers-by on the sidewalk.

"Hello, there," one bluff, blond young man called to her, as he hurried by. "What's your dog's name?" There was something in the fresh vigor of his voice that arrested Bettina's attention. She tipped her porch chair forward in order to see him better. But he was already swinging up the hill, laughing back at Peg's grim little face. The child's voice was vindictive. "I won't tell you," she shouted after him, her whole little figure braced and on the defensive. Then sharply to the dog, "Come here, Bunk." The man's hearty laugh drifted back to them, as he passed on out of sight. This was evidently a familiar by-play between the two. Bettina remembered to have seen him go by before. He was the son of the wealthy old woman who lived in the spacious high-walled home on the hill. Its security had always irritated her.

"Peg," she said severely to the small, dirty child before her, "you mustn't be so rude. Come and let me wash your face and hands. You're a sight." Peg fought approaching cleanliness with determination. She was an odd little creature. Sturdy in build she moved with the same darting grace as her mother, while her square, resolute chin and low broad forehead chimed in with the philosopher man in her father. Watching her with her dainty mother one felt ill at ease. The mother could never manage that child, body or soul. One feared not for the child, but for the mother. Fortunately the little girl's voice reassured one. There were tones in it that could easily have made her mother of her own mother. The dip and rise of her words were like caresses. There was a fluttering about her, a warmth, a harmony that arrested and charmed. She had caught her mother's terms of endearment into her own little vocabulary. These she used with serious intensity. Above all things Peg was a serious little person. It was her absorbing seriousness that charmed as she moved through the steps she improvised to her mother's or father's music, just as it had been lightness and frivolity in her mother's case.

"She will dance," Bettina had said one day as she took the violin from her husband's hands and drew him down beside her on the divan to watch the child. "I never saw such interpretation of sound."

"It's hard work," he laughed. "Lord, Socrates wasn't in it. There's no blackbird about her. She's an eagle."

If Peg was difficult to manage when she felt the note of mastery in her father, she was a regular little savage when he retired to his attic. She had even attempted to storm the attic, for her father and she were great chums, but that cold-eyed automaton, her father's secretary, had put her out with scant ceremony. She knew when she had met defeat and did not court the humiliation twice.

As she struggled now in the hands of her mother, dodging the wash rag and fighting the hairbrush, she suddenly grew quiet and reflective. Her mother's eyes followed her intent gaze. Through the window she saw the approach of the automatic secretary man. His arrival proclaimed that the philosopher man had evidently come to stay. Bettina groaned. Peg bristled at the sight of her old enemy.

"There's that old thing," she burst out violently. "Don't let him in, mother, dear."

Mother, dear, did not move. There was the quick deft use of a latch key. The door opened. On the threshold stood the discreet secretary. Bettina remained motionless. The man bowed apologetically and went on up the stairs. "Mr. Carr told me to go right up," he purred with his furtive smile.

Bettina watched his ascent silently, her heart like lead. Some instinctive prompting made her realize that this was to be John's worst dissipation. It had been coming on for months. He had dropped his violin pupils gradually on one pretext and another, and when she had protested he had burst out into violent fits of anger. The little green bowl in the china closet was overflowing with bills. There used to be jests about it. Now it was a sore spot, untouchable, and christened with Bettina's tears.

It was July. The first hot days of summer had commenced. The few pupils she had in dancing had gone for their vacations. There was nothing to break the monotony of the days that threatened. Peg was no comfort to her. She loved the child, was proud of her, but she bowed before her fierce will. She hated strife and confusion, and rather than court them she let Peg have her own way.

She, herself, seemed scarcely more than a child as she sat there in the twilight gloom of that big room, filled with shadows and memories. But as the days and weeks passed, days of dull routine and wistful nights when the attic light burned till dawn, Bettina's first stabbing loneliness turned to revolt. Everyone in the world seemed to be a summering. She alone sat on her porch unheeded. And she was young, too, with all youth's hunger for joy and beauty. John owed a debt to her youth. His start of fifteen years should have made him charitable. What good it in years to come his book did bring them fame and fortune? It would be too late then; like a fire it would have eaten into their youth, consumed desire and left them the shell of their old selves. She wanted John, and John alone. She had given up the adulation of crowds for his love. Before he had come into her life the praise and flattery of her audiences had meant much to her. And now he had taken both from her. She fell into a depression of self-pity from which she emerged with a sudden wilful determination to go back upon the stage. That was one thing John had forbidden, but he had broken his promise of devotion to her, he had practically deserted her. Besides they must have a roof to sleep under, food to eat and clothes to wear. Necessity stared them in the face. Could she, she wondered? Quick and sharp came the picture of herself dancing before a crowd as in the old days. John need not know. When he came back to her it would be plenty of time to give up her dancing.

Her awakened interest brought color to her pale cheeks and light to her eyes. She searched her rooms for old costumes, and finally came down to the living-room in a daring Spanish outfit that transformed her. Joy surged up in her. She threw herself into the old dances with abandon. She did not know how long she had been practicing when the thought of Peg made her stop

abruptly. The child had not come to dinner. She recollected guiltily that had been no dinner, and here it was after 8 o'clock. With a sinking heart she rushed to the door, still framed in the light, as out of the darkness she caught Peg's living voice. The door behind her worked loose, throwing the brightness of the moon onto the sidewalk she discovered her companion, the bluff blond young man who so often jested with Peg as he passed. They had been in hand. Both stopped at their caught sight of Bettina. The man's shout of delight, and the man's exclamation: "Holy smoke," he burst out. "If it isn't the little blackbird!" Bettina's idea. . . . No wonder the child danced.

There was a give and take of words and then he explained: Peg had found the high garden gate to her mother's premises open and had slipped in. She had found them at the pergola just off the dining-room. Invalid mother, older sister and brother had been captivated by her already dancing had won over his sister and as well. They had been so rapidly tamed that they had not realized they had kept her. He had had that she was the child of the little blackbird. Heavens! Why, six years ago he was in college the little blackbird been his idol. A picture of her still in his room.

It was late before he left that night. He fell asleep in his arms, and tucked in among the pillows of the sofa while Bettina and he went out to the garden. There was a hint of sage brush in the hills as if it had just been the hills," said Bettina, stretching her arms to the night. "It makes me feel for old days." And then, before she knew it, she was telling him of her husband's absorption, and of her desire to go back on the stage. He listened but she felt his sympathy, and acquiesced when he offered to play the piano for her to practice.

Things happened fast after that. Dance practice commenced with a flourish. From two or three times a week it became a daily occurrence, and daily Bettina slipped through the room and worked and laughed together, as John's prison above.

"He's like a creeping pestilence," Bettina one evening as she sat in the echo of the man's footsteps above.

"To me he seems more like a snake," Allen put in uneasily. "He's the philosopher's slave, body and soul."

If Bettina had secured her position stage things might have been different. The summer months were dull. She could be signed till late in the fall. Peg had not become the idol of the old sister on the hill, and so she had her time there, it might not have been so bad. And yet again if John had not been so devotedly the philosopher when he had found Allen, the bluff blond comer, and Bettina together, they might have taken a new turn. As it was things did come to pass. Allen promptly fell in love with Bettina and was not a week after they had been acknowledged their love. The young heir to millions was bound to run away with him.

A man like John should never be married, he sternly told her. Of course he should not have imprisoned a spirit such as Bettina's. He should make her happy. He knew he should give her everything. Take her life. Life would be one glorious thing. John would be happier than ever. Peg would be better than ever. His sister would be better than ever. The child. It was best all the time. Later John would give her a divorce. They could come back for Peg.

Bettina let her imagination run riot. She was in exquisite new garments and always she was bowing and smiling. . . . before John came. So she put Allen off from day to day.

because after the other, with a gasp, what held her back. The bogie: "What will people think long ago looked that stern and pronounced it a fake. . . . Allen, of course she was good to feel his kind, capable of her from the cruel neglect of a man. Besides he was a fool.

There came a night when he put off no longer. His boy the little blackbird flamed. . . . the lonely wife. She must have him at once, or he would go and all. Bettina clung to him. "Don't go," she begged. "Don't leave me. I can't stand it." . . . Bettina," he protested, "we can't do this. You know. You'll have to leave. Are you coming with me? Bettina promised with tears. She had packed her suit case. . . . joy, and while he went for the hat and coat, then she slipped and re-dipped her pen. Writing had never come easily. . . . seemed impossible. . . . seemed impatiently tapping his foot. . . . her to hurry.

Warren's shrug was provocative. . . . could write her we're having a dinner. . . . Then, determinedly, . . . giving a dinner Saturday."

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OPHER MAN

...dinner. She recollected guiltily that after 3 o'clock. With a sickening fear she still framed in the light, as out of the mass she caught Peg's lifting voice. The door behind her worked itself, throwing the brightness of the room onto the sidewalk she discovered Peg's companion, the bluff blond young man who so often jested with Peg as he passed. They were hand in hand. Both stopped when they caught sight of Bettina—Peg with an shout of delight, and the man with a clamation: "Holy smoke," he brought. "If it isn't the little blackbird! I had an idea. . . . No wonder the child danced."

There was a given and take of and then he explained: Peg had run and had found the high garden gate to mother's premises open and had had them. She had found them at dinner, the pergola just off the dining-room, the invalid mother, older sister and himself had been captivated by her already, her dancing had won over his sister and as well. They had been so royally taken that they had not realized how they had kept her. He had had no thought that she was the child of the little bird. Heavens! Why, six years ago he was in college the little blackbird been his idol. A picture of her still in his room.

It was late before he left that night. He fell asleep in his arms, and was tucked in among the pillows of the bed. While Bettina and he went out on the porch. There was a hint of a breeze. "It seems as if it had just been raining," said Bettina, stretching her arms to the night. "It makes me feel for old days." And then, before she knew it, she was telling him of her loneliness, John's absorption, and of her determination to go back on the stage. He listened, but she felt his sympathy, and she acquiesced when he offered to come and play the piano for her to practice. Things happened fast after that. Dance practice commenced with enthusiasm. From two or three times a week it became a daily occurrence, and daily the slipper through the room where they worked and laughed together, as in John's prison above.

"He's like a creeping pestilence," said Bettina one evening as she sat listening to the echo of the man's footsteps in the above.

"To me he seems more like a man," said Allen. "He's like a philosopher's slave, body and soul." If Bettina had secured her position on the stage things might have been different. The summer months were dull. No one could be signed till late in the fall. Peg had not become the idol of the old sister on the hill, and so spent her time there, it might not have been so. And yet again if John had not been so denigrating the philosopher when coming to the door, and Bettina together, things might have taken a new turn. As now things did come to pass Allen and Bettina promptly fell in love with each other. It was not a week after they had danced and acknowledged their love before young heir to millions was begging her to run away with him.

A man like John should never have married, he sternly told her. Of all things should not have imprisoned a young spirit such as Bettina's. Now he would make her happy. He knew it! He would give her everything, take her everywhere. Life would be one glorious conquest. John would be happier for her work. Peg would be better cared for by her sister. His sister would be happier for the child. It was best all the way. Later John would give her a divorce and they could come back for Peg.

Bettina let her imagination run wild. She paraded in exquisite new gowns, her self and always she was bowing and smiling. She put Allen off from day to day.

...after the other, without her- what held her back. It was "What will people say," for long ago looked that sternly in the pronounced it a fake.

Allen, of course she did. If to feel his kind, capable arms her from the cruel neglect of the man. Besides he was ardent. There came a night when Allen just off no longer. His boyish passion the little blackbird flamed brightly the lonely wife. She must come all once, or he would go away for all. Bettina clung to him. "Don't leave me," she begged. "I can't stand it." "I can't stand it," he protested, "we can't go on like this. You'll have to make up your mind. Are you coming with me?" "I'm promised with tears. She acknowledged packed her suit cases, much and while he went for them she took her hat and coat, then hovered for John.

Allen and re-dipped her pen in the ink. It had never come easily to her. It seemed impossible. Besides Allen impatiently tapping his foot and her to hurry.

"In a second, dear," she said half-crossly. "Run along, and call Peg, won't you? I want to see her, besides she can take my note up to John."

How impatient men were, all of them! She found herself listening for Peg's answer to Allen's insistent call, then hurriedly dipped her pen again. Her heart had begun an excited tattoo which numbed thought. Was she really going away with Allen? She had planned it, had acted it out in her mind, but always it had seemed unreal, just a little drama that filled the "aching void." She must concentrate. Things were serious now. She was going, actually going away forever. Soon John would be only a memory to her, and Peg—well, of course they were coming back for Peg. Her heart sank with the sickening drop that comes sometimes with the downward rush of an elevator. Why? Was not Allen kindness and devotion itself? Had he not promised her the luxuries she had craved all her life, and had she not discovered that she loved him? In contrast there was John. He had not been fair to her, had neglected her shamelessly, made her an object of pity and food for gossip. What was more he didn't care, and worst of all, he never would! If things might be better some day she would—but Allen was

right when he said it would be just the same old thing over again year after year. She dabbed her blotter over the tears that glistened on the paper before her in spite of the determined denial of her will. Her teeth caught angrily at her quivering underlip. She was going, and she was not afraid or sorry.

"Dear John," she wrote. "I'm going with Allen. You won't care. You have seen how things were going and have encouraged it. I'd die with loneliness here. Bettina."

She blew on it to dry the big wet characters of her writing. How would he take it? And while she wondered she looked up to see John coming down the stairs, violin in hand. He waved his bow at her, humming a little tune they had coined together.

"Hello, Roses," he called. "Got a kiss for me?"

Bettina's fingers crushed the note she had just written. She stared up at him. Just behind John trailed his faithful secretary. He went sidling on through the room, bumped into Allen and Peg at the front door, muttered an apology and turned to say "good-night."

"Say 'good-night' to him, Bettina," urged John. "It's good-by as well. I've chucked the book—burned it. It wouldn't go."

"You mean—?"

"I do," he snapped. "They've all turned it down. I'm sick of it. Hello, what's this?" He had stumbled over the suitcases, and at the same time took in Bettina's hat and coat. From her his eyes strayed to Allen in the doorway. He bowed gravely to him, while Peg, realizing the return of her musician father, charged noisily and joyously upon him.

"It's nothing, we were just going to practice," said Bettina quietly. "But we won't now, will we?" she inquired of the stony young man in the doorway.

"I must hurry on," said Allen.

"Don't rush away," said Bettina sweetly, but when the door had closed on him John gathered her close.

"Lord! Bettina," he said huskily, "you wouldn't have done it. Not really." His hands bit into her arms, but he didn't relax his hold even at her pleading. "If it hadn't been for that old trusty of a secretary—"

"He told you—that old thing!"

"He did," said John, on the defensive. "He was damn sorry about the book. He didn't want to see me lose out all around."

Bettina covered his lips with her fingers. "Sh-sh," she ordered. "I was only thinking what a darling the horrid old thing was, after all."

The Daily Married Life of Helen and Warren.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"It's had it over a week," worried Helen, twisting nervously the ribbon of her morning gown.

"I don't see that you can do any Warren's shrug was provokingly in-

write her we're having company Saturday. Then, determinedly, "I'll say dinner Saturday."

Warren always have to cook up some-

write her the truth," defiantly. "I'm afraid some of it's 'no' or 'her tea was last Friday—and this Sunday. If it's all right—why hasn't it?"

They're good for a few dollars worth reaching for the orange marmalade. "What you loaned her?"

"Of everything. Here's the list," a memorandum from the sideboard. "Eight dinner forks, eight dessert forks, eight teaspoons."

"When she'd return them?" "I thought, of course, she'd send them next morning. It's been all week now."

"What you set for being chummy with Mrs. Lawton?" retorted Helen. "I haven't been up there half a week. I can't help it if she runs in."

"It's not my funeral," gathering up her things she rose from the table. Work it out yourself—I've got enough to do about the office."

Warren, Helen, hurrying through her work, took up the dreaded note to write. It was most difficult and awkward. Rejecting various indirect ways, she wrote briefly:

Mrs. Lawton: Wondering if you have forgotten the silver. As we are expecting guests Saturday, we will need it then."

Warren still groping for a polite, tactful sentence when Dora came in with a heavy, ma'am, I guess it's the silver. Carefully wrapped in paper, it fairly glittered from a recent polish.

Relieved, Helen tore up the note and took the package out to her. Eight teaspoons, eight table forks, only seven dessert forks!

She counted them, crushed the tissue and searched the floor—but the fork was gone.

Mrs. Lawton had kept the silver hoping for the missing fork, and had now re- turned without even a note of apology or excuse.

"What a terrible thing to do! It was the silver, of it that made Helen so awkward. What should she do—write, or simply accept the loss as an

unpleasant illumination of her neighbor's character?

There was of course the possibility that it might be a mistake. She would telephone Mrs. Lawton, presuming that it was.

Having carefully rehearsed just what she would say, she asked to be connected with the Lawtons' apartment.

"Hello? Mrs. Lawton? Good morning, this is Mrs. Curtis. I've just received the silver. One of the forks must have dropped out when you wrapped the package—or it may be with your silver. I thought you'd want to know."

"You mean a dessert fork?" Her voice was slightly shrill. "Why you sent only seven. I thought it odd at the time as there were eight of the others."

"Oh, I think you are mistaken! I made a list just before I sent them up. If you'll look—I'm sure you'll find it."

"But, Mrs. Curtis, I counted them when I took them out—there were only seven dessert forks. I'm positive you'll find it with your silver."

"Oh, no, it isn't there. I wouldn't have spoken if I'd not been quite sure." Then, with assumed lightness, "but if it's lost, it can't be helped—it really doesn't matter."

"It does matter—if you think I've lost it," heatedly. "I'm very sorry I borrowed the silver. I know you didn't send the fork, but if you insist that you did—let me have one for the pattern, and I'll replace it."

"It isn't necessary, Mrs. Lawton, to take that attitude," flared Helen indignantly. "I'm not asking you to replace it. I shouldn't think of letting you. Oh, there's the doorbell—you must excuse me. Good-by!"

There was no doorbell, but it was an easy pretext to break off an impossible conversation. That Mrs. Lawton should deliberately lie about it! She had either lost the fork or one of her guests had taken it.

Warren was right, she reflected bitterly. She should never become intimate with any one in the house. It always brought complications. Now she had lost one of her solid silver forks and had made an enemy of Mrs. Lawton—a dangerous, gossiping enemy.

All day the unpleasant incident shadowed Helen's thought. Though she longed for the unburdening comfort of "talking it over," she expected no sympathy from Warren. He would take only his maddening "I-told-you-so" attitude.

As he was usually most indifferent about all household problems, she was startled when at dinner he demanded with disconcerting briskness:

"Well, what about it? Get back the junk?" "She sent it down this morning—just after you left."

There was a note of forced quiet in her voice that made him glance up from his soup.

"That's not all!" keenly. "What's wrong?" "She lost one of the dessert forks," crumbling her bread. "I called her up and she insisted that I sent only seven. But I'm

positive! I made the list just before I sent them up."

"Sure about that?" sharply. "Checked them off?"

"Two or three times—there're only seven dessert forks. I know I sent up eight—I couldn't have made a mistake. Dear, she was horrid! She offered to replace it—but of course, I wouldn't let her."

"Huh, pretty awkward. What'd I tell you about getting mixed up with people in the house?"

"Oh, yes, I know," wearily. "I've had my lesson. I suppose it's worth the fork to—"

"Worth a dozen forks," with emphasis, "if it'll teach you to steer clear of close neighbors."

"Mrs. Lawton's maid just brought this, ma'am." Dora, coming in with the vegetables, laid a note and slender package by Helen's plate.

"Mrs. Lawton!" tensely, slitting the envelope.

"My dear Mrs. Curtis: As I find your silver is an open stock pattern at Riffany's, I was able today to secure a dessert fork to replace the one you claim I lost. I regret I could not have it engraved, but if you take them a sample they will engrave it without charge. This, I trust, closes the incident."

"Very truly yours, Emma L. Lawton."

In flaming silence, Helen shoved the note across the table and tore open the package. In the green felt case was a gleaming dessert fork, matching exactly the one by her plate.

"Huh!" was Warren's only comment, as he tossed back the note.

"Oh, how hateful! She even underlined 'claim.' Why isn't she honest enough to admit it instead of trying to put me in the wrong? Oh, it's so unfair! It's always like this!" bitterly. "I'm always trying to help people and always having to pay for it."

"You get too blamed thick with 'em, that's the trouble. Know a woman a couple of weeks—and you lend her everything in the house!"

Helen had known Mrs. Lawton for almost a year, and the silver for this tea was all she had ever loaned her. But just now she was too depressed to resent Warren's unjust taunt.

They were leaving the table when Dora rushed in brandishing the box in which they kept the silver polish, brush and chamola.

"I was searchin' for some rubbers for them glass jars, ma'am, and look here what I found!"

With sick, panicky dismay, Helen stared at the silver fork that lay half concealed under the chamola.

"Eh, what's that? The fork? Well, you've made a fine hash of things," snorted Warren.

"Oh, I—I rubbed them off just before I sent them up! But I don't see how it could—"

"You're always so blamed positive!" with caustic disgust.

"I'll never have the courage to tell her," desperately. "Oh, what can I do? Dear, help me!" her voice broke. "She's bought the other fork—what can I—"

"Pay for it! Find out from Riffany's what it was and send her a check."

"Of course, I'll do that! But I won't have to admit I found the fork? Oh, I can't. I'll say I don't want her to replace it! That's what I did say," eagerly, "over the phone."

"No, you don't," sternly. "You'll take your medicine. You'll do no crawling here. Next time—maybe you won't be so infernally cock-sure!"

[Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Synd.]

No Success in Clock Work. [Manufacturers Record:] In law, in medicine, in the ministry, in the bank, in the mercantile trade, in manufacturing or in farming, with the student in school, or the editor at his desk, there can be found no success financially or in leadership for humanity by any man who is a clock-

watcher and who regulates his hours at work by the ticking of a clock. And yet some of these very men, some of these editors, some of the preachers, some of the political lawyers, all of whom recognize that they work and must work more than eight hours a day, are, for the sake of carrying favor with the clamor for mob rule in an eight-hour day, upholding the unjust demands of the railroad men.

If President Wilson himself had limited his study and his work to eight hours, or, like the stonemasons, had loafed whenever the day was a little cloudy or his mind was not a little clear and his body was not up to the high-water mark of strength, he would never have been President of the United States, nor would he be equal at the present time to holding his position on any eight-hour-a-day programme.

What Did Hobson Do? [Indianapolis News:] A Columbus man and some women were in Franklin recently when Richmond P. Hobson made a Chattanooga address. They had gone to a restaurant for supper when one of them recognized Hobson sitting across the room.

"Let's see," ventured the man, "what was it Hobson did?"

"He did something or other at Manila Bay," replied one of the women. "That is, I think he did, or was it Dewey?"

"I know he had three or four men to help him do whatever it was he did," the man continued, "but for the life of me I can't think what it was he did or where he did it."

"Why, I know," spoke up another of the women. "He sank the Maine, don't you remember? He sank the Maine so the Spanish fleet couldn't get out."

And such is fame!

Los Angeles Times Illustrated W

Suggestive Additions. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

Caught on the Wing.

310 East 10th

Los Angeles Times

Illustrated Weekly.

CLIFF DWELLINGS AND INDIAN GRAVES.

A Venture in Fossils. By Hubert La Due.

thought on the Wing.

J. C. Williams, the popular breeder of Brown Leghorns at Fullerton, has been selected to judge this breed at the New York Madison Garden Show next season. The California poultry sharps are becoming organized.

The American Light Brahma Club has just issued an official Annual Year Book of the breed. This year book is a veritable encyclopedia on the Light Brahma, containing information of exceptional value to breeders of this worthy fowl.

John H. Robinson, for twenty years the editor of Farm Poultry and author of one of the best text books on poultry published in this country, has secured an editorial position on The American Poultry World at Buffalo.

A. H. Currier and a number of fanciers in and around Santa Rosa are making a campaign for a poultry and pet stock exhibition in that town to take place some time in December or January.

Breeders and fanciers should remember the poultry fixture in connection with the Riverside County Fair, which takes place October 10 to 14. There will be reduced rates, hence a day's outing is to be had at a nominal cost.

The total average of poultry products per farm where chickens are grown more or less, is not so great as many suppose. Even in so populous a State as Pennsylvania, where intensive farming is recognized, it is only \$67.17 per farm.

What do breeders think of the several automatic feeding devices that are being advertised more or less? Have users generally found them to be a success?

Chickens hatched in September are usually easily grown, develop quickly and well, and make exceptionally fine roasters, when 20 to 24 weeks old, which in almost any good market should be worth not less than 20 cents per pound alive.

The grain ration fed at the Storrs Laying Contest at the present time is equal parts of cracked corn and wheat. The mash consists of equal parts of bran, ground oats, corn meal, flour middlings and one-half part each of beef and fish scrap. The mash is kept before the birds and the grain fed sparingly.

Feed only what chicks will eat up quickly so that they will be anxious and greedy for the next feed. Provide plenty of green succulent food. Alfalfa, lettuce, mangels, and cabbage are good green foods. They are as necessary for chicks as for laying hens.

Easy to Get Rid of Lice

Stalle's Lice Food fed in the mash twice per week will rid you of all lice. Easy to give. No dusting, no sick hens and no trouble to feed. Once tried you will be pleased with the results. PRICE—1-lb. pkg. 25c; 2 1/2-lb. pkg. 50c. If desired sent by mail, add Parcel Post Rates.

Aggeler & Musser Seed Co. 115 N. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Hauser's Organic Fertilizers

HIGH GRADE Ground Tankage—Dried Blood. Fine Blood Meal—Bone Meal. Ground Sheep Manure. Commercial Fertilizer. Nitrogen and Phosphoric Acid derived from organic sources only. Write for prices. HAUSER PACKING CO. LOS ANGELES

Try the Coulson System of Feeding

Our first book, "Chickens from Shell to Market," gives full particulars. Coulson Co. Petaluma, Cal.

Jeremiah Brininstool was in one of his reminiscent moods. In other words, the genial ex-pro prospector surmised that somebody in the group playing cards in the rear room of the Paragon Bar had a liberal mind and the small necessary to buy him his morning coffee. For like all talented fictionists, Jeremiah demanded a reward for telling his tale. The time Jeremiah joined the three men at the table, the conversation centered on the recent discovery of fossils in the fields. "Spot" Grady had just advanced the opinion that the scientists who are interested in the new find would be of value to the world should they dig themselves of their frock coats and dig digging irrigation ditches. But then, always had displayed a lack of appreciation of the finer things of life, unless we had his admiration for any person who dug the one-bull into the side pocket on his shirt.

"You mean," drawled Jeremiah, seating himself, "that the fossils which you all regard as consists of animal skeletons what are buried for some years past in the earth of nature?"

"How do you get that 'arms of nature'?" laughed Spot. "I replied the ex-pro prospector, much dignity, 'you all would not understand the flighty figures of speech what a of the glorious West might use in his opinion. But I am not surprised at ignorance. It comes of your havin' lived in this State from the uncultured plains of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia."

"However, as I was about to re-mark to you threw in that uncouth criticism, of fossils is one what has always been considerable. In the days of unmaneuvered youth there was a time I was on a fair way to gainin' both my fortune as a authority on archyology. Only the unusual greed an' crookedness of a short-sighted an' coyote partner kept me from the riches I aspired. If my throat wasn't so all-fired dry, I might be willin' to enlighten you with a brief account of that, but elevatin' experience."

Jeremiah introduced his justly celebrated, a dry, scratchy cough that left a mark in our minds as to what remedy he had. But a talk by the reminiscence expert on the subject of fossils was the price of a drink. He got it. At the time I took up this inspirin' Jeremiah began smacking his lips, as in a unusual state of mind an' it was the day, as I remember, I sold my claim near Skillet Camp, in a soft-looking easterner. He pays me, an' I laughs to myself when I see the money, as I knows there ain't gold in that claim to buy a white chip. Proceeds to lose this two thousand that night, tryin' out a new system on the table, an' most surely in a degenerate mind, an' this feelin' ain't revived when somebody informs me that the newcomer stands to make a fortune on claim I has just sold him. It appears I had been born for six months through the table, tryin' to find pay dirt.

"I realizes how I had been outdone, I visit to this eastern sharp, an' deems a understandin', but he don't see it. He appreciate your feelin's in the matter, but you tried to put somethin' in it turned out to be a bumerang. I remember," he says, "but you didn't take it away."

That same allegorical re-mark depresses Jeremiah. I feels that I will never live up to the disgrace of havin' been outdone by a easterner. I starts out to get re-energized. I enters the Gold Vein saloon, I see Red Mudge. This Mudge is sure proposition. He is scornful of such occupations as minin'; but makes his money when his luck is runnin' bad by the meek an' lowly Indians in the Carlos way. Of course this liquor is a pre-carious occupation, but it is a money-producer for a gent what is

careless of his life an' liberty. Mudge don't keep at it for any certain periods, but falls back on the idea when bein' frowned on by the fair Goddess of Misfortune.

"When I sees Mudge he is in the act of accumulatin' a healthy stack of blues in a poker game with two drunk miners an' a Mexican cholo. I confides my predicament, an' after he has crashed in, he buys me throat-cleanser an' we discusses the situation. 'Jeremiah,' he says, 'I been lookin' for just such a man as you are. The gents in this here camp is too prosperous to listen to reliable schemes for makin' honest money.'"

"'Nothin' doin', I replies. 'I refuses to run any liquor into Indian communities.' 'Look here,' he returns, 'you got me all wrong. This here idea of mine is a strictly honest one, an' approved by the United States government an' Smith's Own Institute of Washington. In short, Jeremiah, I am considerin' the exploitation an' promotion of a cliff dwellers' resort, where scientists an' others can study the great an' ignoble subject of archyology. I have discovered,' says Red, 'a worn-out cliff dwellers' pueblo near San Carlos. It needs some improvements; but by the time we has installed a few pieces of pottery an' skeletons an' fossils it will be in shape for our use.'"

"'Ain't it had enough to live in a one-horse camp, with only two saloons, without movin' over to a cliff dwellers' community?' I demands, indignant-like.

"'I will explain more fully,' says Red. 'Which he does; an' his plan is sure enterin'. I sees at once where we has been overlookin' a vast fortune. As Red puts it, a cliff dwellin' settlement is the one thing what all scientific sharps must visit. Most such places has been worn out, he says, an' when they read in the papers of our discovery, they will flock to the place like a bunch of hungry coyotes after a Plymouth Rock hen. Red knows a reporter at Wheatman what will be glad to send the item to eastern papers, which disposes of the first problem.

"Red says, also, that he knows a gent in Chicago what will furnish fossils an' skeletons to order, in assorted sizes an' ages, an' another party what will supply him with rough pottery. This stuff we are to bury, for visitors to dig up when they make their study.

"'Any gent what digs up by himself a dirt-covered mush bowl, out of the floor of a cliff dwellin', says Mudge, 'will be willin' to pay high for the privilege of cartin' it away with him. An' there is no limit to the prices what we can get for fossils an' skeletons.'"

"There is also, we figures, the profits to be considered what can be made off of souvenir postcards an' guidin' privileges.

"'Havin' considered the glowin' prospects, I agrees to the plan. Mudge gets on the train at Wheatman an' goes to Chicago, where he has a confidential talk with the fossil manufacturer. They reaches an agreement whereby the Chicago party is to ship us immediately two dozen assorted fossils an' a half-dozen skeletons. Mudge also buys a gross of Indian pottery. He gets the whole lot for a bargain, payin' only 89 cents each for the fossils an' \$4.95 for the skeletons. The pottery comes cheaper than anything else. The Chicago gent also wanted to furnish us a complete set of fossils for a Ichynosaurus, for \$22.50, but Red figures it would hurt our business, as any gent what ever dug up a full outfit of that kind of a animal, would be so satisfied that he would never come back.

"'Meanwhile, I hires a team, an' gets ready to be a guide to the incomin' easterners. Mudge an' I spends two days buryin' the stuff he has bought, in convenient spots; an' then we sets back an' waits for business to open.

"'Sure enough, before long several scientific sharps shows up at Skillet Camp an' demands to be taken to the cliff dwellin's. As the officious guide, I states that I am delighted to accommodate them, an' we sets out the next mornin'.

"I hesitates to tell you-all about the way in which I lectures to them gents on the subject of fossils an' skeletons. But you-all can understand my great knowledge on that deep an' inexplicable science, when I mentions

that them scientists all informs me that my words is not only amazin', but the most unintelligible what they has ever heard.

"We spends a glorious day. The gents dig up a bunch of pottery an' fossils, an' I collects \$400 for them, explainin' that Mudge an' I is sole owners of the place, havin' filed a mineral claim coverin' the entire location. But they is all delighted an' pays me right cheerful, exceptin' one four-eyed gent what digs up a cake bowl, on the bottom of which is stamped the words, 'Manufactured by Adams & Co., Chicago.' This same party is highly aroused, an' refuses to listen to my explanation that the cliff dwellers was always partial to Chicago-made goods. But aside from this humiliatin' incident, the openin' day is a great success.

"Business continues this way for about two weeks. Then Mudge an' I discovers that we is sold out of skeletons. There is some fossils an' pottery left; but scientists was demandin' skeletons of the human originals, an' we finds ourselves in a sad fix.

"What makes our troubles worse is the fact that we has wasted all our income in riotous an' sinful livin', an' has no money with which to buy more of them. Finally Red announces to me that he has a plan for reinshin' the necessary capital. He says he intends to carry a assortment of liquor over to a friendly chief near San Carlos, an' collect that individual's yearly allowance, it bein' some time since this same chief has enjoyed the taste of fire water.

"I argues against this dangerous scheme. 'If we needs skeletons,' I re-marks, 'what is there to keep us from visitin' that Indian buryin' ground about a mile from our cliff dwellin's, an' dig up a few?'

"Jeremiah," answers Mudge, solemn-like, 'such a act would have painful results. A Indian regards his buryin' ground as sacred, an' any white person what values his life will not hover around the final restin' place of a Indian's ancestors.'

"'Very well, I says, 'your blood is on your own head; but hurry back with the money. If any eastern newcomers show up while you are gone, an' demands skeletons, it is goin' to put me in a embarrassin' position.' Red leaves that night. I am sure hopin' there won't be no requests for a guide until he returns; but I am disappointed. Early in the mornin' a gent shows up an' inquires for Mudge. I tells him that Red has left on important business, an' asks him his intentions. He answers that he is studyin' Indians an' understands that Red is a authority on such a subject.

"'If you-all is willin' to pay a proportionate price,' I says, 'it would be pleasurable to drive you to the cliff dwellin's myself.'

"'Where is these cliff dwellin's?' he asks. 'I tells him that they are over near San Carlos, an' he agrees to go with me, especially after I explains that I am officious guide for the firm of Mudge & Brininstool.

"All the way out to the cliff dwellin's, this fellow, whose name is Simpson, chats real friendly-like. He is a interestin' talker, an' plumb curious about Indians.

"Before I realizes what I am doin', I finds that I have told him about our shortage in skeletons. I explains that I wanted to dig some up from the Indians' buryin' ground, but that Mudge has a decided aversion to such a act. Simpson is real inquisitive about all this, an' he gets me all tangled up. But I begs him not to tell anybody else about our secret, especially as it might be all-fired inconvenient to the eastern scientists what has visited the place.

"Don't worry; I'll keep quiet about it," he says, laughin'. 'Anybody what can put something over the fellows from Smith's Own Institute deserves to have his scheme kept confidential. In fact,' he says, 'I ain't sure but what they would pay you not to tell about it.'

"When we arrives at the cliff dwellin's, this Simpson gent takes a look around. But I can see that he is restless. Finally he informs me that he wants to visit the Indian buryin' grounds. I argues that it ain't safe, an' repeats again what Mudge has told me.

"'No person as clever as you ought to be afraid of Indians,' says Simpson. 'I have come a long way to study these here Red

men, an' I don't intend to go back-without doin' it.'

"He shows me a gun that he carries, an' assures me that he is right handy in usin' it. So finally I agrees, although somethin' tells me we is goin' to have trouble.

"'Sure enough, when we gets to the buryin' ground, a bunch of Indian bucks comes runnin' down over the hill, an' begins to jabber an' wave their arms.

"Simpson,' I says weakly, 'I don't feel safe here.'

"I don't give a counterfelt damn how you feel,' says Simpson, real ugly. 'You stick around, or I'll fill you so full of lead that the freight rate on your body to Los Angeles will be \$30.'

"We wanders around until we arrives at a grave what appears to be freshly dug.

"This is what I've been lookin' for,' exclaims Simpson. 'Give me the spade. I think we'll find a interestin' skeleton here.'

"Tremblin' all over, I hands him the shovel, an' he starts to dig. At that the Indians lets out a whoop you-all could hear for ten miles, an' they charges down on us. I tells myself that all is over; but Simpson don't flick a eyelash. He gives them a scornin' look; an' unslingin' his gun, an' lets loose. He takes a toe clean off the leadin' Indian, an' the rest comes to a standstill.

"Now, my boy,' says Simpson, out of the side of his mouth, 'you take this spade an' dig like the devil is after you, while I holds off these howlin' savages. If you don't get a move on you, I'll shoot you, too.'

"There ain't time for argument. I grabs the shovel an' starts to dig. In three minutes I hits somethin' hard, an' a moment later I turns up a bottle of whisky. From the feelin', there's a lot more of the same underneath.

"This ain't a grave,' I exclaims. 'It's a private saloon.'

"That's what I thought,' replies Simpson, with a short laugh. 'Now you can quit diggin', an' we'll take a stroll up to Chief Wahoo's apartments. I wants a quiet little talk with him.'

"I surely am puzzled; but I follows Simpson over to the chief's hang-out. We enters the place without knockin'. Who do we find inside but Red Mudge. He is in the act of receivin' a pile of gold pieces, what the chief is countin' out for him. When Red sees me he starts to cuss; but when he notices the stranger at my side, he lets out a yell an' makes a dive for the door. Simpson has him covered before he can get away, an' he quiets down.

"Well, what's the game?' Red growls.

"I just dropped in to see you,' says Simpson, 'because it is my honest belief an' knowledge that you have been sellin' fire-water to Chief Wahoo; which, as you know, is a highly apprehensive an' perilous undertakin'. Allow me to introduce myself before I goes farther; I am Mr. Arnold Simpson, United States Deputy Marshal.'

Jeremiah stopped his monologue and gazed wistfully into the empty glass on the table before him.

"After that," he concluded, scratching his chin reflectively, "with Red Mudge in the pen for a matter of ten years, I just naturally loses all interest in cliff dwellin's an' fossils. In fact, I ain't had anythin' to do with the great subject of archyology since then, exceptin' the time when Lefty Moran an' myself—But that's another story; an' my throat is already plumb dry from talkin' so much."

Carving the Grand Canyon.

A Washington writer says: The popular idea that earthquakes and volcanic explosions played a part in forming the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is thought by the best authorities to be without foundation. We are now told that the canyon was cut out entirely by the water of the river, and that the most effective employed was the quartz sand brown from the sources of the river in the mountains. This sand is harder than any of the constituents of the rock strata in which the canyon has been carved. Hurled by the swift water against the sides and the bed of the stream, it cuts the rock as easily as a file cuts soft iron.

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TREVINO DENIES RUMORS

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—Active picketing of the

Los Angeles Times
BEAUTIFUL

COLORADO RIVER OUR STRONG RIGHT ARM.

Potential Wealth Wasting. By M. V. Hartranft.

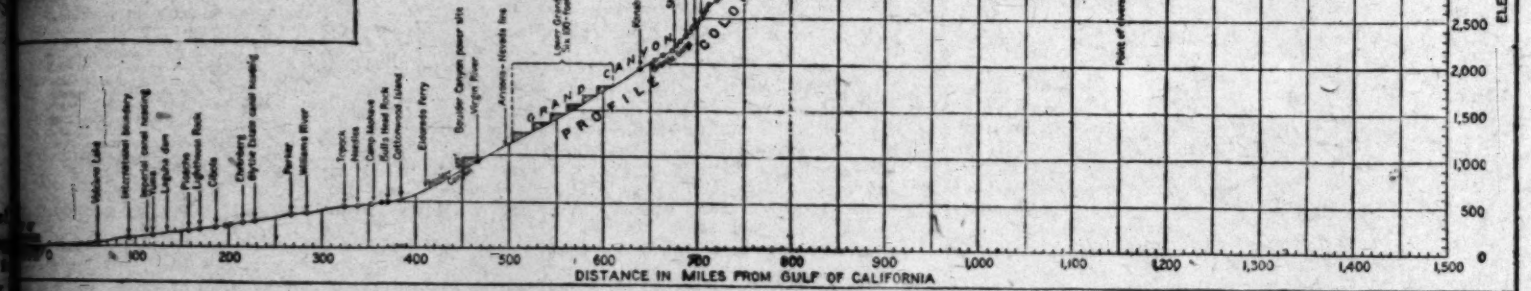
Colorado River will provide us with 6000 horsepower of electricity without interfering with the use of the river for irrigation. The power going daily to everlasting in the unregulated flow of that river is sufficient to propel our railroad for several generations to come. This vast fund of power wastes itself, we are seriously depleting our supplies of oil and coal, a large amount of which will be needed to maintain prestige on this western sea. Transcontinental railways are already using steam engines with electric motors. These engines in turn generate on the down grades and return the power to the rails, making still greater use of the development of electricity, the physical conditions are

future that it will not be of material difference to future settlers in the Colorado basin whether the cost of regulating the flow of the Colorado River be paid for in added land costs from the government, or on their annual tax bill to pay interest on flood bonds, or by a few additional cents per hundred allowed upon their freight bill by the one and same government.

The land and its products must pay the cost, no matter what the system of book-keeping, and there will be no quarreling about it, if the national government does the work.

region where private capital can hardly ever enter.

It is not a matter of concern to managers of railway corporations that the two millions of horsepower on the Colorado River are running to waste, while they are using up our limited reserves of crude oil and gaso-



APPROXIMATE PROFILE OF GREEN, GRAND AND COLORADO RIVERS. The fall of over 6000 feet in 1487 miles will produce power for all the transportation lines in seven Western States, averting a famine in gasoline and coal; and incidentally prevent further flood menace to desert agriculture, and provide water storage for the opening of further empires of agricultural commerce at the very elbow of Los Angeles.

favorable in the Colorado for cheap power, because in all of the Colorado from its mouth to the Gulf of California there are rapids but no sheer drops. The river herewith presented shows the uniformity of the grade of this great river, averaging about four feet per mile.

private capital finds it more difficult to exhaust our limited resources than to build a dam. Millions of costly masonry are needed to dam these millions of electric horsepower. Likewise these high dams are the prevention of floods in the Colorado Valley and Arizona, and also for the demands of irrigation.

The salient facts developed in a survey report just issued on the Colorado River and its Utilization, are:

1. Information relating to the water resources of the Colorado River has never heretofore been brought together in a broad view of the possible uses of the whole Colorado River.

2. E. C. LaRue, of the U. S. Survey, has attempted the task of assembling the principal facts of the subject, which all engineers of the Southwest will find a most valuable work for many years to come.

3. The Colorado River has three distinct services to be rendered in the construction of a series of dams on the Colorado River, in order of importance not being listed them as follows: (First) Irrigation; (second) irrigation storage; (third) electric power.

4. The various departments have not been solved in enterprises of irrigation or water-users' associations to govern. The question is settled by arguments of the various interests. Whether this question cost be added to land prices, or be added to the cost of the land, is a question of a long time, but it is an important issue if it is handled entirely by the Federal Government.

5. Americans will never consent to a large standing army, but a great constructive reserve is a principle that does not conflict with American ideals, and opens the way for methodic development of the Colorado River.

This valuable report on the Colorado makes clear two things:

(First) That Los Angeles has at its elbow an undeveloped principality.

(Second) That the plan of Senator Newlands for the Colorado River must be added to the old plan of investigation.

The report is valuable because it contains such a mass of aggregated information; on the other hand, no definite concrete plan as to what must be done to develop the Colorado River country is given, because the national machinery necessary for its development is yet to be created by the enactment of the Newlands River Regulation bill.

We will not repeat the outlines of this measure, heretofore previously explained, beyond the fact that it creates a Federal water council co-ordinating all the resources of the departments of war, agriculture, interior and commerce. These departments operate distinctly separate and apart from each other, and the river regulation policies cannot be perfected without a harmonious co-ordination of all this governmental machinery.

Departmental jealousy and public apathy are the only impediments to this important forward step.

Going Ahead.

Incidental to the work on the Colorado River, but in no wise officially connected with the Newlands plan of river regulation, is the possibility of providing a strong military reserve.

The Cossacks of Russia are the most famous of the Czar's forces. As we recall it, each man enlisting in the Cossack cavalry is given a five-acre homestead and supplied at given periods with new cavalry horses. In times of peace these horses are used also in general utility work.

The Cossack reports regularly for drill, and is subject to instant call to the colors. He gains a farm homestead without working a lifetime to make savings to acquire it. He is a better citizen, living on the land where children are an asset to the home instead of a burden, and the government has thereby secured a strong military reserve force.

What we have nationally taken as a principle is a principle that does not conflict with American ideals, and opens the way for methodic development of the Colorado River.

line. It is, however, a matter of national significance.

The national government owns millions of acres of land subject to irrigation from the Colorado. "Five acres and a side job" will bring a great army. Homesteaders enlisting in the United States Construction Reserves may be given five-acre homesteads and employment on six or eight-hour shifts at average wages for such work. Such homesteaders can soon establish their family in peace and comfort.

The smaller the homesteads the higher the forms of social life. The certainty of employment insures the sound foundation of such rural settlements on small acreages.

With this constructive force we shall have forestry and river regulation and home development and magnified commerce and a sturdy but peaceful military reserve as the result of one national policy.

To some it may sound fanciful to state that the attraction of population to these pioneer regions will so affect land values that the government could easily add the overhead costs of all the work to the land prices for following settlers without argument or upheaval among present settlers. If only a fraction of business horse sense could be woven into the fabric of governmental administration. The value of the land in the newly-created towns and cities would create a sinking fund within twenty years that would cover the whole cost of river regulation. To do this the government must only lease the lands at commercial centers for the first two decades.

If administration is the weak spot, we must have volunteer men with ripe commercial experience to administer the work; and to successfully obtain and hold this class of men in public construction work we must have clear agreements among political leaders to keep such work above all political issues, as the army and navy and financial policies are usually held.

My observation of past development work on irrigation projects by the government would lead me to prefer a complete co-ordination of the four mentioned departments of the government, with investigations and plans perfected largely under the Department of the Interior, but all executive and administration work under complete charge of the engineering corps of the army.

The critics of the engineering corps of the War Department have much foundation for their adverse opinions of the War Department's flood-control policies.

The plans and policies of the engineers of the Department of the Interior, as now voiced by them, are based on a deeper and wider study, and must be followed in matters of all river regulation; but with justice to the engineers of the War Department, it should be remembered that they have always reported on the subject of levee control of flood waters because there has not been an instance to date where Congress has ever instructed or asked them to go more thoroughly into the subject.

Congress must provide that the execution of all construction work be strictly under control of the engineering corps of the army, after the plans have been perfected by the proposed national water council. This eliminates all question of congressional patronage on this work.

The writer is keen for progress on these necessary public works. He would rather wait another decade, however, than to have any of the construction work administered by any department the efficiency of which is affected by the question of vote-getting at election time. This is truly a lamentable weakness of the Department of the Interior.

The history of the Interior Department's lamentable irrigation work throughout the West is still fresh and convincing.

Cause of "June Drop" of Oranges.

A bulletin from the University of California says:

The mysterious cause of "June drop" of navel oranges is now believed by the University of California to have been found. This excessive shedding of young fruit has caused much concern to citrus-growers in the interior valleys of California. That a fungus of the genus *Alternaria* is the cause is the theory advanced in the September issue of the University of California Journal of Agriculture by J. Elliot Colt, Professor of Citriculture, and R. W. Hodgson, a graduate of this year of the College of Agriculture. The infection occurs in the blossom end. It is more serious in the interior districts than in coast regions because in regions of heat and low humidity the extreme transpiration of moisture by the foliage brings about a daily reversal of the sap current, which sucks the poison produced by the fungus back through the joint in the stem, causing it to weaken and break. It is now suspected also that this same fungus is responsible for a considerable proportion of the "canker" occurring in the interior valleys.



The picture shows a beautiful specimen of the Agave, or Century Plant, one of the most attractive members of the Cactus family. This specimen was photographed at 5000 Hollywood Blvd. We have a splendid stock of Agaves at 25 cents to \$1 each. A hardy desert plant, which thrives in a dry, sunny location. Requires very little water. Can be planted at any time. Very decorative. Two varieties—solid green and variegated.

Sweet Peas—New Varieties

Plant now for Xmas Blooming. Prepare your soil right now for the best varieties of sweet peas you ever saw. The New Giant Winter Spencers—these magnificent blooms on long stems. These are the only Spencer Sweet Peas that flower within 90 days after planting. Order to plant at least a few immediately to have the lovely fragrant flowers at holiday time.

Apricot Pink—25 cts. per Packet. A stunning new shade in a rich apricot, shading to pink. The flowers are large wavy petals borne on long stems.

The Red Winter Spencer. You'll certainly like this one. It is a stunning crimson-scarlet with beautiful and fringed petals—the true Christmas color. You can't plant too much of this variety.

The Dainty Rose Pink. This is a supreme Spencer, intensely beautiful as an individual flower or in a mass. The standard and wings are very wavy. The flower is an exquisite rose-pink—25c.

The White Winter Spencer. An immaculate flower that appears in dense blooms of pure white, large and fringed.

The Majestic Yarrowa. Positively one of the most wonderful of the Spencers ever created. A large, fringed, bright rose color, with wings a shade darker. The petals are most delicately fringed. The stems are unusually long. It is properly the Yarrowa will bear immense blossoms to the stem. It will continue to bloom longer than any other species. This flower has records of being extending from December to March.

The Mixed Winter Spencer. Made up of the choicest winter varieties. 25c per pkt. All the above varieties obtained for \$1.25 or \$1.50 per case.

Nuvida Fertilizer

Perfect Results. To insure perfect success with your giant Spencers, prepare your soil with Nuvida Fertilizer, and add just a little more during the growing season. It is a safe, economical, odorless, and effective fertilizer—100 lbs. \$3.50; 50 lbs. \$2.00.

Germain Seed & Plant Co. 326-328-330 Broadway, Los Angeles, California.

Los Angeles Times Building, 229 East Colorado.

Los Angeles Times Building, 229 East Colorado.

Petrograd, however, says that the Russians took prisoner 1500 Austrians and Germans. In the Carpathians several positions have been retaken by the Teutonic allies. In

TREVINO DENIES RUMORS

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—Active picketing of the

Saturday, September 23, 1916.]

THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE AT HOME,

Aids to Good Health. By a Medical Man.

Apoplexy and Diet.

APOPLEXY is the result of a hemorrhage in the brain due to a defect in the wall of an artery which allows the blood to leak through. The artery in which the break occurs has become hardened and brittle, like a piece of old rubber hose; and this condition is brought about, in many instances at least, by improper foods. Referring to this, the editor of the New York Medical Journal makes the following pertinent comments:

Perhaps the most critical time of life with respect to the risk of an apoplectic seizure is that lying between 50 and 65 years of age; the person who has lived not wisely but too well, one who has indulged too freely in the pleasures of the table, is most susceptible to an attack of this nature. It is the lethargic, full-blooded, thick and short-necked subject who eats and drinks more than is good for him and who does not take sufficient exercise, who most frequently falls a victim to this class of disorder.

F. Barlow, writing on the subject in the Medical Press, notes that the majority of seizures occur on Sunday or Monday, owing probably to the greater indulgence in the joys of the table on the day of rest and the slight increase in excitement consequent on the return to business. It may likewise be remarked that total abstinence from alcohol confers no immunity on its votaries if they are big eaters and cocoa drinkers. Indeed, the fact is more obvious in cases of apoplexy, that sufferers dig their graves with their teeth, than in any other disease. Alcohol is frequently made the scapegoat for an attack of this character, when really excessive eating is to blame. Heredity appears to play a part of some importance in predisposing to an apoplectic stroke, and a person whose family history suggests a liability in this direction should pay particular attention to his mode of life, especially when he reaches the age of fifty years, which Barlow terms, "entering the danger zone."

How to Avoid Apoplexy.

From all points of view treatment should be of a preventive nature, before an attack and not after, and upon this axiom great stress should be laid. Patients with "degenerated" arteries should be made to realize the vital importance of leading a careful life if they wish to attain old age. Moderation in all things should be their motto, and they should avoid excitement. Naturally, diet becomes a factor of inestimable moment. Meals should be light and of an easily digestible character, and meat should be cut out of the menu or its use greatly restricted. Barlow recommends that once a week twenty-four hours should be kept as a fast so far as solid food is concerned. Attention must be paid to the regular action of the bowels, but, as a rule, it is inadvisable to employ strong purgatives; it is best, if possible, to secure regular action by means of suitable food, exercise, etc. The use of petroleum oil (also known as paraffin oil, or mineral oil) is indicated in many cases.

The point which should be chiefly emphasized is that apoplexy is generally brought about by an invidious manner of living, of which excessive eating of unsuitable food is the main cause, and that it may be prevented from progressing to an acute attack, even when the arteries are more or less seriously degenerated, by adopting a rational mode of life. To cite another adage, we should eat to live not live to eat.

A "Bluff" Meal.

Some wag once said that the hardest thing about starving to death was going without food; and it is much the same with dieting. However, it appears to be the lack of variety and quantity of food rather than the quality that persons who diet find particularly distasteful. To overcome this, Dr. J. M. Bell has devised what he calls a "bluff meal," which seems to be effective both physiologically and psychologically.

Suppose the person under treatment is suffering from obesity. He is willing to have very limited rations for two meals out

of the three, but absolutely refuses to restrict himself for the third. This is where the "bluff" meal comes in. It looks good and tastes good and there is plenty of it; and the diet victim may stuff himself with it to his heart's content. Yet the actual food value that he puts into his system is really a starvation ration.

This kind of bluff meal as suggested by Dr. Bell contains the following courses:

A first course of olives, radishes or celery, and a strained meat soup; a second course of one ounce of smoked fish with an abundance of water cress and potato chips. The third course may contain stewed celery, stewed onions, asparagus, cranberries, parsnips, turnips, carrots, fried egg plant, cold slaw—none being prepared with milk. A salad of tomatoes, lettuce or cucumbers with dressing may follow, and the final course should consist of gelatin in some form, tapioca or fruit salad, nuts and raisins.

This meal is useful, not only in reducing weight, but in cases of heart disease, arteriosclerosis, and kidney diseases.

Improving the Articulation.

The peculiarly distinctive nasal tone and jumbled articulation of the average American have always been subjects of comment by our European cousins. Apparently no European nation is afflicted in the same manner, or at least to the same extent. And, since we live in a different hemisphere, where climatic conditions are utterly different, it has been held by some that we were particularly subject to catarrhal diseases, which changed the anatomical contours of our vocal apparatus, thus producing a nasal tone and interfering with articulation.

The most competent observers scoff at this idea, and assert that the whole trouble is a lack of proper voice training in early life. Referring to this, one of the members of the American Laryngological Association remarked that, "Much of the criticism that is leveled at our manners and customs by our British cousins we can afford to take good-humoredly and without resentment, if not, indeed, with a certain amount of disdain, but there is one criticism that irritates me, at least, beyond measure, and that is that our speech is often referred to as American English."

"It is a hyphenated language that we are accused of speaking. Why? Not, let us hope, because our command of English is any less complete than theirs, nor that, as to the meanings of words, we use them any less accurately than they, but largely because through indifference and lack of proper training in childhood and youth, we slur and clip and muddle our syllables to such an extent that the words of which they are parts become more or less unrecognizable."

The remedy for this is early training in slugging and speaking, which are now a part of almost every American school curriculum, and merit encouragement and extension.

Some Questions for Mothers.

Caroline L. Hunt, writing in one of the useful "Farmer's Bulletins" that our government issues, suggests that at the close of the day every mother might ask herself certain questions relative to the care of her children. Some of the pertinent questions suggested are as follows:

Did each child take about a quart of milk in one form or another? If I was obliged to serve skim milk for the sake of cleanliness or economy, did I supply a little extra fat in some other way? Were the fats which I gave the child of the wholesome kind found in milk, cream, butter and salad oils, or of the unwholesome kind found in doughnuts and other fried foods?

Were all the cereal foods thoroughly cooked? Did I keep in mind that while cereals are good foods in themselves, they do not take the place of meat, eggs, fruit and vegetables? Did I keep in mind that children who do not have plenty of fruit and vegetables need whole wheat bread and whole grains served in other ways?

Did each child have an egg or an equivalent amount of meat, fish or poultry? Did any child have more than this of flesh foods

or eggs? If so, might the money not have been better spent for fruits or vegetables? If I was unable to get milk, meat, fish, poultry or eggs, did I serve dried beans or other legumes thoroughly cooked and carefully seasoned?

Military Treatment of Constipation.

One would not suppose that soldiers in war time, engaged as they are in fatiguing outdoor work all the time, would be troubled with constipation. Yet such seems to be the case with the European soldiers at present, particularly those engaged in trench fighting. To correct this condition, the French army physicians have issued instructions about diet and special exercises that should be useful to civilians.

In the matter of diet the suggestion is made that no white bread be eaten at any time, and that raisins, stewed prunes or apples or pears be eaten daily. The exercises are designed to aid directly in facilitating intestinal activity, and are five in number, as follows:

- (1) Lie flat on the back and keeping the feet together and the knees straight, raise the legs to a vertical position bending at the hips. Raise and lower the limbs in this way half a dozen times.
- (2) From the same position bring the thighs up and flex them against the abdomen with the knees bent, repeating this the same number of times as the first exercise.
- (3) From the same position raise the trunk to a sitting posture slowly three or four times.
- (4) Lie face downward and raise the abdomen from the floor by resting on the hands and straightening the spinal column and knees.
- (5) From a kneeling position, drop forward on the hands which are slightly extended, repeating at least six times.

These exercises are said to be very effective in the French army. In addition, it is sometimes necessary to give an occasional laxative, usually in the form of mineral oil, known as liquid petrolatum, or paraffin oil.

Peculiar Effect of Morphine Taking.

Every one knows that, although the best known effect produced by morphine or any of the other opium products is that of checking pain, there are other very marked effects produced by the drug. A very familiar one is, of course, the feeling of exaltation which is experienced by the habitual morphine taker, although this is a mental rather than a physical effect. But some recent observations made in the Tombs prison in New York indicate that morphine has a peculiar physical effect hitherto not observed. A report of this observation says:

"A physiological peculiarity connected with the drug has been recently reported by Drs. McGuire and Lichtenstein, who have observed approximately 12,000 cases of drug addiction in the Tombs prison during the past twelve years. They claim that many of the women opium habitues present a wonderful growth of hair. Not only is it long, but thick and oily. It is common, say these physicians, to see female addicts with hair reaching to the ground. They explain this as being purely a nutritive process; opium and its derivatives stimulate the numerous sweat glands distributed to the scalp and the roots of the hair, increase the moisture of the scalp and thus cause a growth of hair."

SO DIFFERENT



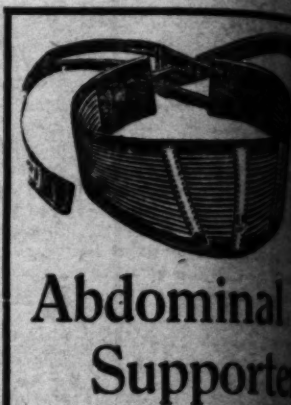
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ANOTHER ONE.

Mrs. W. T. Lewis, formerly president of the Ebell Club in this city, says: "The glasses fitted by Dr. C. C. Logan, 341 S. Spring St., were the most satisfactory glasses that I ever had and his services the most reasonable."

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ROUTING SUGGESTION

Kid Boots Practicable.

New York Evening Telegram. Kid boots for country and other summer wear are a can be, and, best of all, the smooth with scarcely any smudging of sole and dressings. They may be water without harm in the best way to clean the so with a well known cleaning non-combustible preparation.

white washable kid also are pumps for summer wear. Buckled pumps are of combinations of fawn and dull green, etc. There are also of patent leather wear with black and white women are wearing high boots all through the summer in the street or other.

and Comfortable.

glazed kid footwear is so cannot be uncomfortable. The day and the tall boots dressed appearance with a pump or slipper. But the choice of women with the sensational or the foot. There is a grace—a of the buttoned boot that gives precedence in formal dress. It has always retained.

LITTLE HOME ECONOMY

Electricity When Ironing.

Contributors Modern Priscilla: scientific management, I am it to domestic life. I have I can save considerable in response when using the electric the napkins, handkerchiefs in half (the towels length commencing to iron them. At the current, I fold the article is heating, and never fail the current whenever I stop. In this way I can afford convenience, and can do a large economically.

in Gas.

have to cook the baby's grub two hours in the double boiler that boils and many other about the same length of time in the bottom of the boiler is very satisfactory.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

Shampoo.

New York American:] Beat (yolk and white together one teaspoonful of liquid grease the hair in several places with shampoo with finger tips, rub the scalp. Rinse with threefold and cold. This will be the best shampoo and very inexpensive and Powdered Camphor.

excellent hair wash is to take of borax and one ounce of perfume and dissolve in a pint of water added to cold water in a bowl will form into lumps, but amount will dissolve. This cleans the hair and preserve it.

FOR AUTO PICNICS.

Cups and Plates.

Housekeeping:] I hate to have a picnic luncheon, so packed in candy boxes. Sometimes the sandwiches in one, another, cake in a third, etc. with small sections or little bits. All the boxes can be made in one package, or made into one. At luncheon time it is each thing just as it is in the box make nice individual dishes.

HOME, SWEET HOME." BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

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HARRY BROOK, N. D., for editor Times Health Dept. still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook now edits BRAIN & BRAIN, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.

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PUTTING SUGGESTIONS.

Boots Practicable.

[New York Evening Telegram:] White kid boots for country club, yacht, summer wear are as pretty as they are, and, best of all, they can be cleaned with scarcely any effort at all. The soles and heels with a good deal of sanding of sole and heel with emery. They may be sponged off without harm in an emergency, the best way to clean the soft, fine kid is with well known cleaning fluid which is a combustible preparation of kerosene.

Washable kid also are new Co. pumps for summer wear; some of the pumps are of colored glazed combinations of fawn and dark blue, or fall green, etc. There are also pumps of patent leather and white kid with black and white costumes. Women are wearing high buttoned or pumps all through the summer instead of in the street or other public places.

Comfortable.

Washable kid footwear is so light and cannot be uncomfortable on the feet. The day and the tall boot gives a good appearance with a very short pump or slipper. Buttoned boots are the choice of women who always wear the sensational or the common in the house. There is a grace—a formality—the buttoned boot that gives it an appearance in formal dress, and this has always retained.

HOME ECONOMIES.

Electricity When Ironing.

[Modern Priscilla:] In this modern management, I am trying to make domestic life. I have discovered that I can save considerable in both time and money when using the electric iron by the napkins, handkerchiefs and the half (the towels lengthwise) by connecting to iron them. After turning the current, I fold the articles while they are heating, and never fail to turn the current whenever I stop for a moment. In this way I can afford this modern convenience, and can do a large ironing economically.

Cook the baby's gruel for at least two hours in the double boiler, and I find that beats and many other things that the same length of time, so I put in the bottom of the boiler. The result is very satisfactory.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

Shampoo.

[New York American:] Beat an egg white (yolk and white together), then add a teaspoonful of liquid green soap. Rub the hair in several places and apply with finger tips, rubbing well. Rinse with three waters, cold and cold. This will be found an excellent shampoo and very inexpensive.

Powdered Camphor.

Excellent hair wash is to take one ounce of camphor and one ounce of powdered soap and dissolve in a pint of boiling water. Add to cold water in a bowl. The hair will form into lumps, but a sufficient amount will dissolve. This will clean the hair and preserve the color.

FOR AUTO PICNICS.

Boxes and Plates.

[Housekeeping:] I hate the after picnic luncheon, so pack all the food in boxes. Sometimes I have a picnic box, sometimes I have a picnic box, sometimes I have a picnic box. The sandwiches in one, deviled eggs in another, cake in a third, etc. The small sections or little boxes in which to put nuts, salt, pepper and so on. All the boxes can be tied up in a package, or made into several packages. At luncheon time it is easy to take out just as it is in the box. The picnic is then individual dishes. The picnic is then individual dishes.

food looks attractive when put up daintily in this way; and the chicken salad never flavors the chocolate cake; nor is the taste of peach pickles and ground coffee mixed. Best of all is the clearing-up time. No dishes to wash. Make a tiny bonfire of the boxes, paper cups and plates. Wrap the few spoons and forks in a paper napkin and tread or ride lightly home.

Sandwiches in a Hurry.

Often, when sandwiches are to be made in a hurry, the butter in the refrigerator is too hard to spread. It may be softened in a few moments by placing over it a bowl which has been heated with hot water. The result is magic and the freshest of bread can be evenly spread.

SUMMER DRINKING WATER.

Ice Contains Germs.

[Pittsburgh Gazette:] Whether you will find it harmful to take chilled water with your meals depends considerably on your habits of mastication. But one thing is certain, the general health of the family in warmer weather, when every one is more or less addicted to the "ice water habit," depends considerably on the manner in which the housewife buys ice and how the "ice water" is chilled.

There is little doubt that water rendered cold by dropping into it chopped ice is very often harmful. The reason is simple. If the ice happens to be not absolutely pure—and much ice is not—it contains innumerable germs. Freezing does not destroy these germs, and when the ice melts in water they are pleasantly released to go forward on their vicious careers.

To Chill Your Water.

The only safe method is to chill water, not to ice it. Either distilled or boiled water, which has been allowed to cool, is placed next the ice in bottles and served when chilled. One ingenious mother, realizing the great temptation of chipping ice and dropping it hastily into the water on a warm day, keeps a goodly supply of chilled water on the sideboard always.

This is her method: She boils water every morning, chills part of it—as much as the refrigerator will permit—and pours some of it into a vacuum bottle, which is kept on the sideboard. The rest of the boiled water is kept on ice. But there is always sufficient to keep the vacuum carafe filled, and even little Billy, rushing in breathlessly for a cold drink, doesn't know the temptation of going to the refrigerator and cooling himself rapidly with the aid of the ice pick. This scheme takes a little extra trouble, but it's a bit of health insurance that is worth the price.

THE PORCH FURNITURE.

When Brown Wicker.

[Buffalo News:] If a porch happens to be fitted in brown wicker furniture covers of Holland linen, with a monogram in a darker brown, are a good choice for chairs, swings and couches. Dark blue linen, marked in white or a shade of darker blue, makes decidedly smart covers for the porch which has neutral colored wicker furniture and blue and white jute rugs.

Blue and White Effect.

A successful porch done in blue and white had cushions of plain, firm white muslin, finished with two rows of dark blue rick-rack around the edges. These cushions were fastened with large pearl buttons sewed on with the blue floss. Two sets of these cool, clean looking covers were provided for summer use. One woman whose summer camp is done in brown has a supply of yellow chambray, which she will make up into cool, comfortable cushion covers.

SUMMER PEST REMEDIES.

To Fight Against Bedbugs.

[Modern Priscilla:] Mr. Bedbug is in the greatest disfavor with housewives, and his presence is prima facie evidence that the housekeeping is slovenly. But all housekeepers do not know, perhaps, that the bedbug is naturally a dweller in the wood of

trees, the writer has passed through an Arkansas forest where the trees were covered with them. It is by way of wood of some kind that he has found his way into our homes and then we have Mr. Bedbug with us. He becomes a kind of human parasite when he gets the chance.

Wood, then, of all kinds, is the first place of attack to exterminate him. Wood beds, baseboards, wall trim, etc., must be looked over, and sprayed with gasoline. Draperies and other hangings that make for darkness and heat must be removed. A rigorous programme for Mr. B's extermination is:

- (1) Have no unpainted or unvarnished surfaces in the room.
- (2) Daily expose the bedding to direct air and sunlight.
- (3) Fill all cracks with putty and apply a coat of shellac.
- (4) Brush all bed frames with gasoline; bedding may be treated similarly.
- (5) In extreme cases tear all paper from walls and paint them; burn sulphur or formaldehyde candles over night.

Carpet Beetles, Fleas, Mosquitoes.

Carpet beetles and "silver-fish" insects come when conditions have been stationary for some time. The remedy is heroic upheaval—taking up carpets and letting in a flood of sunlight and air. Spray with gasoline before laying articles in place, and do not allow them to lie uninspected for long. Last summer the writer received several frightened letters from a housekeeper who had a regular "flea epidemic" in one of her rooms, and who tried every method without success until finally the spraying with gasoline gave relief, always being very careful about fire.

Kerosene is by all means the cheapest disinfectant for mosquitoes, and if there is any small pool of stagnant water near your home it is a duty to spread a little kerosene on the surface.

KINKS IN THE KITCHEN.

More Fireless Cooker Points.

[Woman's Home Companion:] Fireless cooking saves many hours of time every week. The food can be put into a cooker to roast, bake, or boil, and after it is heated to the right point there is no need for more work or worry. A complete dinner may be prepared early in the day and left to its own resources in the cooker for from six to eight hours, at the end of which time it may be served hot and in perfect condition. Here one uses a little judgment as to the choice of foods. Some foods may remain in the cooker, to advantage, longer than others. A little experience will soon give the necessary knowledge.

Four Methods of Fireless Cooking.

Four methods are employed in a fireless cook stove. One with the heated radiators only, and the food placed in the cooker cold and raw. A second method is to first heat the food and bring it to boiling point, and place it in the cooker without the use of the discs. A third method is a combination. The food is heated or brought to the boiling point and placed in the cooker with the heated radiators, using one or two of the discs as the case may require. While preparing the food the radiators may be heated over any kind of a stove. The fourth method is the electric way, and the food is put into the electric cooker cold—without preliminary preparation on a stove or range—and the automatic clock shuts off the current at the proper time, without any attention on the part of the cook. The current is turned on for a short time only, and the imprisoned heat cooks the food.

The electric fireless cooker is more nearly automatic in action than any other household labor-saving device. And because the clock attachment makes it impossible to use more than the small amount of electricity necessary, it is truly economical as well.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[New York Evening Journal:] To prevent eggs from bursting while boiling, prick one end with a needle before placing in the water. This makes an outlet for the air, and keeps the shell from cracking.

Add a little drop of salad oil to mustard when it is being made. Not only will it improve the taste, but it will keep it fresh for days.

To clean a mackintosh, pour some vinegar into a saucer and dip a soft rag or sponge into it; then rub the soiled parts lightly, changing the rag as it becomes soiled.

When baking eggs add to each a tablespoonful of sweet cream just before putting in the oven. This makes them rich, sweet and tender, and does away with a leathery consistency that is sometimes displeasing.

Cut old hot-water bags into round mats. These can be used under flower pots to prevent the moisture from staining the table.

Small pieces of paraffin paper are useful for wrapping up celery and lettuce before placing in the refrigerator. Small squares of paraffin paper may be used to wipe the flat iron on when ironing. It tests the iron and keeps it smooth at the same time.

Salad plants wanted for immediate use are often slightly wilted. Place in water almost as hot as the hand can bear and within ten minutes the leaves will be crisp and fresh. It will generally take several hours in cold water to accomplish the same result.

[Passing Show:] "There we stood, the tiger and myself, in the thick of the jungle, face to face!"

"Oh, major, how perfectly frightful it must have been for both of you!"

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Fancy Work Our Specialty. L. L. WHIFFLE, Proprietor

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No knife, no cancer pastes, no dangerous major operations. Especially suitable in cases of internal or inaccessible growths, such as cancers of the stomach, throat, liver, kidneys, womb, etc. Medicine acts on cancerous growths through the blood. Progress of beneficial results obtained can be demonstrated by analysis of the urine. DR. A. B. GOMEZ, COULTER BUILDING, 229 2nd Street, WAT., Los Angeles, Cal.

TREVINO DENIES RUMORS

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—Active picketing of the

Saturday, September 23, 1916.]

The Lady of the Potato.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE.)

haps that and cool weather will make her feel better."

"Bless your dear heart! Well, I must be off," he said at the door.

When the evening work was done Charlotte went to the piazza to enjoy the breeze that was rising after the heat of the summer day. Before her was the front yard—similar to every other in the township—square, as her father had thought a front yard should be, with a flag-bordered walk running through the middle of it; and beyond it an uninviting and seemingly endless road ran between corn fields and potato fields. At intervals along the road farmhouses showed like square, white boxes against the sky. Balm-of-Gilead trees also pierced it—and when she had to pass them she held her nose and hurried by.

She had come to know each rankly odoriferous clump of tansy and burdock that grew and spread by the roadside. Every week, for more years than she liked to remember, she had driven a slow horse over that road, carrying butter, eggs and chickens, to the nearest village, five miles away.

Her father, she knew, had not been intentionally unkind. He had seen no injustice in sacrificing her to the farm—which, as a matter of course, would eventually belong to John. The fact that John already had a very good farm made no difference. She had as much as any girl who staid at home and helped; she had all she needed to eat and to wear, and \$5 every Christmas day. Her sense of duty had kept her there, because after her mother died there was no one else to do for her father.

Early and late she had worked—for John. In all her life she had not been twenty miles from home. She had nothing precious to remember, and the best years of her life were passing.

"If I find the money I will use it," she vowed. "I'll go to Arizona and New Mexico. I'll see the Grand Canyon, and some cliff dwellings, and old Santa Fe and the Zuni Indians. And I'll buy an Indian basket! I'll go in a Pullman, too, and eat in the dining-car. Mighty pleasant it will be to hear 'First call to breakfast!' For once I'll have the best that my money will pay for."

She pictured herself mingling with self-possession with people to whom good clothes and travel were as common as morning papers. She wondered what they talked about—those fortunate beings! Not of farm work and worries, not of rain that spoiled the corn and bugs that spoiled potatoes. She smiled; an absurd jingle was coming into her head:

I am the lady of the potato.

Far from the parks am I.

Far from the field of the merry-go-round, Far from the bat and the fly.

"No dowdy brilliantine skirt, and lunch basket, will tag me 'The Lady of the Potato,'" she said to herself. "If I go, I'll dress right. I'll have a skirt that's cut in style, and a silk waist, and a long coat with deep pockets, and a hat that suits my head, and shoes that I'm not ashamed for people to see." She drew a long, ecstatic breath. "If I find that money I'll have one good time to remember all the rest of my life," she thought.

Systematically, beginning with the bedroom that had been her father's, she searched for the missing money. The most of the time Abbie and the children were at home. Boldly they ransacked cellar and barn, but failed to find what the old man had hidden with more than childish cunning. Sometimes Charlotte laughed, a little grimly, at their persistent efforts to find her money. That it would stick to Abbie's fingers if found she had no reason to doubt. At the end of thirty days Andrew came for her and her belongings. Of finding the money she had no longer any hope.

"I've come to the conclusion that father buried it," she told Andrew as they drove along.

At the end of the eight-mile drive Charlotte found Laury in a cluttered kitchen, smiling a welcome, an apron-string tied to the oven door to remind her that something was baking. As it was, the corncake was scorched, but Charlotte assured her that she liked it rather more than just brown. They sat around the table a long time and talked in kind, familiar ways, unmindful, for the hour, of care, ill-health, loss of money.

Under Charlotte's management there was

order and comfort in the home and Laury had nothing to do but recuperate. September, October came and went, and she made no visible gain. Indeed, she was losing courage. It was plain that she needed more than rest and bracing weather. Charlotte observed her closely without appearing to do so. She was puzzled, but there was no use in saying anything about it to Andrew, who had no money and therefore no power to change conditions. The farm was already mortgaged, there having been no other way of paying doctors and nurses when Laury had the fever that nearly killed her.

Struck, one day, by the wistfulness of Laury's face as she gazed out of the window at straggling flakes of snow—the first flurry in November—Charlotte realized that Laury wanted something.

"Tell me what you are thinking of," she said in a tone that invited confidence.

"You won't tell Andrew?"

"No, I won't."

"It's not worth telling, but it would worry him. I was wishing I could go somewhere. I've looked out of these windows at the barn and the yard and the potato field till I'm almost demented. Every time I hear a chicken gabble I want to scream. I want something—anything—different. I wish I could see a mountain. It's so flat here. And I'd like to be on the cars and hear a lot of noise—real noise, bells and whistles. Oh, I know I'm silly," she wailed, "but I want to go somewhere. I wish I could go a thousand miles!"

Charlotte nodded gravely. The hopelessness of the situation depressed her. Sorrowfully she turned again to the coat—once her father's—that she was repairing for Andrew. Then, so suddenly that she seemed to stop breathing, she made a discovery. In the padded shoulders her fingers touched something that was not cotton—touched tightly folded wads of paper.

"I must shake this coat," she said, going to the door. "I was in a hurry when I put it in the box."

Sitting on the doorstep, she picked out and smoothed out \$500 in bills. The delicately cold snow cooled her burning face while she worked out problems in mental arithmetic. When she had the necessary answers she went back to the sitting-room.

"Laury," she said briskly, "I've found the money. It was in the lining of this coat. We're going to take a long trip. We'll start as soon as we can get Aunt Susan here to run the house. You'll see mountains, and a good many other things. We'll stay as long as the money lasts, and when we come back you'll be a well woman."

Tears of joy ran down Laury's white cheeks.

"It's fortunate," she said comfortably, when they came to a discussion of details. "It's fortunate that we have plenty of clothes. The brilliantine that I had two years ago is as good as new; and yours is, isn't it, Lottie?"

Charlotte swallowed hard—once. "It's good enough," she affirmed stoutly.

"And I suppose our hats and coats are well enough," Laury continued reflectively. "Really, our clothes don't matter, do they?"

"No," said Charlotte promptly, "they don't matter at all."

"We'll take a big basket of lunch," Laury went on happily; "cold chicken, and butter-milk biscuit, and cheese, and—oh, won't it be fun to buy popcorn on the cars? But what shall we have to drink?"

"We'll take a small tin pail and I'll go out and buy coffee at the lunch counters," said the Lady of the Potato.

Blessing the Beasts.

A quaint ceremony is that still obtaining in some parts of Normandy—the benediction des bestiaux.

The oxen, the asses and the draught horses are assembled in front of a church. There may also be a bullock or two and perhaps some cows. The procession of peasants, clad in their very best, issues from the church to the sound of a chant that is droned by the priest. The venerable cure sprinkles a few drops of water on the heads of the beasts, and when all the animals have received the benediction the next feature of the ceremony is to place at the pedestal of the cross facing the church certain bundles tied in coarse linen. These bundles contain bread and salt, which are to be given to those beasts not able to attend the ceremony.

Uncle Pat's Supervision.

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE FIFTEEN.)

reached for the menu card and settled back with a grunt of satisfaction. Then the paw lifted.

Every line of Pat's face and figure expressed solicitude as he bent over the purple-feathered hat. His voice was honey-sweet.

"Sure, 'tis a fierce night for the heat, an' wouldn't you be likin' your regular place, where there's a bit of a breeze? 'Tis nothin' but a 'lectric fan, but 'tis cool as the wind of the ocean itself. This way now, an' beggin' your pardon for disturbin' you—"

Luigi caught the lift of Pat's right eyebrow as he gently piloted his ponderous charge to another table. Instantly at the cue, Luigi was ready, menu card in hand, seductive smile lurking beneath his mustache, in his speech just the degree of Italian accent that experience taught him was irresistible to feminine diners.

Pat, released from his delicate duty, returned to Tommy's table—not too swiftly. The mouse must be given time to taste freedom before the paw descended again. With a glass of water in his hand to lend probability to his errand, Pat paused at the table behind the jog in the wall. The mouse was slowly recovering.

Again Pat's expression was wooden. He set the glass down and sighed pensively. "Tis a sad case there, sir," he murmured, his voice all sympathy.

Tommy blinked.

"A sad case, poor woman," Pat's voice was an echo of thoughtful melancholy. "'Tis terrible, fatness in such weather. An' 'tis the greater pity, for she was not always so."

Tommy's eye grew a trifle less vague.

Like the soothing ripple of a brook, Pat went on.

"'Twas four years ago that I knew her first—though I was never for knowin' her intimate, as you might say. A fine figure of a girl she was, pump an' saucy, an' never a shadow of herself today. An' an eye for a likely man, an' a skin like roses an' snow."

Tommy shuddered unconsciously. Pat's eye gleamed.

"An' 'twas often I'd be sayin' to her, 'Just a taste of the pigs' feet an' a bit of pie.' An' her always, though she was fair wild for the good things, sayin', 'Never, for all your temptin'. Sure, 'tis fat like my mother I'd be in no time at all an' where's the man would turn an eye my way then?'"

Tommy's eye rolled feebly and involuntarily toward the table under the fan and quickly away again.

"But 'tis no more of that there is now. Sure, with the weddin' ring on her finger an' her man fast married, where's the need, says she, an' bring me two pieces of pie, says she. 'Tessie Dolan need never fast,' says she, 'though 'twas Tessie Burke must eat small.'"

A dozen emotions struggled for mastery in Tommy's face. Horror, amazement, shamefacedness, joy and dawning purpose each tried its best to gain the upper hand. Dawning purpose won, and Tommy sprang to his feet and clutched for his hat.

Pat hovered beside him as he strode to the door and flung down his dinner check.

"Tis but a step to the left, the taxi stand," he murmured. "Sure, them street cars is the devil an' all for slowness."

Remaking New Zealand.

It is probable that more rapid changes in animal and vegetable life are taking place in New Zealand than anywhere else in the world.



"The Winner"

is the proper Gym Suit for School Girls. (Patented one piece.) \$2.50 up. Look for label, "Winner." For Sale by all leading dealers.

world. The native Polynesian appearing before the Europeans with imported species, many of which run wild; the streams are full of and European trout, which are enormous size; and even the being replaced by planting the native ones disappear. larches, oaks, spruces, fir have already been planted, and bers of seedlings are coming a time.

The reason for replacing the with species from the Europe and Australia is that Zealand are too slow of growth some of them produce excellent

BURN

GOOD SHOES 525 South Broadway

Soft and Easy Grover's, Martha Watson, Julia Marlowe



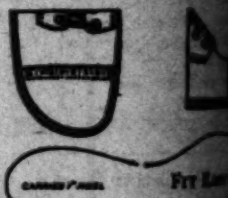
Finest grade Paris Kid, sewed soles, button or lace, Grover make \$4. Fine Kid Lace or Congress, sewed soles, plain toe

LOW SHOES AND



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Agents for The Wizard Foot Call and have them



Landscape gardeners recommend the famous able Sprinkler Head, use all over the little to install. Double Most efficient head for our illustrated book for THOMPSON

Los Angeles Illustrated Week

and the Coast. Editorial. The Lancer. Astorian Land of the Sun. Bubble up in Alaska. Halibut in the Pacific. Hovering Over Dan Kirby's. Engagement was Broken.

GOOD LITTLE POEM

Lad's Love.

first—they say across the love." Truth and faith— a boyish faith that a truth that shamed me, a

Purity he brought, and made my years as his, and brought me tenderness—the

need reproval—less than a brother's clasping hand. His kiss either could but under the joy of love and brought me strength that gloried

protection for, in years than he. I was the smaller; loyalty me unashamed; his comrades with free confession, plain eyes misgivings, ere I could confided away with teasing tenderness his hopes; I listened, blind, while he, with eyes unshaded, eyes believing. More than his sorrows; simple the

the griefs that older years brought to him. And, oh, the hand comfort—and the quick tear smile! Brave heart, what meet woe as manfully as the God, but weep to smile

the days go fleeting, one by one the years before a boy is grown new doubt awake and new faith and faith can never more was sweet; the end full his "lad's love," faithful, patient, nor ask for more; when come, from near or far, his love's brave heart will be her shall fill her place—but Wayne Gordon, in New York Times

The Ocean Breaks.

ocean breaks upon the shore, voice that utters evermore: am the mightiest thing that is, the mystery of mysteries, deeper now, and now I roar. old ages gone, before tolled at rudder, sail and oar, billows sang: 'With ecstasies The ocean breaks!'

my unconjectured floor treasures lie. Now as of yore— in my rage I snarl and hiss free gulls come to me and kiss, screaming as they soar: 'The ocean breaks!'

The Idealist.

you in a mantle of sweet dream and fair, with golden you from all the ruthless the despoiling sun! I basked in self-deceptive did you fling my garment to my weary, livelong task is seekers seek to find!

JO HARTMAN

Los Angeles Illustrated Weekly.

[Saturday, September 23, 1916.

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AND LITTLE POEMS.

Lad's Love.
First—they say across the sea,
"Love." Truth and faith he gave
—a boyish faith that knew
—a truth that shamed me, although

Purity he brought, and mirth
My years he his, and brightened

me tenderness—the chance
—to need reproval—less
—than a brother's clasping hand—
—the either could but understand.
—for the joy of love and life;
—me strength that gloried not in

action for, in years than he
—I was the smaller; loyalty
—unashamed; his comrades' jest
—free confession, plain expressed,
—givings, ere I could confess,
—away with teasing tenderness,
—his hopes; I listened, blamed or

while he, with eyes unshadowed,
—was believing. More than all
—his sorrows; simple they, and

griefs that older years must
—to him. And, oh, the hands that
—and the quick tear brushed

smile! Brave heart, what'er be
—most woe as manfully as then.
—God, but weep to smile again.

the days go fleeting, one by one!
—years before a boy is grown!
—doubt awake and new hopes

and faith can never more return.
—was sweet; the end full well I
—"lad's love," faithful, pure and

ment, nor ask for more; when she
—from near or far, his love to be,
—leave heart will be her willing

shall fill her place—but never
—Gordon, in New York Times.

The Ocean Breaks.
Ocean breaks upon the shore,
—that utters evermore:
—the mightiest thing that is,
—mystery of mysteries—
—now, and now I roar.
—the ages gone, before
—at rudder, sail and oar,
—saw sang: "With ecstasies
—The ocean breaks!"

unconjectured floor
—measures lie. Now as of yore—
—in my rage I snarl and hiss—
—gulls come to me and kiss
—screaming as they soar:
—"The ocean breaks!"

Tucker Schumann, in Boston

The Idealist.
—in a mantle of sweet dreams,
—and fair, with golden colors
—you from all the ruthless beams
—dispolling sun!

looked in self-deceptive bliss—
—you fling my garment to the
—weary, lifelong task is this—
—seek to find!

JO HARTMAN.

HUMOR.

[Puck:] Cholly: When I was a boy, you
know, the doctor said if I didn't stop smok-
ing cigarettes I would become feeble
minded.
Miss Keen: And why didn't you stop?

[Boston Transcript:] Bridget: I never
break my word, mum.
—Mistress: That is very remarkable; it's
about the only thing you haven't broken
since you've been here.

[Cincinnati Commercial Tribune:]
Minnie: So sorry to hear of your motor
accident!
Lionel: Oh, thanks; it's nothing. Expect
to live through many more.
Minnie: Oh, but I hope not!

[Pearson's Weekly:] Gibbs: Bilson ex-
pressed a good deal of sympathy for poor
Blank. Did you try him for a contribu-
tion?
Didds: No, I know Bilson; he's like the
letter "p"—first in pity and last in help.

[Kansas City Star:] "How's your garden
coming along?"
—Slowly. Those early vegetables I planted
remind me of my wife getting ready for a
ball."

[Puck:] "I had a long talk with your hus-
band yesterday."
—He's an extremely interesting man—as I
remember him."

[Buffalo Courier:] "You married a rich
wife, didn't you?" asked Jones of his friend.
—Yes," he sighed, "but she's not declared
any dividend yet."

[Detroit Free Press:] Mrs. Jiggs: So
your daughter married a surgeon?
Mrs. Noggers: Yes. I'm so glad. At last
I can afford to have appendicitis.

[Yonkers Statesman:] Bill: I see war
has seriously affected the peanut trade of
Madras, India.
Jill: That's strange. I thought the war
had made a great demand for shells?

[Judge:] "Always see a man just after
he has had a good lunch. That is the best
time to get an order from him."
—And you don't have to invite him out,
either," added the thrifty salesman.

[Washington Star:] "He was always try-
ing to save himself trouble."
—And did he succeed?
—Yes. He has saved up a whole lot more
than he can take care of."

[Life:] "How much of an operation did
the doctor perform on you?"
—Oh, he took out a couple of thousand dol-
lars' worth of my insides."

[Chaparral:] Baby: My little clock is all
run down.
Ben: What's trouble?
Baby: Leads a fast life, I guess.

[Yonkers Statesman:] Bill: Were there
any mourners at the lynching?
Jill: No; the only one who was sorry
was in no condition to mourn.

[Puck:] She: A stitch in time saves
nine, you know.
He: Yes, but what becomes of all the
stitches that thrifty people have saved in
that way?

[Washington Star:] "You have declared
for prohibition, haven't you?"
—Yes," replied Uncle Bill Bottletop. "I
also sing "I Want to Be an Angel," but I ain't
in any great hurry about it."

[Tit-Bits:] Policeman: What are you
standing 'ere for?
Loafer: Nuffink.
Policeman: Well, just move on. If every-
body was to stand in one place, how would
the rest get past?

Story of Dona Isabella.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE.]

came and stood before her servants. "Send
a muchacho for my carriage, and tell them
I wish the yellow horses. It is my wish
that I go to the pueblo. Send for Marta, so
that she may be here when I return."

"These were her orders. As she returned
to her room, they saw that she wore no
black garments and her hair was white.

"Now, Senora, I had forgotten Marta—
La Huerita, as she was called by everyone
because of her yellow hair—Dona Isabella's
granddaughter. Dona Isabella's youngest
son married a senorita of Santa Barbara,
fair and beautiful to look upon, but muy
delicada. She never recovered her health
after the birth of her daughter, and so
Marta was left to the care of distant rela-
tives. Dona Isabella would have been less
triste if she could have had her for always,
as Dios had denied her a daughter; but she
said it was another thrust of the wooden
knife. Like his father was Don Pablo's
son. Only at set visits was Marta allowed
to see her grandmother. The sympathy be-
tween the two was much. Marta loved her
Abuelita with all the love she would have
given her mother had she lived. She would
sit at home at her side with her rag dolls,
Dona Isabella making fine needlework
dresses for them, and neither saying a
word. They understood. So when she said,
"Send for Marta," her criadas understood.

"When she returned from the pueblo
there were many parcels taken from the
carriage and carried to her room. Next day
came seamstresses—the best—and for
many days everyone was busy at the rancho,
Dona Isabella sent for the father of Marta,
and there was a conference. She told him
that she was going away—far away—and
would he let her have Marta? "I will give
you one-half of my possessions, and you
know they are vast, for her company until
the buen Dios takes me."

"Another visit to the pueblo she made,
then one day she called her vaqueros and
criadas together and said to them: "I am
going to leave the rancho. I have given
each one of you a few acres for your own,
to grow corn and beans and fruit on. The
cattle and horses you can always have
since they are many. I have arranged with
my lawyer in the pueblo that you have no
troubles over the titles to your acres. Be
good to your wives, my criadas, and fear
Dios."

"One by one, in silence and reverence,
they knelt for her blessing. The women
sobbed, but she said: "Do not cry, but listen
to what I say to you. You, my criadas,
know what I have suffered; therefore, hav-
ing had so little sunshine in my life, I have
sworn to wear nothing but yellow the re-
mainder of my days—yellow, the color of
the California sunshine, that wherever I
may be I shall remember. Now, adios!"
With a wave of her hand she entered her
room and closed the door.

"In a few days everything was in readi-
ness. The morning she left the rancho was
one of summer gold. Yellow tassels waved
a good-by from the cornfields. Gold fell
through the trembling leaves. Golden
clouds in the east floated before the sun,
like the bright banners of an over-
whelming army. The yellow horses, with
their black manes and tails interwoven with
bright golden ribbons, came forward slowly
and gravely. As Dona Isabella stepped
from under the corridor, Senora, she was
like the day, in a dress of yellow brocaded
satin. An embroidered shawl of the same
color covered her hair of silver and fell
around her shoulders. By the hand she
held Marta. Just as she passed under the
pomegranate tree a golden oriole swung
from his nest across her path and was
gone—Senora, do you believe in omens?
That presaged good luck.

"Years passed, two—five—ten years, and
all went well at the rancho. Felipe, Pablo,
Tomaso and some other of the vaqueros,
now older and grown bowlegged from be-
ing always in the saddle, were sitting under
the vines around their doors smoking one
morning, chatting lazily about the next

rodeo, when one said, "Look! Yonder comes
a carriage!"

"A beautiful young woman descended and
came rapidly toward them, saying, 'Do you
not remember me, Felipe?' 'Senorita
Marta!' they exclaimed in one voice, and
called excitedly to their wives to come out
and behold an angel.

"Abuelita—grandmother—sent me to tell
you that all is well with her—and think of
it—she is married again! This time he is
an English gentleman, and younger than
she by a dozen years. I cannot tell you
how good she has been to me and how
everyone admired her. Everywhere was
the exclamation, "Who is the Senora in
yellow?" She sent me to a convent and re-
mained near, where I saw her often. When
I was a grown-up young lady, we traveled
to various countries. It was one day when
we walked from the hotel where we were
living that we saw him, my "papa grande,"
as I call him. He was reclining in an in-
valid's chair, looking oh, so sad. When we
passed, he half rose from his position, with
the exclamation, "How beautiful!" just as
one would exclaim when looking upon the
rising full moon on a night when the
grapes and pomegranates are ripe. I was
very happy that night. I wished everyone
in the world to love and admire her, my
Nana, as I did. Now they live in a villa in
Italy, and he gave her for a bridal gift one
yellow diamond."

"The vaqueros had scarcely recovered
from their excitement when she was gone—
Senora, that is all. No one ever heard more.
Now we will return home. Will you have
some more grapes?"

The moon was full, just coming into
sight from behind the dark blue mountains,
as Quiri awakened from her nap. The hills
in the west were still deep purple; above,
the sky reflected the glory of the sunset and
lighted up the face of Dona Teresa. They
were well on their way before she spoke
again.

"Senora, was it that the Englishman was
made spiritual from the nature of his
wounds, and noticed not the age in her?
Their spirits were as one," Marta said."

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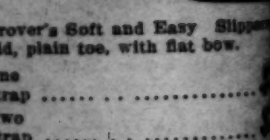
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strap
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